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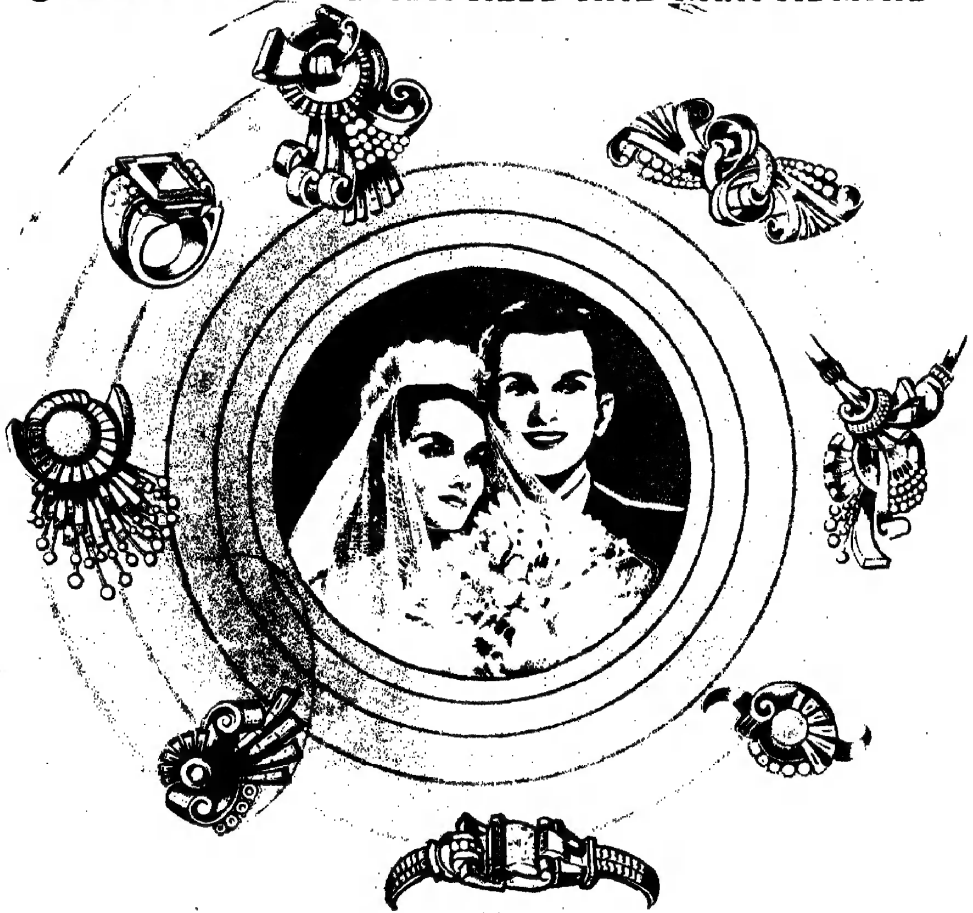
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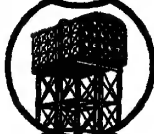
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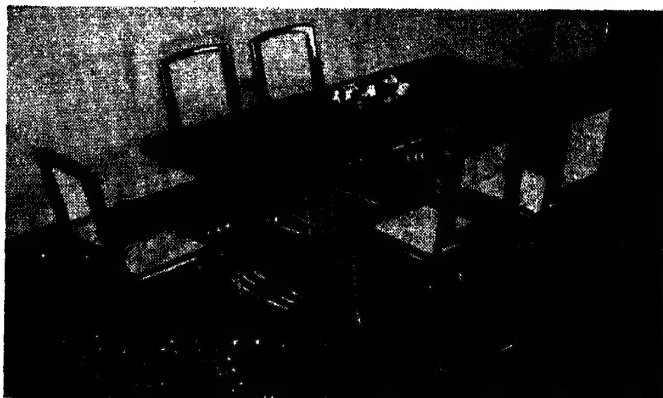


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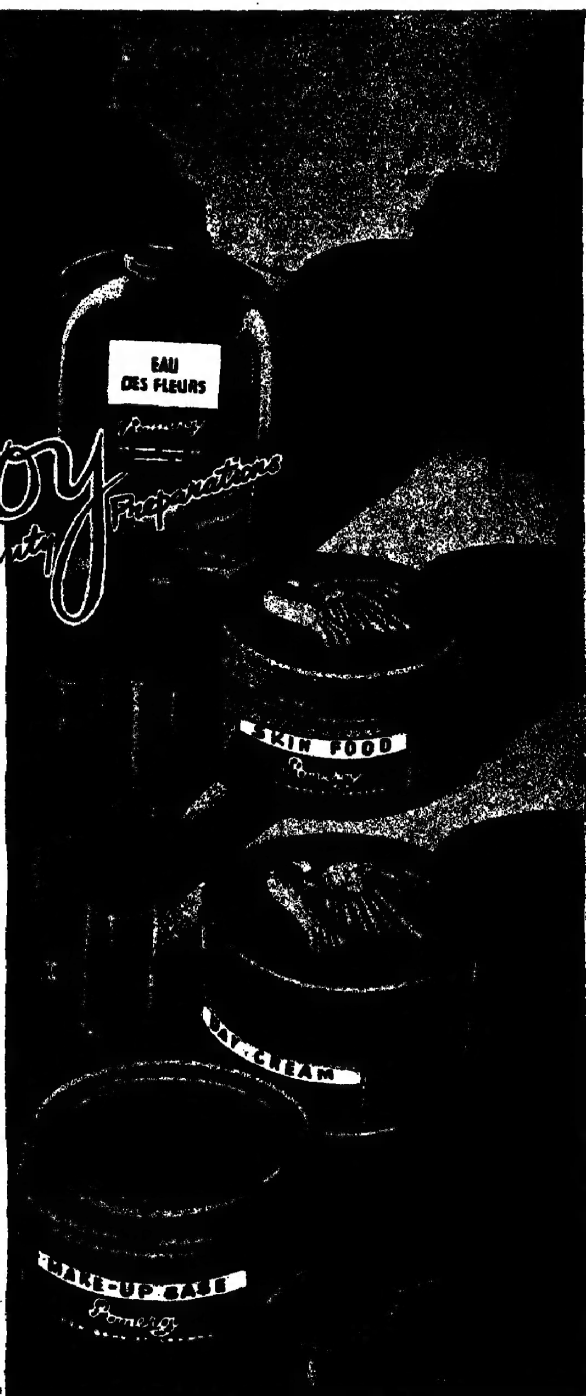
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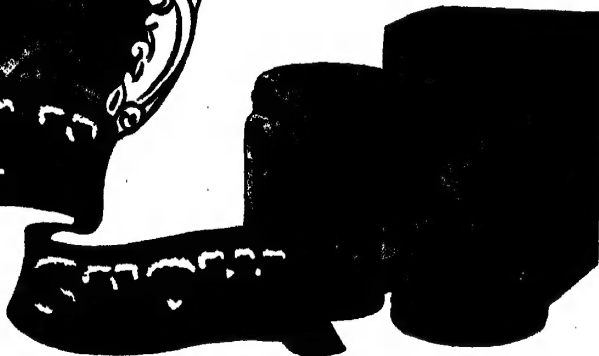
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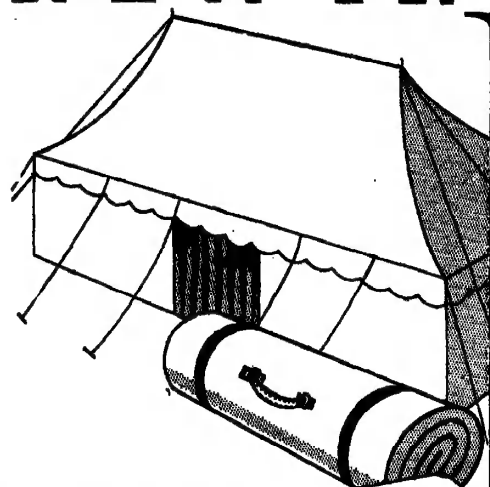
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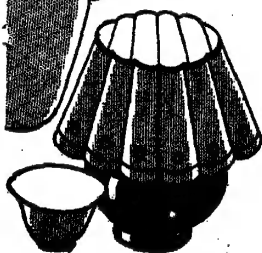
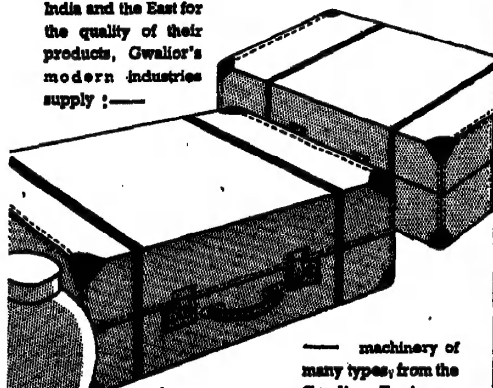
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'GONEAWAY'

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MANIPURI DANCE



MANIPURI DANCE



FOLK DANCE

Photos by BERGO

THE DANCING FOOT

The Role of Imagination in the Dance of India

by Mulk Raj Anand

"The dancing foot, the sound of the tinkling bells,
The songs that are sung and the varying steps,
The form assumed by our Dancing Gurus—
Find out these within yourself, then shall
your fetters fall away....."
(Vision of the Sacred Dance)

THERE are certain moments in which one's experience of an art form lifts one suddenly from the merely incidental to the sheer vision of beauty and leaves a permanent mark on the mind. I remember one such moment when I saw the Santal dancers near Bolpur, Bengal, come dancing from their villages into a fair at Santalikitán.

The tiny Santal villages lay tucked up in the folds of the ochre-coloured hillsides, like neglected flowers on the ends of the earth. A slow dusk was falling gently on the vast expanse of the countryside, making everything look small and insignificant against the gory sky. Suddenly, from somewhere at the bend of the red road, the faint drum beat of a *midang* became audible. Soon the music spread out, like the branches of the Mahua tree, behind which it seemed to be located, like the heart-beat of the world palpitating with a terrific primitive fear or yearning as it became more insistent. And, then, lo and behold, there emerged six men linked arm-in-arm and six women similarly enchainé to each other, dancing. The men would advance in rhythmic steps towards the women, in the glow of torches held by attendants, while the women, facing them, withdrew in rhythmic steps, to the tune of the heart-beat of the world that sounded from the drum.

And, even as the two groups thus danced, they progressed slowly up to the fair. Behind them came other groups dancing the same dance, while a small bamboo flute now piped out a plaintive note above the urgent notes of the *midang*. All night they danced the same rhythmic dance, a monotonous, gentle, sinuous dance, obviously erotic in the 'toings' and 'froings' of the groups of men and women, and in the peculiarly subtle hip movement with which they punctuated the evolutions, fascinating to the onlooker like a 'dance macabre,' exciting in the extreme and almost final in the impression it made on the mind.

I remember other ecstatic moments: the time when I saw the Dogra hillmen from Kangra dance their violent war dance; the first sophisticated, highly organised *corps de ballet* of Uday Shankar, with its repertoire of classical dances as well as folk dances; and the unforgettable vision of Ram Gopal's solos, with his lithe, brown body weaving delicate arabesques and assuming hieratic postures pregnant with hidden meanings.

Lucuses spring up under the feet of our dancers, the groupings dissolve like flower petals falling away in the deep blue of the Indian night. The gods walk about and brood before swinging their many arms and their powerful heads in fits of destruction. The humans throb to the beat of the drums or ally themselves with the lyrical grace of the cool, clear, translucent music of the flute, the vina or the sarangi, like water dropping from a mountain spring.

'And what is it all about?' the ordinary spectator asks. 'Where does it get you?'—or as the initiated may put it, 'What is the nature of the excitement which one feels in the presence of these dances? What are the peculiar qualities of Indian dancing?'

Of course, our ancient Indian method of explaining these things is a poetic one. The art of dancing arose when the God Vishnu killed the demons, Madhu and Kailatba. Lakshmi, the consort of Vishnu, noticed the graceful movements of her lord and asked what they indicated. Vishnu told her that they constituted the art of dancing. So that other people may enjoy the benefit of his skill, at Lakshmi's instance, Vishnu disclosed the secrets of the art of dancing to Brahma, who imparted it to Rudra (Siva), enabling him thereby to acquire the title of *Nateswara*, the Master Dancer. Siva, it is said, entertains his consort, Parvati, every evening in his mountain abode in Kailasa, in the presence of all the gods and goddesses, who often join in the community dancing and singing to enhance the splendour of the evening dance known as the *Sandhya Tandava*.

One hundred and eighty different styles of dancing with different names are enumerated and one hundred and one are described in the fragmentary work of the sage, Bharata. In the decorations of the outer gate of the *gopuram* of the Sivalite temple at Chidambaram in Madras, there are ninety-seven stone panels, each with the names and descriptions of the various poses, around the *bas relief* figure of a girl dancing with the appropriate, graceful disposition of limbs, indicative of the actual movements required in each stance.

From this kind of myth we may be able to get a dim idea of the inner character of Indian dancing. But the immensity and depth of the gulf between the past civilization of India and the present modern world in which we live, make it difficult to grasp the subtleties of an art form by merely recounting an old fable. In the last two hundred years we have become so used to the immediate outer approach that we tend to trust only what our eyes see and what our ears hear. And as we no use for our professional interpreters of the dance to paraphrase the *Bharata Nāṭya Śāstra* and content themselves with saying, as they often do, that the dance is a 'spiritual thing' and nothing else whatever.

Of course, the dance is a 'spiritual thing.' But how and in what sense? If the 'spirit' is all, that is to say if the only objective of the dance is to attain God, then the only dance posture which should be presented should be that of a yogi sitting in a contemplative attitude, in the perfect stillness and the calm, where all movement ends. And there is no need to show anything else on the stage which might, by the intrusion of the body with its form and movement, cast a blemish on this perfection.

But I suspect that it is the very blemishes in art that people love best, the weaknesses that show the curve of aspiration through which man reaches after an idea, that appeal to our own weaknesses. And it is only when

a dancer seeks to infuse his personal, individual vision of a codified movement that we are really moved. Hence there is no such thing as a perfect execution of *mudras* according to an hieratic canon. Rather it is, in spite of the laws of the dance, the transformation of the body through the imagination by which a dancer becomes the mood or the passion he dances, by which he achieves the communion with other men, that constitutes the art of the dance.

From this it is obvious that our dances are neither the mere sensationalism of Europe, calculated to titillate jaded appetites, nor the perfect postures of the sculptures in Madura, but the product of an earthly people who were affected by the surroundings in which they found themselves, and sought to master their environment through magical movement or ritualistic practice, and who knew how to live, to eat well, to drink tastefully and to enjoy themselves in this, the only world, even though their aspirations were for a heaven in Mount Kailasa. For enjoyment is inextricably connected with art—joy is the core of it. And I cannot see, apart from the conditions which control art, first in one century and environment and then in another, why even our intelligent and cultivated people often try to bluff themselves and each other, by talking either like the proverbial Professor or the superficial lady visitor to the exhibition.

If we are not too self-conscious about our three-thousand-years-old cultural tradition, and want to grasp the significance of our Indian dancing today, the facts are simple enough.

It is true that the tradition of our dances is different from that of Europe. For instance, as Mr. Adrian Stokes once put it, the postures and movements employed in Eastern dancing express the introverted building-up of an inner strength by almost succorial movements, which draw man into himself and absorb even the life of animals and plants, thus increasing his own human dignity and exalting himself to a God-head, while Western dancing mostly expresses exegesis, explanation, frankness and a broad and generous expenditure of energy. But the common quality in all dance is imagination.

And in so far as we seek to overtake with language, or gesture, the hitherto unexplored potentialities of experience, in so far as we glimpse the meaning of what was only vaguely understood before, in so far as our own minds and hearts light up with the vision we had hoped for, we are in the presence of great art, whether it is subjective absorption or objective dissolution.

A friend of mine confirmed this for me the other day. She told me that on the *gopuram* of a temple in South India, she had seen the image of Siva dancing with one leg raised at right angles to his body, the upper half of his torso twisted in a rising, spiral movement and a strange smile dawning on his lips. Many years later, she saw this movement and posture effectively executed in quite a different context by the Irish ballet dancer, Anton Dolin.





■ It be admitted, then, that the secret of the Indian Dance lies in the imagination, how about its techniques, its outer habiliments?

It seems to me that an impressionistic view of Indian dancing would lead one to define it as the motion of a body according to a definite rhythm and a consciously prepared grammar of steps and gestures in the service of a theme chosen beforehand. And its chief characteristic is the skill of the dancing foot itself, i.e., the footwork. Next comes the suggestive power with which a particular dancer can plumb the hidden depths of the psyche, with which he can release the subconscious world of our race memories, bringing intimations of ourselves or our ancestors moving to the winds and the stars, fighting among the rocks, harnessing rushing waters and appeasing the spirits of forests, deities and beneficent gods. The range of expression was strictly prescribed in the classical dances through well-defined *mudras* or gestures, which were symbols of certain moods and emotions, but always interpreted and informed by the genius of a dancer, whether the strong handsome male or the beautiful female. The degree of co-ordination of the dancing foot with music is the essence of this art, while the other arts of architecture, painting and penmanship help in handmaidens. And the synthesis of all these bears a deep relationship to the spirit of man, to the whole of his nature, aspiring from imperfection to perfection through a constant effort at awareness, as in the life process itself.

Of the classical dances there are four well-known surviving forms: the subtle *Bharata Natya* and *Kathakali* which are current in South India, the lighter *Kathak* and *Manipuri* which are popular in the north and north-east.

The *Bharata Natya* style, which is the oldest and most perfect of all, is associated with the ritual of the *Siva* cult, as practised in the temples of the Southern peninsula. It was generally danced by *Devadasis*.



Bharata Natya

trained from early childhood. Therefore ■ has come to be known as *Lasya* (soft) or feminine, as against the *Tandava*, masculine style. It is mostly performed solo and very rarely in groups. The elaborate and complicated symbolism makes this the most difficult form to master and comprehend, even as ■ interpretation by a self-conscious dancer like Rukmini Arundale, with her cadences of restraint, makes ■ highly esoteric and poetical in expression. The architecture of the *Siva* temples dominates it, impressing on it a richness of detail and intricate variety of expression not to be found in the other dances.

The *Kathakali* is the classic dance pattern of the Malabar coast. As against the *Bharata Natya*, which is mainly *Lasya*, feminine or soft, the *Kathakali* is *Tandava*, masculine and vigorous.

It is impressive for the fact that the whole body is involved in its rhythm. Pupils of the poet Valathol's Academy are the most consistent exponents of it. But connoisseurs will remember Ram Gopal's interpretation of the peacock dance, which is a well-known item of the repertory of Malabar.

The *Kathak*, which originated in Lucknow, is distinguished by its broad eloquence, its higher tempo and speed. The footwork here is, however, not so brisk; and there is an air of monotony which recent interpreters like Menaka, have tried to remove by using it for group dances.

The *Manipuri*, the dance of Eastern India, is like the *Kirtan* music of Bengal, a vivid but fleeting, aerial phenomenon, lyrical like a tune and lacking in the

contrasts of tempo, speed and movement, which distinguish the other dances. The dancer lights upon the stage like a shooting star from the firmament, snatching the quick of human emotion and rising again in a sudden leap, to fall and rise again.

Apart from these main forms there are the numerous folk-dances, the living receptacles of influences from the classical tradition, but more richly human and spontaneous in their expression than the dances of the canon, in so far as they take in all the social, heroic and ritualistic impulses of the peasantry. The erotic *Santhal* dance of Bengal is matched by the simple socialized *Saralkali* dance, which interprets stories from the *Ramayana* in Bihar and Orissa, and the *Banjara* dance of the Deccan, in which women, clad in gorgeous scarlet robes, dance in a circle in unvaried steps, yodelling a monotonous tune.

While these indigenous styles flourish autonomously in the various parts of India, there has been going on in our country a self-conscious attempt to synthesize the technique of our ancient and traditional dances with, what for lack of a better word I may call, the showmanship of the European ballet. As in any such synthesis, there has been a tendency towards artificiality. But already, through the exertions of Menaka, Uday Shankar, Ram Gopal, Rukmini Arundale, the Indian People's Theatre troupe, and the various dance centres they founded, dancing in India is no longer merely revivalist. Indeed, today, it is a flourishing art of which the various schools are their own unique and independent interpreters, a chorus of men and women whose inspiration has overflowed the bounds of the classical convention and grown nearer to the actual human affections, the pains and joys of a great modern country. The dancing foot is harnessed to the service of man, the rebel, reaching out from the world as it exists around us, to the world which should exist.



Kathakali

THE HISTORY OF HUNTING IN INDIA

INDIA has always been the sportsman's paradise, where the jackal, the boar, the panther and the tiger abound in great numbers; where the wide open stretches are ideal for good wholesome exercise; where Nature seems to exist for the sportsman's benefit. The jungle calls the big-game hunter, the Kadir Country thrills the hog-hunter, but the wide open spaces interspersed with woodland, sugar-cane and ugly nullahs and karezes, all belong to the fox-hunter in exile, and his great friend the Indian villager.

What grand fellows these are, who allow us to ride over their country in pursuit of the wily jackal. Sportsmen they all are, and the scramble they make for the handful of coins which the Master throws to them after a good morning's hunt, is only a minor part of the game, their main object being that the huntsmen should go away pleased with the sport they have had in their country.

Hunting in India has gone on for many centuries, but the first reference to English foxhounds and harriers was in 1776, when they were imported into Madras by the Madras Hunting Society. Who the members of the society were, no one knows, but we can picture grand old Indian landowners intermixed with the sportsman from England with their long curly moustaches, an oddity that the present-day sportsman would not dare to cultivate.

The oldest recognized Hunt in India today is the Ootacamund Hunt, which celebrated its centenary in 1945. This Hunt was started in 1835, when it hunted sambur, but it was not until ten years later that the jackal became the accepted quarry. Since then, hunting with English foxhounds has been more or less continuous. Being 7,000 feet above sea-level, the climate is ideal for breeding foxhounds, and the Ooty-bred hound will be found in most packs in the country. The Wentlock Downs of Ooty compare very favourably with the Devon and Somerset country and the South Downs in England.

Between 1878 and 1887 Colonel Robert Jago hunted hounds, and on one occasion, when they were running hard to 'Staircase', Sir Frederick Roberts, V.C. (who subsequently became Lord Roberts) and two others rode hounds off the line. What Colonel Jago said to Sir Frederick is not recorded, but we can guess, because the Field-Marshal rode home, and many of the field were very unhappy about the affair. However, sportsmen are always sportsmen, and that evening, Sir Frederick went to the kennels alone, and begged Colonel Jago to dine with him that night to prevent any absurd talking. Colonel Jago had a great affection for Sir Frederick, but he often told this story to his friends afterwards.

Ooty hounds have often hunted panther and wild boar and, as a result, there have been many casualties among hounds. The following story seems to be about the most amusing. The particular sportsman on this occasion was 'hill topping' when his saw hounds going all-out on a wild boar with no Master or whippers-in in sight. The pig ran

by H. Barrowcliff Ellis

into a stream, and soon the pig and hound noises told the onlooker that hounds were having a rough time, so he got off his horse and went to beat them off. The next thing he knew was that the pig had charged through his legs, plus the pack, sending him spinning to the ground. This was too much for our sportsman and he was determined to put some salt on the boar's tail. He chased into the river-bed after quarry and pack and he felt sure that he and the hounds

had got the pig "cold"—but they hadn't. He had to beat a hasty retreat up the river bank, but he was not quick enough, and the pig sent him for six, just as the Master rode up to see boar and pack charge over the unfortunate fox-hunter. We understand that he will never get

off his horse again when there is a boar around.

The Bombay Hunt is probably our next oldest Hunt, for records tell us that in 1811, the country was hunted by the "Bombay Bobbery Hunt." It was not until 1865 that it became a regular Hunt, although the Oriental Sporting Magazines of 1827-1830 refer to hunting in Bombay District. Pictures dated 1811 show members of the "Bombay Bobbery Hunt" wearing various coloured coats, sitting at a table with several tin tubs nearby, containing many bottles of liquor. Sportsmen of those days drank port by the tumblerful, but they must now be turning in their graves if they are able to witness the modern foxhunter drinking ice-cold beer, especially chilled for him in large tundices.

The Bombay Hunt has throughout been a civilians' pack and it is noted for its long terms of mastership, which are not possible with the up-country soldiers' packs. It is a very sporting country over paddy-stubble and grasslands with many varied jumps, chiefly bunds and cactus fences, with a number of nullahs.

An amusing story is told of one of the Hunt's oldest members. A better turned-out man in the field there could never be. He rode the best of horses and their condition and saddletry could not be faulted, whilst he wore a black coat, white breeches and topi. His hunting boots were a picture, but only he knew that they had false tops to them. Hounds were in full cry, going like the wind as the Bombay pack always does. Our sportsman was suddenly confronted with one of Bombay's big fences and, collecting his horse, he presented it to the obstacle. But, as will happen on occasions, the rider went higher into the air than did the horse, and when he came down again, he had the

unpleasant experience of realising that the false tops to his boots had also jumped higher than the horse and were right round his knees, with the result that they would not bend to allow him to return his "mutton to the plate."

The Lahore Hunt was established as far back as 1837, but it was not until 1899 that hunting became regular. This is a soldiers' pack, but many civilians have, from time to time, helped to keep it going, and when it was resuscitated in 1899, one of the prime movers was a local barrister. For two seasons during the recent war, hounds were hunted by ladies.

One of the best known Hunts in the country which has often been the subject of "Snaffles" able pen and brush is the Peshawar Vale. It is a very sporting country with plenty of jumping, and a good horse is necessary to negotiate the well-known "Peshawar Grids." Throughout this war, two lady Masters have shown excellent sport, and thanks to them and the lady Honorary Secretary, the Hunt was able to start the present season with 21½ couples of hounds, most of which have been bred and reared by the able lady Honorary Secretary.

Riding through a remote village between Risalpur and Peshawar, the Master of the P.V.H. came upon an unusual find: a foxhound with ears close-cropped Powinds fashion, engaged in guarding sheep. Enquiry of the owner elicited that the dog had been bought four years before in Bahrain Kali village, near Risalpur. While in this country, there is nothing strange in a foxhound being "knocked off" either as a puppy out of kennels (margaya, Sahib!), or when astray from the pack as an entered hound, it is remarkable that such a one should survive the rigours of existence as an Indian village "cur-dog," or be found engaged in a role which must be as diametrically opposed to his true one as could be. The animal was fit; well cared for and apparently beloved of his master—a still more unusual find!

Although fox-hunting is a typical English sport, many Indian gentlemen have ridden to hounds after jackal, and a number of ruling princes have hunted their own hounds, notably, His Highness Nawab Sir Mohammed Ikhtiar Ali Khan of Jaora, whose pack of 52 couples was the strongest in the country before the war. The present Bangalore Hunt now hunts the country which in the old days was hunted by His Highness The Maharaja of Mysore. This country is very like that of some of the provincial packs in England, with its grasslands, crops and small woods. It is also undulating, and contains a number of streams and awkward nullahs. Another prince who maintained a sporting little pack was H.H. The Maharaja of Jaisalpur.

Jack often takes the pack through orchards, and the field was greatly amused quite recently to see their Master "Abasomed" three times in as many minutes. When a



Quetta Hill jack gets going ■ ■ ■ as good ■ ■ any quarry in the world, and three times since last Christmas, the whippers-in have had to climb up over 500 feet on sheer rock faces to whip hounds off.

The only other surviving pre-war Hunts are Poona and Kirkee, which is a joint pack with Bombay, hunting a different season; and the Wana Drag, a little sporting Hunt which provides many a thrill peculiar to the Wana country. Normally a Drag is hunted, but at times a jackal is found which would appear to be a tribesman's 'fifth columnist', for it invariably takes the field into tribal territory with exciting results. A sportsman recently wrote: "I turned out with the Wana Drag on Sunday, the last meet of the season. We had tribesmen to guard us and the Political with ■ too. Total field eleven—a record they tell me—the eleven did not include the tribesmen. Everybody seemed to act as whippers-in. We savaged three sheep for which we are being charged enormous sums. When we got back we learned that Brigade had sent out to turn us back, as fifteen thugs were lying in wait to have a shot at us—luckily they missed us. One of the field lost his horse and had to be brought back on a tribal pony under heavy escort."

The Nerbudda Vale, forced to close down during the war, is an excellent natural country, with plenty of jackal which were hunted from October to February, and during the rains a

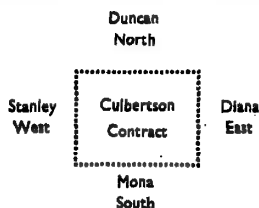


Drag was run. Black cotton soil and 70 inches of rain provided many a thrill and the writer remembers a very amusing incident which took place in July 1935. Hounds were running fast and the pace was hot, when the writer was confronted with a rain-soaked deserted burial ground. He pulled to one side and putting his hand up cried out, "ware—bog!" but those behind him either could not or would not stop. The first to go down amongst the dead men was a hefty 15th Lancer Sikh V.C.O., and on the top of him came four Gunner Sergeants. What those sergeants said about water-logged graves and the people inside them cannot ■ repeated here.

In 1942 the Meerut (Woolley's) Hunt was formed with 4½ couples, and now this sporting Hunt has a pack of 15 couples.

Behind the Hunts in India is a strong body, the Masters of Foxhounds' Association of India, with His Excellency the Viceroy and Governor-General as President. The Association came into being in 1929, with fourteen Masters on the active list as Founder Members, two of whom were His Highness Nawab Sir Mohammed Iftikhar Ali Khan of Jaora and Sri Ramchandra Mardaraja Deo of Khallikote and Atagada.

BRIDGEROOM RUBAIYAT OF WOTTA NASLAM



Arise I for Evening giveth place to Night
And chilling breezes soon will put to flight
Those last who linger on the lawn
Before the Club agleam with beckoning light,

Now do Male Bridge Fiends look for partners fit
Among the ladies who in main lounge sit.
Stan catches Mona's eye, who (skittish) winks.
Dee nods consent. Why then will make the fourth nitwit?

Dreaming of some cute blonde's bewitching eyes,
Duncan hears Stanley's call with some surprise.
But being at heart a willing sort of cuss
Agrees this game of bridge to patronize.

Quoth Stanley, walking t'wards the door,
"What say we order sundry drinks for four?
"You know how little frog there is to swill
"And, once exhausted, may be had no more."

"Too true," spoke Duncan: "Fill your cups, my dears.
"Now is the time to make up all arrears.
"Tomorrow! Why, tomorrow you may have
"Nothing to drink except the Cup that Cheers."

Dee's faintly-tinted lips were lockt; but in divine
If somewhat muzzy tones Mo called for wine.
"Red wine," cried she, as one who well did know
What best would match her lips incarnadine.

Here, with a pack of cards (thought Stanley now),
A glass of grog, a tin of fags, I vow
The man a churl would be who did not think
This cheery bridgeroom paradise enow.

"How grand to score a Slam," thought Dee;
And Mo: "To win the game would ■ enough for me."
While Duncan's mind was filled with Sweet Young Things
And how, last night, he held one on his knee.

Myself (when green I) did eagerly frequent
The bridgeroom which resounds with argument
About it and about; but evermore
Came out no wiser than when I went.

For strange to tell, among the lousy lot
Some called correctly, others not.
And suddenly one, more impatient, cried:
"You've trumped my Ace! By jove you should be shot!"

Listen again: One evening at the close
Of summer's day, while yet the hot wind blows,
In that same bridgeroom I did see
The Bridge Fiends sitting in their ordered rows.

Now it so happened on that sultry day
I heard his partner at poor Duncan bray.
Who with his most disarming smile
But murmured: "Gently, brother, gently, pray!"

Then to the others Dunc's partner cried,
Asking: "What was there in his silly call to guide
"He groping in this darkness?"
And: "A little understanding," one replied.

Then to the bar the irate man adjourned,
To get that drop o' Scotch for which he yearned.
But (said the barman) there was nowt,
Except such local stuff as he discerned.

Ah! Thou who didst with baneful local gin
Beset the path he, peevish, wandered in,
Was it quite fair to sell him Tanglefoot
And then compute his fall to Sin?

So leave Bridge Fiends to wrangle and with me
The quarrels over Culbertson let be;
And in some corner of the old Club coucht,
Make game of those who make as much of thee.



Evening on an Indian River

As the sun sinks to the full glory of the golden evening, hushed shadows are cast from trees, and villagers gather on the river banks to gossip into the dusk. A countrycraft glides silently down stream, and the whisper of the water mingles pleasantly with the voices of the men. Stranger be silent—you are peering far into the past, and far into the future! India was thus



hundreds of years ago. But enlightenment is gradually bringing, even to the villages, the materials of the present, and the construction of the future. That is why "EVEREST" Asbestos

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ON PHOTOGRAPHING TYPES

by Ferenc Berko

To the photographer, India is an inexhaustible source of material. Of the many interesting subjects to explore, the extraordinary variety and beauty of the various racial types of her population, make the recording of faces perhaps the most fascinating. While this is only a part of the documentation of India,—in which I am most interested, and which covers the whole way of living—it is an important one; and as, professionally, portraiture, (i.e., the interpretation of a personality through the face), accounts for a large percentage of my work, it is perhaps only natural that in my spare time, I have been trying to capture some of the profusion of interesting faces in this vast sub-continent.

As technical details will not interest many readers, I have decided to talk about how the photographs reproduced here were taken. In doing so, I hope to show that, although they are of assorted types and ages, taken in divergent parts of India under different conditions, with various cameras, a few general conclusions may be drawn as to the conditions which make it possible—and perhaps even necessary—to achieve the results here reproduced.

The photograph of the Gurkha youth was taken under ideal technical conditions: early winter morning, plain background, with the help of a small reflector.

The perfect people to photograph—and to film, for that matter—are the Gurkhas; and although they do not exactly belong to India proper, one comes across them sufficiently frequently—especially in the Armed Forces—to justify their inclusion here. Not only are they natural-born actors, quite without camera consciousness, always ready to laugh and look happy, but physically, by reason of their flat noses, they are, like the Chinese, ideally suited for large close-ups. In big frontal close-ups from short distances, with lenses of more or less normal focal lengths, noses in 'normal' faces tend to go out of focus and to become disproportionately big. With the flat noses of the Gurkhas, the Chinese and most of the negro tribes, this distortion does not occur.

The old man with the beautiful, long, white mustachios was taken somewhere near Madras, under far from ideal conditions. With the sun directly overhead, I knew that I would get heavy eye shadows unless I could use either a reflector or a flash—I had neither. On the other hand, I only had a couple of days in Madras and did not know whether I would be able to go there again; and, in any case, I might never again see such magnificent whiskers—so it was then or never. The only thing I could do was to try to make the old man incline his head a little, in order to get at least some of the sun on his face, and, contrary to my usual practice, not take a real close-up, but to go about five or six feet away. In order to avoid a confusing background, I kept the camera low; and so as to get a natural expression, I asked one of his companions to talk to him.

The man smoking his beedy was snapped while I was taking a series of photographs in



a pottery village near Bombay. I noticed him in the late afternoon when I had finished my day's work and was chatting with some of the craftsmen. I was able to focus on him and adjust my camera without any interruption of the conversation going on around him, and so I managed to catch almost the same expression with which he had been listening. In spite of the fact that he was aware of my photographing him. As you can see, the light is almost entirely from one side, and with the contrast of light and shade in India—and, again, without flash or reflectors,—conditions were not really favourable.

But the light, if contrasty, kept at least one side of the face fully illuminated. As a result, there is no disturbing background, the expression is not unnatural even if it shows consciousness of the photographer (the hand with the beedy emphasizes this), and, unlike the picture of the long mustachios, I was able to come close to my subject.

The beautiful face of the Marathi fisherwoman was taken in Bombay—on Chowpatty Sea Face. Here, conditions were nearly perfect: the sun, already not too high when the exposure was made, reflected by the

ON PHOTOGRAPHING TYPES

and onto the shadow portions, the model seems perfectly at ease and not camera-conscious—although in actual fact she was very embarrassed. I was able to get head and shoulders only on the negative.

The remaining photographs were all taken in the North, during the winter months, when the sun was not too high even in the middle of the day. When I asked the wonderful old Sikh in my mixture of Hindi, Gujarati, Marathi and Urdu, whether I could take his photograph, he surprised me by answering in fluent English that, of course, he had no objections. In the long conversation which followed, he told me his whole story, and I found that the quite remarkable dignity and character shown in his face, really was the reflection of his personality. Being a photographer himself, he understood perfectly what I wanted and proved to be a fine model. In addition to this very important factor for the success of any photograph of this kind, the light was favourable—it was about 9 a.m.—and I was able to avoid any background, and could go as near to the subject as my camera permitted.

The photograph of the Dogra soldier with the beautiful moustache was taken under technical conditions very similar to those described above. In addition, I had the help of some friends, which enabled me to have some light thrown onto the shadow portions by means of a reflector, and to keep my subject amused.

In photographing the Sikh boy, no reflector was used, and instead of a sky background, I used the slats of a wooden hut.

I found the North very interesting photographically, and the strong aquiline, Arab-Semitic features of the people of the North-West Frontier Province excellent material. The Pathan peasant was taken on

by

Ferenc

Berko

a Sunday morning, while he was listening to an election speech blared from a loud-speaker fixed to the top of a bus driving along the street. He was having a cup of tea with some friends in an open-air tea shop at about 11 a.m. All I had to do was to tell him to go on listening, and to see that he did not give one of those furtive peeps at the camera, which so often ruin an otherwise perfect picture. In order to eliminate as much background as possible, I kept the camera fairly low. No reflector was used.

To successfully photograph the intensely interesting and widely divergent types in this huge land, the following rules should be borne in mind :—

1. Type studies should look natural, so you get the best results by shooting your victims unawares. To do this you must be extraordinarily clever or lucky or both. If you cannot catch your models unawares, you must use your directorial abilities, in which case, (a) avoid studio portraits or, worse still, studio fake-ups and (b) pose your types and endeavour to make them look natural.

2. As the object is to try to show the types more than the dress, try to get as close to your subjects as your lens will permit.

3. Avoid ugly shadows. Always try to photograph in the early morning or late afternoon. Try using a small reflector—silver or gold paper pasted on wood, or failing this, a white cardboard will help.

4. Avoid disturbing backgrounds. It should nearly always be possible to use the sky by shooting from a low level (angle) ; otherwise, remember that India is full of simple and very photogenic backgrounds such as bamboo matting, khus-khus tattles, and mud huts.

As with all photography, in India too, over-expose rather than under-expose. In order to avoid unnecessary harshness.



THEY SAW THE ROPE TRICK

by Maurice Dallimore

"TAKING out a ball of rope about half an inch thick from a bag, and holding a few coils of it in his right hand and the remainder in his left hand, he threw the portion in his right hand vertically into the sky. The woman was now beating the drum loudly, frantically. Following the rope with my eyes, I saw it go up of its own accord. I couldn't see the top clearly, but I should think the rope stood fifteen feet in the air. The lower end rested in a few coils on the ground. The old man then called the boy and told him to climb the rope. Salaming first to the magician and then to the crowd, the boy seized the rope and climbed up hand over hand. He reached the top in less than two minutes and then—simply melted away into thin air!"

Mr. R. K. Prabhu paused, and his companion, Mr. G. Annaji Rao, took up the story: "Yes, that's exactly how I saw it. As soon as the boy had disappeared, the rope fell to the ground. The magician said he had sent the boy to heaven."

I interrupted: "Where did you see the trick and when?"

Mr. Prabhu replied at once, "In Mangalore, South Kanara (Madras Presidency), in 1896. I was a student, and about twenty at the time. The trick was done in a compound just off Car Street, one of the busiest thoroughfares, on a midsummer morning. There were no trees or buildings nearby."

Mr. K. Annaji Rao said, "I saw it in Coondapur, South Kanara District, in the early 'nineties. The trick was frequently performed by professional jugglers in those parts."

I glanced at my companion, Lt.-Col. Ned Williams, himself a well-known European magician under his stage-name of Robert Harben. Could it be true that we were actually listening to eye-witness accounts of the fabulous Indian Rope Trick? Famous magicians, past and present, including Houdini, Murray, Charles Bertram, and the American, John Mulholland, had searched India far and wide, and all had failed not only to witness the trick but to find anybody who had actually seen it.

Yet here, in this tiny office, with the clamour of the Bombay traffic in the street below, the quiet voices of these two men, on whose shoulders sits gracefully the dignity of age, testified to the truth of a feat of Indian magic which has become legendary throughout the world.

"How did the trick finish?" asked Ned.

"The drum-beating worked up to a frenzied climax and both the man and the woman began loudly bewailing the loss of their son. They called to him to return; and at last we heard from some distance away a juvenile voice calling, 'I am here—I am here!' Pushing his way through the large circle of onlookers, the boy re-appeared, salaming vigorously."

But it was left to Mr. Annaji Rao to provide the last surprise of that memorable morning. "You can see the trick today," he asserted, "if you care to tour Kanara and Malabar." "But," he warned, "it is performed by members of the criminal tribes and they may not take kindly to your investigation."

Returning home, I reviewed again the mass of documentary evidence which has accumulated around the most discussed magical manifestation of all time. Three salient

points emerged: firstly, that the trick has not always been performed in the manner described by my friends of that morning; secondly, that the feat of great antiquity; and thirdly, that the trick is not confined to India.

The "classical" version of the trick is that the magician arms himself with sword and shield, and climbs up the rope, on the pretext of doing battle with any enemy in the skies. He disappears from view and parts of his body and armour fall from above. Believing that her husband has been sawn to pieces, his wife collects the fragments, builds a funeral pyre for them, and finally casts herself into the flames. Later, however, the magician reappears, climbing down the rope, and finding his wife has perished, himself about to commit suicide, when the woman, miraculously restored to life, comes out from behind a curtain.

Other versions say the magician sends a boy up the rope, and then, feigning anger with him, the performer himself climbs after him with a knife. Portions of the boy's body fall from above, but the magician, descending, puts these into a basket, and a few moments later, out steps the boy alive and well.

The first reference to the trick seems to be by the seventh-century philosopher, Shri Sankaracharya. In his "Bhashya" on the Vedanta Sūtras appears the line: "as the magician who in reality remains upon the ground is different from the magician who with sword and shield climbs up the rope." Is this an allusion to the trick in its classical form? If so, as the "Bhashya" is itself a commentary on a yet older scripture from which the line is taken—the Vedanta Sūtras, composed by Badarayana Vyasa—the trick may claim to be three-thousand-five-hundred-years old.

The first full account of the feat, however, is given by the fourteenth-century Arab traveller, Ibn Battuta. Claiming to have seen the trick at the palace of the Khan of Hang-chow (Hankow), China, he describes the second version, naively concluding, "All this astonished me beyond measure, and I had an attack of palpitation... they gave me a cordial however, which cured me."

Though Ibn Battuta may perhaps be accused of Marco Poloian embroidery of the traveller's tale, what are we to say of the august Emperor Jehangir (1605-1629) who, in his memoirs—the "Jehangir Nama"—leaves us an eye-witness account of the trick as performed before him in his palace? Would such a royal witness have left a false record?

Amongst other historical records may be found accounts by a Chinese, Pu Sing Ling, who states that he saw it in China in 1630, and an Englishman, Milton, who is said to have seen it in Batavia in 1676.

In 1934, the Occult Committee of the Magic Circle, under the presidency of Lord Amphilil (Incidentally a former Governor of Bombay) announced the result of its three-years' investigation of the trick. The Chairman, Lt.-Col. N. H. Elliot, an officer who had also seen much service in India, asserted roundly, "I have no hesitation in saying that the Rope

Trick never has been done and never will be."

Duly reported in the *Times of India*, the announcement stirred up a hornet's nest of indignant protest. Letters to the Press revealed an astonishing number of people, who claimed to have seen the trick. Among many others, Sir Ralph Pearson, late Lieut.-Governor of North-West Frontier Province, stated that both he and his wife had seen the trick done in the West Khandesh District of Bombay Presidency. Col. Barnard, late Chief of Police, Calcutta, was reported not only to have witnessed the phenomenon, but to have photographed it—(alas, the photographs later revealed nothing out of the ordinary).

Every protagonist was challenged and re-challenged. Major L. H. Brunson, himself a member of the Magic Circle, asserted after twenty-five years in the Indian Army, "I maintain the trick has never been performed..." Sir Michael O'Dwyer, after an equally lengthy residence, supported him. Sir Francis Griffith, former Inspector-General of Police in India, impudently believed in the power of suggestion, and told the story of the slightly confused American lady who returned home, and declared that the most remarkable thing she had seen in all India was the sun setting behind the Aga Khan.

The Magic Circle followed up its verdict with an offer of five hundred guineas to anyone who would perform the trick.

The *Times of India* supplemented this with its own offer of ten thousand rupees. These, however, were not the only financial rewards open—Illustrious Dante had already offered ten thousand rupees, Murray and Will Goldston one thousand pounds each, Major Brunson five thousand rupees. Apart from these outright payments, the successful performer could demand at least a thousand pounds a week to appear in such shows as Bertram Mills' Circus at Olympia, London.

The awards have yet to be claimed—but aspirants have not been wanting. Dr. Alexander Cannon, K.C.A., M.D., Ph.D., M.A., a psychiatrist and late official of the London County Council Mental Hospital Service, not only declared he had seen the trick in French Indo-China, but was prepared to do it himself, in the Albert Hall, before the whole of the Magic Circle. In fact, the only difficulty

was the size of the reward offered—he demanded fifty thousand pounds. Un-defeated, the Magic Circle agreed. But, alas, worse was to follow. It appeared that the Doctor would also require a ship-load of sand from a certain part of India, that the Albert Hall would have to be heated to tropical temperature, and special lighting installed to reproduce the Indian sunshine.

Not ungenerously, the Magic Circle asked for a banker's guarantee to refund the fifty thousand pounds, and pay all expenses if the experiment failed.

There the matter rests....

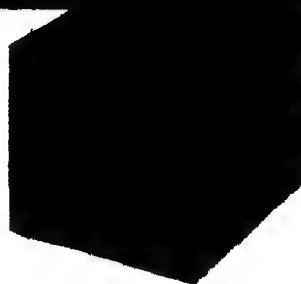


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THROUGH THE EYES AND EARS OF A COMPOSER

by Brian Easdale



to me in sights and sounds, and those which were not specifically musical I have tried to turn into music.

A Composer in Uniform

My first real opportunity to transform sight to sound came with the task of composing the music for a film on the Gurkhas. Then, in 1944, perhaps as the first soldier in uniform whose job was to compose music, I went with the director and a small camera unit to the Gurkha Recruiting Depot in the northern plain of India, and to Gurkha training centres situated high up in the foothills of the Himalayas.

I took with me some music paper and a note book so that I could take down the Gurkhas' folk-tunes and note my impressions of the people and their background. This was with a view to my composing a score which would not be stuck on to the film later on as an after-thought, but would be an integral part of the production, from its very inception.

Before this expedition I had only read about the fabulous land of Nepal, but at the Gurkha Recruiting Depot I came face to face with its people and their personalities. I saw them in all their stages of life, from babies to old men and women.

Their famous smile was the characteristic which struck me most. That, their wide, open faces, and their gaiety, which was like their own simple folk-tunes. These faces and those personalities suggested to me a music without a touch of melancholy or introspection. To describe them musically one would say that they were only on the black notes of the piano. Then the radiant colours that the women wore suggested the brightest harmonies, the most festively-toned orchestration. The women—old and young—who had come to draw their pensions or their family allotments, walked or sat about in groups in which their colours clustered and clashed together like many-toned chords. The boys, recruited from the far mountain regions, were led into the depot roughly and scantily clad, with long, tousled hair; and their appearance brought with it a primitive wildness which, again, would have to come into my music.

I made notes of the sounds of the place: the mellow, sonorous ring of the quarter-guard gong, the bugle calls, the murmur of many voices in the square where all the people gathered for their various business, and the clank-clink of the smithies' hammers in the bazaar. The bazaar was the most colourful place of all. Here the women bought their lengths of brilliantly dyed cloth, the strands of coloured wool for their hair-dress, and invested their savings in heavy, ornate silver bangles and necklaces. The glitter of the jewelry, the glint on a sharpened kukri-blade, with the cross

rhythms of the smithies' hammering, produced a scintillation of sounds and colour which must come into the score for the film. So when I orchestrated the bazaar music I used, among other combinations of tonalities, a piano and some small Indian cymbals to give this effect.

One of the big moments of the film was to be the arrival of the people at the Depot. We would trace the trek of the recruits and the families from their isolated villages high up in the mountains, down to the plains far below. Musically it seemed to me a great procession—the procession of a human stream. It started with little tributaries of people from their springs in the mountains; gradually these small streams joined one another, until, by the time they reached the Depot, they had become one immense river, a great procession of a thousand people.

The location which had been chosen for the last stage of this procession was like the dried-up bed of a river. The great stream of age and youth, of men, women and children, were shot by the camera coming down this river bed—long, medium, and close shots, giving a cumulative effect. It was an epic scene: the slow-moving human flood coming nearer and nearer, old men bent under loaded baskets, wild and ragged boys following stalwart recruiting officers, women with babies on their backs. I felt in the scene a strong pulse of life, the basic rhythm for my processional music, and above it the thrilling, accumulated excitement of a thousand lives. This would be the musical climax.

Music and Mountains

Our next location was a Gurkha Training Centre in the hills. The scenes we were to take were to have the snow-capped mountains featured in the background wherever possible; and here I was to get my ideas for other scenes in the film, where mountains



and wild hill scenery were to symbolize the strange, far-off land from which the Gurkhas came.

The mountains themselves told me first what I could not do. They so impressed me with their immense scale that I realised that such grandeur and vastness could not be transformed into music. They were of the gods, not of men. Their structure and scale would be the camera-man's problem; my problem was to get their more delicate and indirect aspects—their breath and being—into sound. So, after some days in these



mountain presences, I came to the conclusion that what I had to capture from them was the sensation of supreme elevation and clarity they produced; and this sensation was not only physical but very largely mental or spiritual. I discovered that the total equivalent to this state of mind was the reverberation of bells, or the sound produced by rubbing a wetted finger round the rim of a tumbler, and also the notes of the French horn in its most sonorous register.

Pursuing the task of transforming sensation to sound led me to other discoveries. I found that when the snow-line was reached the curiously hollow and silent air was filled with a strange music. These were the "hollow mansions of the upper air" in which Thoreau had heard the mellow notes of horns. But for me that cold, ethereal silence could only be given musically by taking the sustaining power of the string section of the orchestra, and making them hold a very tenuous, widely spaced chord, in their upper registers. In general this mountain music should be 'lifted', without base, thin rather than rich, transparent rather than opaque. This would counter-balance the massive images seen on the screen and give the sensation of mountains.

The mountain mood of elation and elevation was most brought to me, when we were shooting the first part of the trek of the Gurkhas from their upland homes to the plains below. Behind the descending figures were great cycloramas of mountains and clouds, and the people came down the paths singing, shouting and talking. Their animation, the blaze of the women's dresses against the snow, the sparkle in the men's eyes—all were part of the sunlight, the brilliant cloudscapes, the dazzle of snow on the ground and the elation in the air. Thus the music for the beginning of the procession would have an orchestral texture of high-pitched radiance and resonance. As the film was not to be made in colour I could try to put the colour of these scenes into the music.

Colour, and movement too, came into the Gurkhas dances which were included in the film as typical of their home life. These dances, or *Naches*, were also typical of their regimental life. At first it seemed strange to hear that the womenfolk never dance in Nepal, but when one sees the Gurkha soldiers made up, and dressed in silver head-dresses, silk scarves and flowered bodices and skirts, one comes to think that maybe they can dance better than any woman. As the evening of dance wears on and the *Rakshi* (undiluted white rum) flows freely, even the Colonel may suffer a moment's hallucination when one of the graceful dancers gives him an ogle as he flashes by.

It was at these *Naches* that I took down the songs and drum rhythms of the dance music which I eventually brought into the material for the score of the film.

Songs of the River

Returning to the plains brought me new impressions and new ways of changing them into music. A complete contrast to the mountains and their people, it was now the dead, flat delta and the numerous waterways



of Bengal which became familiar to me. The level calm and the weight of the vast skies upon the horizontal plain created a downward accent, the reverse of the upward accent of the hill country. But the new accents had a strong appeal, though this was tinged with oppression, and the wide stretches of river brought their own slow, grave music.

These waters, and the life within them and upon them, had their indigenous music in the

river songs of the boatmen, but, though I had not yet been introduced to these beautiful folk-tunes, I at first made my own river music. I had in mind a film rhythmically cutting all the images of the river and its life to the accents and phrases of the music. There would be no commentary to distract the attention, as it so often does, from the music and picture. The score which I made gave prominence to the clarinet and the *Khol*, or Bengali drum. The sonorities of the clarinet were particularly adaptable to the subject. The notes of its lower register can be mellow, or dark and lugubrious; and the high notes harsh, weird and penetrating like the cry of some sea bird rising above alluvial flats. The sound of the *Khol* is the sound-symbol of Bengal. Its quickening pulse is heard in the hot, dark side-alleys in old Calcutta, and its intermittent beats are sound-links between little villages, where the light of butter-lamps flicker in the thick darkness of the jungle night. It accompanies the voice of the boatman across the wide waterways and ready stretches of the Bengal countryside.

With the help of Bimoy Roy, a fine singer and collector of folk-songs from all parts of India, including the lovely *Bhatiali* and the songs of the *Bauls*, I selected songs very carefully to suit all aspects of the picture, "River Boats of Bengal". The slowly falling, somewhat melancholy, phrases of the *Bhatiali* were a perfect melodic expression of the lonely river reaches at evening, and the remote

villages lying amidst tanks filled with water-hyacinth. The slow, undulating melodies of the *Baul* songs poised on single, wide-spaced drum beats were in time with the passage of an oar through the water, the movements of men pulling the oars, pushing the heavy rudders and hoisting the sails. This music had grown out of the unchanging, unhurried toil of river boatmen, lonely through the passage of hours measured to the time of the breeze and the tide.

Ships and Fisherfolk make Music

Fisherfolk and the sea was my next subject. Before starting work on the score for the film, "Besseli, An Indian Fishing Village", I went there with a recording unit to shoot some natural sound. In this way I was again able to get a direct, first-hand impression of my subject.

The village lies just outside the old Portuguese fort and citadel, now in ruins and invaded by the jungle. Thus there is a background of an old Christian and Western civilization in contrast to an ageless present of fisherfolk, still living as they did long before the birth of Christianity. These two facts should, I felt, be brought out in the music by the use of two contrasted themes. Theme one: the sea and the fishermen, elemental and primitive. Theme two: the faded

Christian past of the ruins and the still living Christian religion of the people.

The first theme was given to me by the sea itself, by the boats coming in laden with fish and, more than anything, by my contact with the people. I was asked to a lunch of curried prawns in the home of the village headman, and there I was close to their family life, unchanging and patterned through living by the sea. In the evening, when they relaxed, I joined in the singing and drinking party, when they sang their simple and primitive songs, rocking to the rhythm of the drum, as if they were still in their boats, hauling in the nets.

The second theme was given me by the ruins. The women going to fetch water had to pass through a door in the wall of the fort and draw water from an ancient well inside the old citadel. They themselves wore a symbol of timeless India, walking with their brass pots poised on their heads; but after they passed through the door and were inside the fort, their music faded out, and in its place echoed the ghostly, lingering music of a Palastina Mass, which seemed to issue from the hollow shell of a ruined church near the wall.

There are very few sailing ships left, and these lovely craft of traditional Indian designs certainly belong to India alone, and the men who sail them come from a long line of Indian navigators and seamen. So long I came to write the music for the film, "Country Craft", I was not losing touch with the source of my impressions. Even while I was writing the music for them in Bombay, I was able to see their gleaming white sails and their graceful shapes, passing by on the blue of the Arabian sea.

NEMESIS

by Yasmar

Orpheus Brown was a musical fan,
A quiet, retiring kind of a man;
He liked to relax in his leisure hours,
To play the flute and tend his flowers.

Electra, neurotic and passionate,
Should have taken another type of mate:
She looked upon life as one long romance
And music for her was jazz to dance.

Poperoff was light-hearted and gay,
He had masses of money to throw away,
But had no desire to take a wife
And live with one woman the rest of his life.

The Browns, disillusioned, went different ways,
Electra immersed in the latest craze,
Flattered and foolish and most unwise,
While Orpheus worked for his yearly rise.

Then gay young Poperoff came on the scene
With money to spend and a face for the screen:
Electra was full of ecstatic delight,
For he picked her out to dance all night.

"How happy," thought she, "I could be
If only young Midas were married to me;
Poor old Orpheus is such a bore,
I simply can't stand that flute any more."

After several months of secret bliss,
Midas fell for a glamorous Miss,
Midas had money, but Midas lacked sense
And neurotic Electra became more intense.

She pleaded and threatened, she even swore,
She had hysterics and fell on the floor,
Poperoff, with a cruel stare,
Turned away and just left her there.

Of the woman scorned, we all have heard,
But Midas, the fool, only thought her absurd:
He felt delighted that he was free,
He little knew what his fate would be.

Electra in anger was most indiscreet,
She couldn't bear to admit defeat,
So she told the tale to Orpheus Brown,
When he returned that night from town.

Orpheus listened, silent and strong,
To Electra's story of terrible wrong,
Then with a smile at last he said,
"You with young Poperoff shall wed."

"He is in love with a beautiful blonde,
Of whom I am also extremely fond,
For long I have wanted to claim her my own,
For he wrong to me you shall both atone."

"When I think of the life, you two will live,
It won't be hard for me to forgive,
The beautiful blonde with me shall wed
And he will be married to you instead."

THE Princess Jehan Ara of Yazdan, in Persia, was the only child of her parents, born late in their lives, and treasured more than words can express. Because of this they spared no pains to protect her from all possible harm, guarding her like a precious jewel, watching over her every step.

As she grew to girlhood she became so beautiful that they bought her a little negro slave-girl, of the same age as the Princess, and made her the latter's constant attendant, that the contrast of her ugliness might serve to distract the Evil Eye.

Sumbal was her name, which means hyacinth; though, indeed, she was no hyacinth to the eye. But she was a pleasant creature, sunny-natured and full of laughter; she could sing and play, and claimed to possess the power of divining the future—an accomplishment which ensured her popularity among the ladies of the Court. She was gifted with the priceless gift of discretion, with the result that she, as none other, enjoyed the friendship of the Princess, who was kind to her—kinder than any had ever been before. She loved the Princess with a devotion which bordered on worship.

The two grew up close together. By day Sumbal was her mistress's faithful shadow; by night she slept on the floor beside the Princess's bed, a naked sword lay her side. And though Jehan Ara had maids-of-honour in plenty, and high-born maidens for friends, none was more loyal or more zealously watchful over her than Sumbal the negress.

It was Sumbal, out of all the Court, who first knew, and before that, first guessed, that the Princess was in love with Anwar, son of Azad Balcht, Chief Minister of the Kingdom. Anwar was of royal blood, else had he not been allowed sight of her face, for the laws of purdah are strict; as it was, he and she had played together as children, and inevitably became friends and lovers with the passing years. Farrukh Shah, her father, and Abbasi Begum, her mother, looked on with critical interest. They were not against young Anwar; indeed they were rather inclined in his favour; but, there was always the possibility of their daughter making a better match.

"Young love is all very well; and, indeed, were it not for greater consideration I, for my part, would willingly let it be Anwar; but the future of the kingdom comes first," said Jehan Ara's mother forthrightly.

"I am thinking of that also," said King Farrukh Shah; "Anwar has his interests at heart; that is born in him; also he is wise and practical beyond his years. I will make him governor of a province on their marriage. He will rule Yazdan well when the time comes."

"If the time comes," said Abbasi Begum. Meantime, the two young things met daily, and loved, and were happy, within the precincts of the palace; and the maids-of-

BLACK MAGIC

by Dewan Sharar



honour, watching, smiled at each other, and the Queen bided her time, mentally going over the names of eligible princes and rulers with whom it were well that Yazdan should be at lasting peace. And only Sumbal the negress, knew just how deep was the bond between Jehan Ara and Anwar, and that it was no mere youthful attachment, but love that had its roots in their very souls.

"Look into the crystal for me, Sumbal: tell me if all will go well for Anwar and me. There is no reason why it should not, yet something makes me afraid at times," Jehan Ara used to say; and always, as the curly black head bent over the crystal globe, Sumbal's answer was the same: "Have no fear, my lady; I see clouds, but they

pass. There is sure happiness for you and your beloved." Presently the clouds came.

Abdul Gayyam of Kurd, one of the most powerful princes for very many miles, heard reports of Jehan Ara's loveliness, decided that it was time he took a wife—or rather another wife. He was a widower, and no longer young—and sought her hand in marriage.

Farrukh Shah and his Queen, delighted, agreed to the match. In their eyes nothing could have been more desirable. It was otherwise, in the startled and horrified eyes of Jehan Ara when they broke the news to her: "Surely, surely you do not mean it!" she exclaimed incredulously. Loved and indulged all her life, she found it almost impossible to believe that her adored, adoring parents, could do this monstrous thing to her. "I do not want to marry Abdul Gayyam." "It is for the sake of Yazdan," said her father and mother in reply to all her arguments and agonized pleading. When they gave her leave to depart, she went disconsolate, and Sumbal followed, sorrowing in silence for the mistress she worshipped.

In the palace gardens the lovers met for the last time. There was none to see the anguish of their farewell, save only Sumbal, brooding apart beneath a cypress tree, keeping watch lest any intruder come near. Anwar had already heard the news, and knew, as well as his beloved the hopelessness of resistance.

"It is for Yazdan's sake," he said. The welfare of their country was the creed in which he, like herself, had been nurtured. "We must remember that always, Jehan Ara, and hold to it when the days and the sleepless nights are difficult to bear. We may not live for ourselves."

"I live for you," said Jehan Ara.

"And I for you, beloved, and shall always; but this must be the end between us. Better that we do not meet and have speech with each other again," said Anwar sadly; and Jehan Ara, heart-broken, agreed.

Thereafter she bore herself proudly, giving no sign of the grief within her. Only Sumbal knew of the long nights wherein the Princess wept, sleepless, finding her sole comfort in

the negress's infinite love and tenderness. Only Sumbal knew how deep that sorrow had gone. And always she proffered the same consolation: "Wait dear lady. Have patience and do not fear. I told you that clouds would come; was I not right? Are they not here? I have told you that they will pass; and pass they will. I have told you also that there is sure happiness for you and your beloved; and it shall be so."

"How, if they marry me to Abdul Gayyam?" asked Jehan Ara bitingly.

"I do not see you his bride," said Sumbal strangely. "Have patience, dearest lady. Allah is very good, and it may be that He will intervene yet, to save you from this marriage."

She did not tell Jehan Ara that she had been in secret to Queen Abbasi Begum with the same tidings. The Queen had given her audience, and listened attentively, for the entire Court held Sumbal's gifts of divination in respect. But all the negress's urgent prognostications of evil did not turn her or King Farrukh Shah from their purpose.

"I have seen terrible things in my crystal, Majesty," Sumbal declared, rolling scared, impressive eyes at her unimpressed hearer. "I have seen death, and widespread mourning, and ill-fortune hanging over the nuptials like a black cloud. Majesty, I warned! Unseen and dreadful powers are ranged against this marriage."

"We might believe all this did we not suspect you strongly of encouraging our daughter in her rebellion against this match," said Abbasi Begum grimly.

"Majesty, what I see in the crystal is true. These things are decreed, and there is no gainsaying them! Oh, heed your poor slave's warning while there is time!"

Sumbal implored her, but utterly in vain. "It is enough. You have our leave to depart," was all the Queen would say. There was a glint that boded ill in the royal eye. Sumbal bowed to the ground and went; but her look and her gesture on going were those of one, who knows her predictions to be only too true, and trembles at the thought of their fulfilment.

Thereafter Princess Jehan Ara Begum was formally betrothed to Abdul Qayyam of Kurd, and the preparations for the marriage went forward. It was to be a very splendid wedding, as befitted the union of such a pair. From near and far the great of the land were invited; kings and queens came in state for the ceremony; and surpassing all, in magnificence of array and escort, came Abdul Qayyam of Kurd—a handsome man, but with side-long eyes and an evil little twist to his mouth that betokened cruelty; a fine upstanding man, but withal, too old for so young a bride. And still Sumbal adjured the Princess to have patience. "Allah is great, my lady. Have faith and He will surely deliver you," she whispered. It seemed that her own faith was absolute; her belief in an eventual saving miracle unshaken.

The streets were decorated; the people of Yazdan rejoiced; within the palace was music and festivity. For the eve of the wedding, when all the guests were assembled, feasting and entertainment on the most lavish scale were planned.

The pick of Yazdan's musicians and singers and dancers were chosen for the honour of performing; the lists were almost complete when Sumbal, unexpectedly, begged to be included therein. "For, what wedding gift can I, a poor black slave, offer my beloved mistress?" she said. "I have nothing, but at least I can dance the dances of my own country to give her bridegroom pleasure."

"Let her request be granted," said Queen Abbasi Begum when it came to her ears; and Sumbal smiled gravely, and went on smiling even up to the last, when she was helping to array Jehan Ara for the wedding-eve feast.

It was a very great occasion. In the vast, beautiful hall, glowing with colour and splendour, Abdul Qayyam of Kurd sat in the seat of honour beside his host; while, the feasting over, the dancers and singers and musicians gave of their best, and in the balcony, discreetly hidden by bead curtains

that enabled them to see without being seen, the ladies watched also. Jehan Ara drooped a little, as if she were weary and her fiery weight held her down; she looked on with a wan smile, with listless eyes that only lit to interest when the musicians struck fresh chords and Sumbal, gaily clad, her eyes brilliant, her white teeth flashing, stood up to dance.

She came forward, bowing before Abdul Qayyam to indicate that her performance was in his honour. She glanced up just once, for an instant only, with a little smile of pure love, at the balcony where the Princess sat among her guests.

Then she danced. She held a wide, gorgeously coloured scarf in her hands; she wielded it until it seemed a living thing—a giant butterfly; a flower miraculously endowed with life. She was smiling no longer, but she was grave as she went through the strange intricate movements. Her face might have been the face of a statue in black marble; she did not glance again towards Jehan Ara; all her being was concentrated on making her dance a thing of sheer delight. It ended at last; and she bowed low at Abdul Qayyam's feet, while the great hall resounded with the plaudits of the beholders, and Abdul Qayyam, enchanted, leaned forward.

"Your dancing is a thing of magic, Sumbal," he said. "I would see more of it."

"If it please my lord," said Sumbal, "I will dance the Daggan Dance. May I beg the loan of my lord's dagger?"

It was a jewelled and lovely weapon that glittered in Abdul Qayyam's belt. Smiling, he withdrew it, and handed it to Sumbal, and watched with enthralled eyes the lithe grace of her body, the lightning, swift skill of her every movement, as she went through an elaborate pantomime, a wordless story told in gesture and dance.

She cradled the weapon as if it were a child; she held it up and laughed at it lovingly as if it promised her her heart's desire; she tried its blade, and smiled with flashing eyes that told of long-promised, long-deferred revenge.

She circled the floor in a growing rapture of speed, spinning and laughing and tossing the thing up and catching it again, as one who sees her life's fulfilment near; she came to a halt at last before Abdul Qayyam, breathless, swaying still in a mad ecstasy of rhythm; with all men's eyes upon her she raised the dagger on high. She brought it down with her whole strength, in a swoop like the pounce of a hawk, and plunged it into Abdul Qayyam's heart.

Then, paying no heed to the wild cry of horror that rang through the great hall, she smiled once more, for the last time, at the balcony where sat Princess Jehan Ara Begum.

SPEECHLESSNESS

DO not be misled into imagining that an expert knowledge of Hindustani is the passport to domestic tranquillity in India; even when coupled with fluent Assamese it is entirely inadequate, as events have proved. Nothing less than a complete command of every Indian tongue will ensure serenity on the domestic front. Nothing, that is, with the exception of speechlessness.

Take today for instance. Dawn brought the bearer and the tea-tray. There was no milk. I asked for milk in Assamese. The bearer replied. I understood him to say he understood me, but he understood me to say I wanted the fire-tongs and placed them swiftly on the tea-tray.....The bearer speaks Urdu.

Came the cook for the day's commands. I detailed the menu in fluent Hindustani. The cook agreed with my plans, but my Hindustani did not agree with his. The appetizing fish destined for the luncheon table, appeared rudely stewed in the cat's enamel bowl, whilst we sat down to par-bolled lights.....The cook speaks Bengali.

The gardener materialized at my elbow. Gabbling excitedly, he indicated a luxuriant potted palm. In reply to my enquiries in Assamese I was given to understand that the pot contained a scorpion, an ants' nest, a tarantula, several rats, a swarm of hornets and a king cobra. Arming the gardener and his minions with stout sticks, fly swats and fly sprays, I observed operations from a convenient doorway. Immediate action was taken with the fly sprays and the gardener pounced on two small green caterpillars which fell from the palm. He gave an ecstatic crow and rolled his eyes triumphantly in my direction.....The gardener speaks Uriya.

With downcast eyes the sweeper sidled to my chair. He spoke in honeyed tones.

I assented to his request for the rest of the day off to attend his uncle's wedding, but requested him to brush the cat before he left. A steady "snip snip" presently agitated my ears. I reached the back premises in time to see the cat, at the mercy of sweeper and scissors, fast acquiring the contours of a French poodle. I remonstrated in Hindustani. The sweeper clipped on. I expostulated in Assamese. He clipped the faster. I fulminated in English, but all in vain.....The sweeper speaks Pahari.



Speech deserted me. Rage possessed me. Gesticulating convulsively, I born down on the offender. The effect was magical. Servants appeared on all sides, the scissors were seized, the cat snatched to safety, the sweeper admonished, a tea-pot appeared to calm me, a saucer of milk to comfort puss, my book and knitting were placed in my hands and a stool beneath my feet.

Not a word was spoken, yet tranquillity was restored, and speechlessness proved every bit as potent as all India's diverse tongues.

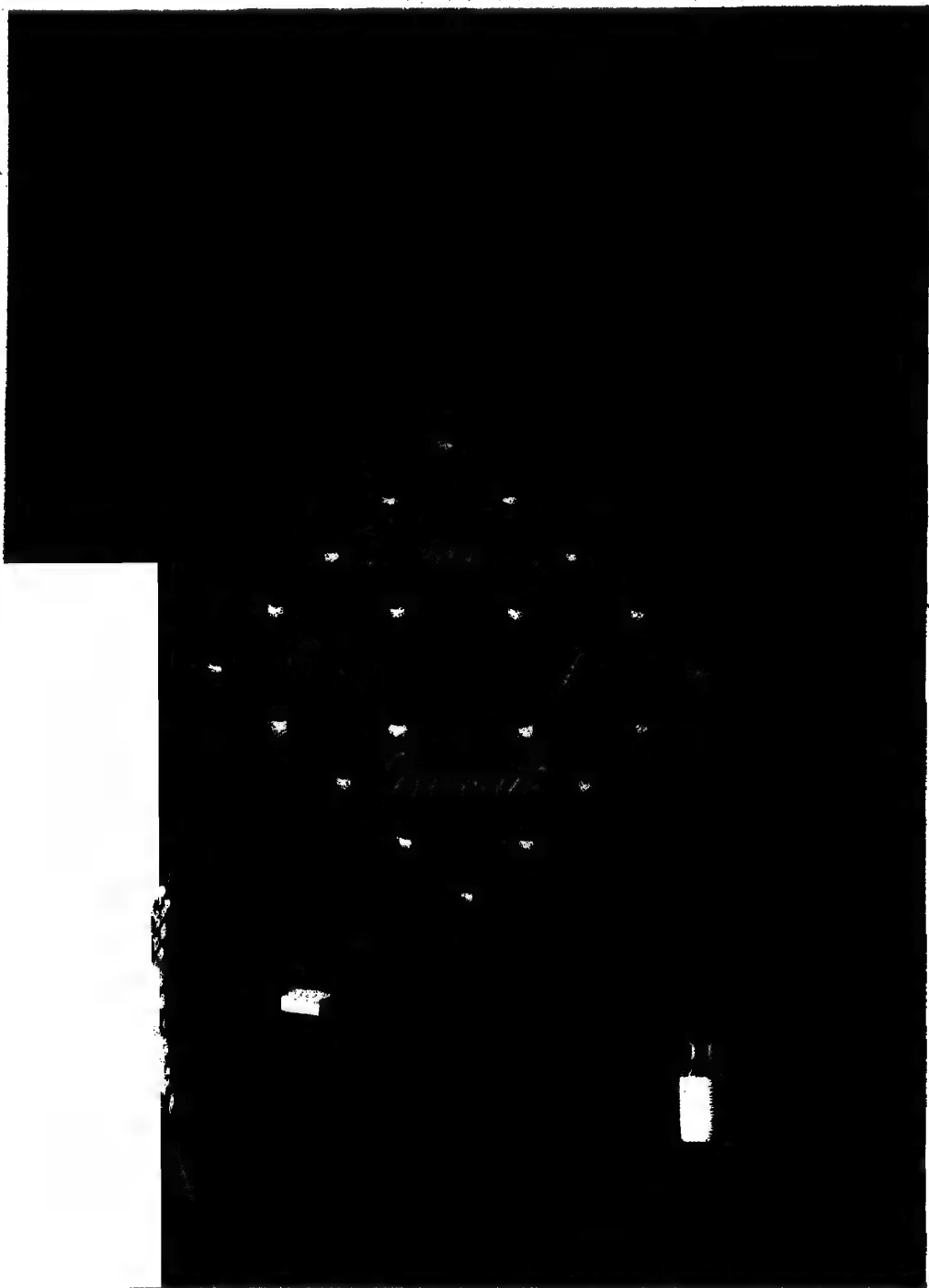
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AIR-INDIA

The Tata Line

**IT PAYS
TO FLY
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EVERYBODY thinks he's heard everything there is about flying—thanks to the International boys who, when asked embarrassing questions like "how are things looking in the bomb business?" lift a forefinger to the sky and intone about the glories of the Air Age . . . and thanks to American advertisements, which look starchy-eyed into the blue and talk about knitting the world together—instead of answering really interesting questions like, "how many air-hostesses give up flying for knitting?"

But you haven't heard all there is about flying until you consider the prospect of flying in India. This "vast sub-continent" of ours is just asking for travel by air; you don't have to design aeroplanes for this country, this country was designed for aeroplanes.

When selling air travel, our approach has to be im-lago-like, a little creepy, but yet with that boulder-charm which even our friends in the railways find rather becoming. Those fond of gangster flicks will remember Paul Muni in "Scarface" looking out of a window at a Cooks-Tour sky-sign which showed the globe and a neon which said: "Come with Us—The World Is Yours. We were sold on the wording and peddled it ourselves until a cad in the steamship business inserted "Next" before "World" and had an searching again.

A lot of our passengers overdo this flying-kite business. When you fly, it is unnecessary to look like Frank Buck or Theodore Roosevelt entering the Dark Continent. We're no sissies; when we die they'll find "safari" carved across our ticker. But mountains of bedding and snake-bite ointment are superfluous where air travel is concerned. However, if the brooding East has spoiled you and you can't enter your pyjamas without Abdul holding the ends, you can buy him a ticket as well.

We realize that our passengers take advantage of us. Let them. It's good business. On joining our air line company each of us is given a volume bound in Morocco entitled "The Customer is Always Right", by Dale Carnegie's sister who went off the straight and narrow. But please don't bully the air staff to give you a seat, reduce your excess baggage charges or wink at the bullion in your baggage. Be kind to the air boys and they will respond like a hamadryad to music. Like elephants, they never forget, and a little co-operation will take you farther than you can imagine.

We have no time for the man who beats his wife, plays a weak no-trump and overtakes on the left, but he is our buddy compared with the fellow who cancels his passage at the last minute. Where this ghoul is concerned we know no laughter; strong men weep when they see the look in our eyes, rendered more fearsome by hereditary catarrh.

Don't tip the air staff, it's bad for morals. They get a kick out of being of service to you

THIS FLYING BUSINESS

by S. K. Kooka

and expect no other reward. This doesn't sound right, but you know what we mean.

Lady passengers need have no fears with regard to their weight exposure even when the needle hits the two-hundredweight mark. Although we may know your secret for a second, it dies with us and the hideous truth is then shared by three beings alone: the Almighty, Messrs. W. & T. Avery and yourself.

We have read with much interest a recent book on the conquest of man-eating tigers. According to the author, the old theory of staring the animal in the face is out-of-date. The thing to do is to wait for the mating season and then

call the animal, i.e., if the man-eater is a she, then you imitate a he-tiger out on the razzle and, if the man-eater is a he, you take on a falsetto and pretend you are a tigress. When the animal answers your call and comes running to you, you slide-step in the undergrowth, all the time keeping him against the wind, and when the moment is ripe, slip him a couple in the belly, just as he's admiring the sunset.

What has this to do with flying? We're coming to that. It is a question of strategy. When you're at the airport, never approach the plane from the front; the 'prop' is no respecter of persons. A propeller is sometimes temperamental and may start turning in the wrong moment. You will look a little silly entering the kite with a foot-ball in your arms, which once upon a time was your head.

When you are flying over 10,000 feet, you may feel cold. Ask your hostess to give you a blanket and tuck you in. It's all in the fare. There is a small charge for untucking. There are also cute little baby pillows on board. When your plane loses altitude, you feel a little deaf. That is because of—well—let's not be technical. All you have to do then is to ask your hostess to hold your big mouth and blow gently into your ears—we mean, hold your nose and blow the air gently out of your ears. If this doesn't work, speak to your hostess. She is usually full of ideas, but not always bright ones. For instance, one of our girls thought standing on one's head would do the trick and persuaded an elderly passenger to indulge in this feat. His money fell out of his trouser pockets, the crew hearing the noise, rushed out of the cockpit and grabbed the dough, which they then refused to give back to the old man, with some stupid argument about finders being keepers.

Don't be dreary and complain at destination that you've forgotten things in the aeroplane. Look around before you deplane, not because you may have been forgetful, but just in case one of

your fellow passengers has been equally stupid. If you find anything, transfer it deftly to your hip pocket, always a safe hiding place since bulges are expected there. This advice eases our conscience and helps us to make it clear that the Company cannot be held responsible for the integrity of our other passengers. But a passenger is seldom fortunate enough to seize an article left behind. Our own staff are well trained, and usually reach the duffels before the passengers realize what is happening. Confidentially, like waiters in the leading hotels of Europe, we do not pay our loaders; they pay us, for fifty per cent of everything they find has to be handed over to the Management. This incidentally is the Sixth Freedom, which for obvious reasons has not received much publicity in the Press.

Unlike most business houses, airlines welcome suggestions from passengers on the selection of staff, for this is a great problem. Ground engineers and radio officers present no difficulty. God fearing men, they are easy to find. They have no time for pin-up girls. If you peep into their bedrooms, you will probably find a photo of Orville Wright in his swimming trunks and a bust of Signor Marconi. Pilots are different. Bryl-creamed cavalry of the air, they are the airlines' pride and joy. They've learnt the hard way and usually go for a walk when the local cinema is showing a 'Boys' Town' picture. But if you're keen on outdoor sport, a pilot is your ticket for a second-hand convertible or a blonde in equally good condition.

Then there are the senior traffic staff The type is familiar. Trousers bottoms that caress the shoes, a chalk-striped suit, Rupert Brooke in one hand and your-guess-is-as-good-as-mine in the other. They are hard to find, for our requirements are rigid. Usually two years of ballet and the same period at Cayenne.

Their characteristics are: marked reluctance to thumb-print and a pair of gym shoes conveniently carried in the left coat pocket, just in case the exit has to be sudden or swift.

We talk softly when we come to air hostesses. Florence Nightingales of the air, we shall build them a monument yet. They are like perfume that pervades but does not intrude. The highlights of their training are soft conversation and a mother's sob as she loses her only child. This she has to enact each time she bids adieu to a passenger at destination, and in our opinion, taking leave of a passenger is a hostess's most important job. At one time we felt that a long drawn out moan, reminiscent of a werewolf, might be quite effective when saying goodbye, but we have been persuaded otherwise, against our better judgment.

Now we've had our fun. Nowadays we all have to take our fun where we can find it, so forgive us. But before parting—here's a sermonette: India is a big country; Air Travel has a part to play in the future; and we all have a part to play in Air Travel.



ONE of the most fascinating aspects of the Indian scene—that bewildering kaleidoscope of attitudes, hinterlands and stages of civilization—is the infinite variety and loveliness of the traditional costumes worn by its women and men. There is probably no other country in the world, where every city street or village pathway reflects such an unrehearsed pageant of fancy costumes throughout the day. Incidentally lovely even against the grim aridity of the modern setting, men and women walk past looking like reproductions of old Mogul miniatures and Rajput paintings. Investing the scene with a picturesqueness that has ceased to exist in the West, and which constitutes a heritage which, one hopes, will not be discarded in the years to come.

The sari, "one of the gifts of India to the world", has a loveliness which has not staled through the ages, a grace which belongs to the hours of Paradise, and that innate modesty which, defied in Sita, still remains a fundamental characteristic of the average Indian woman of our time. In the Dravidian country where it originated thousands of years ago, it was contrived to be a complete garment in itself. Blouses and underwear were rendered unnecessary, and even a purse was provided for money, or a small packet could be tucked into a fold near the waist, while one end provided a kind of shawl or cradle for the baby. Blouses, cholis, and underwear were introduced at a later date when "civilization" had made people conscious of their bodies, and when the ideals of Victorian England began to affect a number of the inhabitants of Her Majesty's Indian Empire. In South India and along the Malabar coast, up to the present day, women of the less educated classes may be seen walking about naked from the waist upwards, quite unconscious of the embarrassment or disapproval of puritanical matrons, and other outsiders who may happen to be looking on.

Bengal, Madras, Cutch, the Konkan and Maharashtra, each has its own traditional design of material, which is still in vogue, so that it is possible to tell to which province the wearer belongs. Georgetown is the modern woman's favourite and it looks particularly smart when draped in the Bengali style, in which part of the material is wound round the lower half of the body, with the pleats or *kalis* hanging in front, and the remaining end draped over the left shoulder and carried over the right, giving a cape-like effect at the back.

The traditional Parsee mode enjoins that the end left over after the *kalis* have been tucked in at the waist, should be worn gathered on the right shoulder, with one corner of the material poised against the left instep, and the opposite end tucked in near the spine, at the waist. This mode has been derived from the Gujarati style in which the only difference is that the corner of the sari displayed in front is not poised against the left instep, but extends to a few inches below the waist.

TRADITIONAL COSTUMES

by Hilla C. Vakeel

To my mind, the only time the sari ceases to be attractive is when it is worn Maharashtra fashion, with the *kalis* carried between the legs in front and tucked behind like a dhoti, giving a bunched and ungraceful effect to the figure. The remaining end is draped on the left shoulder and left trailing at the back in varying lengths. Women of the Scheduled Castes, fisherwomen in Salsette, the Doobras, Bharwaras and Lalpatis of Gujarat, as well as the peasant women of Goa and the surrounding districts have, with slight variations, adopted this mode which allows considerable freedom of movement to the wearer, the stress being on utility rather than grace.

Sari and extremely wide border in vivid contrasting shades as well as richness of material, distinguish the Madrassi sari, which is eight yards in length, and is, like the Bengali, worn draped over the left shoulder, one end being worn diagonally across the back and tucked in at the waist near the left hip. The nether portion is worn like a dhoti and is not particularly becoming.

The Punjabi dress, which is also worn by Sikhs, consists of a pair of pyjamas, very full at the hips and close-fitting at the ankles, a shirt or salwar reaching to just above the knees, and a veil of some gauzy material which may be used to cover the head or worn round the neck, with the ends hanging at the back, over the shoulders.

The women of Kathiawar with their wide, flowing, colourful skirts, their blackless cholis, tinkling anklets and gorgeous odhnis, can boast of an extremely picturesque heritage in feminine garments, and seem to have the finest colour sense of all the communities in India. This is not a dress meant for the outdoors, which is probably why Kathiawari women have the loveliest figures of any women I have seen.

The women of Marwar and Rajputana, Bera and certain gipsy tribes, share this beautiful costume with slight variations in detail as regards material and design.

The traditional Khoja costume is a somewhat fussy, inelegant affair, and its loose pyjamas, six inches of which show below a long, loose, wide-sleeved gown, surmounted by an odhni, make a combination which is not very becoming. In the Borah woman is usually decked out in a variation of the above with the addition of a *boorika*, which hides her completely from the public gaze, and resembles a small animated tent in motion.



Two small pieces of net are let into this garment near the eyes, to allow the wearer to see without being seen. An adjustable flap permits exposure of the face in suitable surroundings.



Coming to the question of male attire, one finds that here again this vast subcontinent scores over other countries in the range and variety of men's dress. Outstanding in dignity and grace is the Punjabi costume, consisting of Jodhpur breeches or loose pyjamas, plain or brocaded *sherwani*, flowing turban and Delhi boots. Variations of this may be observed in adjoining districts, while the turban in one form or another is worn in Kathiawar, Cutch, the Frontier Provinces, Sind, Baluchistan, Mysore and Hyderabad-Deccan.

The Punjabi turban which is twisted round a *kutta* (an embroidered turret-shaped cap) is of fine muslin in pastel shades, one end of which is worn so as to give a fan-like effect in front, while the other is left hanging halfway down the back. The Sikh turban is a neat, compact affair with both ends tucked in, like its Malabar counterpart, the same being true of its cousin from Rajputana which is a circular cross-cross affair obtainable ready-made, and does not have to be wound round the head every time it is worn. The Jaipuri turban with a somewhat rakish look, descending low over one ear and high above the other, is usually made of muslin in pale pastel shades.

Gandhi caps, *fentas* (the rimless bowler worn by Parsees), *puggarees*, the mitre-like woolly caps of Muslim India, the red fez with a black tassel hanging jauntily at the side, the gold and silver brocade caps worn by Muslims in certain districts, the silver embroidered skull caps of the Borahs, add to the picturesqueness and variety of headgear in India.

The dhoti, the popular, white cotton nether garment of Hindu India is, like the sari, worn in a variety of ways. In the extreme South a garment resembling the sarong and known as a *mondoo* is worn. One end is gathered into *kalis* and tucked in at the side, allowing little freedom of movement. The dhoti worn in Madras consists of three-quarters of a yard of material left hanging at one end, the rest being wound round the body as usual, the end being taken between the legs and tucked in at the back, near the waist. The mode adopted by *Kathakali* dancers is a variation of this style, and has a gold *palluv* or border in addition, which is worn trailing down the front. Gold *palluv* and wide pleats mark the dhoties worn by princes in South India, and look extremely well when gracefully worn. In the Maharashtra dhoti the pleats are tucked in crosswise at the back, while Bengal follows the *mondoo* design, adding loose folds of the material in front to allow freedom of movement. A *kurtu*, banyan or shirt, completes the garb of Hindu India, a *wail* or a kind of shawl draped diagonally from the left shoulder to under the right armpit being worn on formal occasions.

It would be easy to fill a volume with this subject so sketchedly dealt with in this article, for there is no doubt that this provides an endless basis for research of a most fascinating and intensive character. The historical, economic and cultural factors alone, which have shaped these customs, provide a most interesting stimulus for such a study.

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AT LEADING DRUG
AND DEPARTMENT STORES

A GENTLEMANLY PASTIME

The History of Racing in India

(Compiled from records kindly lent by the R.W.I.T.C.)

THE Turf in India is now almost a century and a half old, and one may well wonder how many sportsmen who go racing all over India, are aware of this amazing fact! This intriguing and ever-popular "Sport of Kings" (in which, it is considered less respectable to lose a fortune on the chances of "gee-gees" than by pure gambling in Stocks and Shares), has, nevertheless, progressed steadily through fourteen decades, until this day, when it has become a source of substantial revenue for the Government, besides providing an excellent filip for the indigenous breeding industry and exciting amusement for thousands.

The control of racing in India has generally been exercised by the two main bodies: the Royal Western India Turf Club Ltd., and the Royal Calcutta Turf Club, both of which appear to have been founded round about the year 1800.

The Royal Western India Turf Club controls racing held in all places under the Civil control of the Bombay Government, or in Baluchistan, Rajputana or Central India, and it now owns two race courses, one at Mahaluxmi, Bombay, and the other at Poona.

The earliest reference to horse racing in Bombay is contained in the following extract from the BOMBAY COURIER of 25th November, 1797:—"A plan having been set on foot for establishing races at this Presidency, which has hitherto met with very general encouragement, this is to give notice that in the course of next month a race will be run for a purse of 50 pounds. After the race there will be breakfast for the ladies and gentlemen at the race stand and a ball and supper in the evening." By the 21st December 1797, sufficient funds had been subscribed by "the gentlemen of the settlement" to allow of two places being run, the first for colts not over five years old and the second for aged horses; and January 10th was fixed as the first of the two days' meeting. Instructions were issued to the public that the first heat would be run at 7 a.m. and that breakfast would be served in tents "on the high ground opposite Colonel Jones' house."

Racing Becomes Popular

By 1800 or the following year, the Bombay Turf Club had been established, and it presented a prize of 100 gold mohurs, or Rs. 100 apiece, with a view to encouraging the breeding of horses by gentlemen in Bombay and its dependencies. The founders of the Turf Club were Sir Charles Forbes, G. Hall, A. Campbell, P. Madow and others. One of their first concerns was to establish a suitable course and through the good offices of the Patal of Bombay, Dornbji Ruzumji, they acquired the rights of racing over land at Byculla.

The success of the annual races was soon established, though there was a curious informality about some of the races. It is on record, for instance, in THE ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE, that on April 29, 1829, a race took place between four horses out of the rival stables of Moola Hachim and

Daddy Suntook. To quote: "The whole day's sport originated with the Arabs, and ought, we think, to be encouraged, as it induces them to bring their best cattle before the public. The attendance on the course was chiefly confined to the turbaned tribe diversified with the goat-skin cap of the Persian. Only a few Englishmen were present, and they were—trumps."



From about the year 1828 until 1882, all horse racing in Bombay was held at Byculla, the winning post of the old course being situated in front of the present Byculla Club, the balcony of which building served as a private stand for members.

The Secretary of the Royal Calcutta Turf Club, has been kind enough to allow a perusal of the first copy of the INDIA SPORTING REVIEW published in 1845, by H. E. Abbot, containing "Rules and Regulations" of the "Bombay Course", which were based upon WETHERBY'S RACING CALENDAR, the standard work of reference in English Turf circles. The review also gives particulars regarding the Bombay Meeting which commenced on February 11th, 1845.

In the early days of Bombay racing, betting seems to have been slight. "The Turf in those days in India," writes Stocqueler, referring to the eighteen-twenties "was a gentlemanly pastime. The owners of the horses were 'upper crust' men, and though they betted a little on their Arabs and country-beds, the figures were mild. The annual meeting was a gay time—in Yankee phrase, 'quite a time'—for the public at large."

Lotteries Forbidden

Whatever may have been the case as regards betting, lotteries drawn at the Club were for many years a distinctive feature of the racing, and eventually became, like bookmakers in our own time, an offence to many: "In defiance of the law," said THE TIMES OF INDIA in 1865, "Race lotteries are still carried on. Now, no master who parties are Government officials should not shrink from doing their obvious duty. Whether here, or in Madras, or in Calcutta, or elsewhere, it matters not, the law is clear and decisive against race or other lotteries of the kind."

Lady Falkland, whose husband was appointed Governor of Bombay in the spring of 1846, wrote in her book of memoirs:—"The races at Bombay take place in the afternoon. It is sure not to rain, but it is certain to

be very hot. It is a pretty gay sight. All the natives go; and there is such a strange mixture of people. You may see in the crowd a Bombay European exquisites by the side of a dirty fakir. Here is a group of Parsees—there is a Jew; and there are Hindoos of all castes—Muslimans, people from Scinde, with square caps (very much like those of the English Lancers), Portuguese, English sailors, Chinese with long tails, native soldiers, and Armenians."

The year 1864 marked the initiation of several far-reaching changes which are briefly summarised in the following extract from THE BOMBAY SATURDAY REVIEW: "The Bombay Race Meeting this year has been, as regards really good racing, the most successful ever known on our Turf. With a better course, and more encouragement given to sport by wealthy European merchants of the place, Bombay would unquestionably take first rank in the racing world of India. We are glad to hear that it has resolved to hold a meeting early next week for the purpose of forming a West of India Turf Club, of which it is probable that Mr. S. D. Birch will be invited to become the President. Its first duty should be to collect subscriptions for building a Grand Stand, as the present custom of using the Byculla Club house as the Grand Stand has its inconveniences. Connected with this subject is the general question whether it would not be advisable to have a new course in place of the strip of dusty, stony road which now does duty as a course at Byculla."

Other stands seem to have been put up, to the advantage of the Byculla Club as well as of the public, and they led to the first appearance of the Club as a prize-giver at the races. That was in 1870, a resolution having been carried to the effect that the rent derived from the letting of the Club grounds for stands etc., at the Bombay Races, be appropriated each year for a purse called the "Byculla Club Purse". The letting of the Club grounds, as allotted by the Committee, was to be undertaken by the Honorary Secretary, West of India Turf Club, who would publish an account of not less than Rs. 1,000 as added money for the race in question, the conditions of which were to be determined by the W.I.T.C. There, presumably, is the origin of the Byculla Club Cup, but the list of previous winners in the Turf Club race card does not go back to such ancient history.

Course Moved

In 1893, the venue of racing in Bombay was transferred from Byculla to Mahaluxmi, where it remains to the present day. The Mahaluxmi flats were in those days a wide, dreary expanse of marsh land, covered with water in the rainy season and exceedingly dusty in dry weather, and in spite of all the efforts of the Swards to make the place as pleasant as possible, the general opinion appears to have been that the races were held in a somewhat unpleasant locality.

Time and successive Secretaries have wrought many changes in the appearance of the Bombay Race Course. The 1½ mile course and its enclosures studded with glorious lawns, gardens and paddocks, have been transformed into a really delightful meeting-place,

where the elite of Bombay's society can be seen gathering every race-day afternoon.

Indians Predominate

The character of racing in Bombay has undergone considerable changes during the past fifty years; the European owners, civil or military, have almost disappeared and the sport is now largely in the hands of Indian noblemen, native traders and merchants in the city. The gentleman rider has also gone, and in his place may now be seen the best professional jockeys that England and Australia can produce. The chief reason for this state of affairs is the great increase in the stake money offered by the Turf Club at the Bombay and Poona meetings, which has also resulted in prohibitive prices being asked by dealers for race horses with any pretensions to class. The changed conditions of military life in India too, with its varied and exacting duties and restricted leave, may also have tended to make British and Indian cavalry officers, who were the backbone of racing in this country fifty years ago, forsake the game for the more economical sports of polo, pig-sticking and hunting.

No authentic records are available as to when the present Poona race course was laid out, but it would appear that this was done in the early 'seventies of the last century, and the work was completed by Lt.-Gen. Sir Charles Burnett, K.C.B., who took much interest in the project. From a small beginning the Poona races have grown to be some of the best in India. This may be due to the proximity of Poona, the capital of the Deccan, to the large presidency town of Bombay, and to its temperate climate and light rainfall, which enables all classes of horses to maintain good condition throughout the year. The enclosures are much after the style of those at Bombay, but the stands and other buildings are smaller and less pretentious in every way. The course is $\frac{1}{2}$ miles in length, and is situated in most picturesque surroundings. Races are held during the season from August to October, and are largely attended by visitors from Bombay, special express trains being run for the convenience of the public.

The best Arabs imported into India during the last twenty-five years are perhaps "Precious", "Abdul Malik", "Bay Middleton", "Krushan", "Mansoor Beg", "Hilalu-Zaman", "Assilah", "Seventh Heaven", and "Wave", the last named being the greatest of them all.

Princely Patronage

In recent years a number of ruling princes have been patronizing the Turf on an extensive scale, the best known amongst them being: H.H. The Maharaja Gaskwar of Beroha, H.H. The Maharaja Scindia of Gwalior, H.H. The Maharaja of Kashmir, and H.H. The Maharaja of Idar. H.H. The Aga Khan and Sir Victor Sassoon have raced extensively in India, and the latter has been a great supporter of horse-breeding in India.

In 1912 a great commotion was caused in racing circles in Western India when the Bombay Government, by an act of law, ordered the exclusion of bookmakers from the enclosures in Bombay and Poona and substituted in their place the contrivance known as the totalizator. Columns of correspondence hostile to the new idea appeared in the local press, from which it was evident that the large majority of these self-appointed critics genuinely believed that the totalizator, as a means of betting, was doomed

to failure. The machines, however, after a year's working, very effectively silenced their detractors, and were soon firmly established in the public favour. Moreover the great improvements carried out to the course at Mahalaxmi—ranked $\frac{1}{2}$ second in the world—and its surroundings and the very substantial increase in the stake money, are due almost entirely to the increased revenue derived from totalizator betting as opposed to betting with bookmakers.

No history of the Royal Western India Turf Club would be complete without mention being made of the Secretaries, Mr. Cecil Gray (1899-1911), Major Hughes (1911-1931), and the present incumbent, Major C. C. Gulliland (1929 to date) whose devoted services have now established the Club as a valuable economic asset to the State.

In addition to the considerable revenue received by the Bombay Government from the Totalizators, Betting Tax and Entertainment Tax and the revenue accruing to the Central Government through Income Tax, etc., the Club has donated over fifty lakhs of rupees to various relief funds, hospitals and other charities, both in England and India. During the recent War, the Club donated to various War Funds a sum of over one crore of rupees. The Royal Western India Turf Club may well boast that it has established the breeding of thoroughbred stock in India, in addition to assisting the Government of India in the Army Remount Department $\frac{1}{2}$ past years, by donating an annual sum for the encouragement of the horse-breeding industry.

Huge Stakes

The Club continued to provide an ambitious and very attractive programme for the Indian-breds, culminating in the Classics—The Eve Champion Stakes; The Indian Derby, The Indian 2,000 and 1,000 Guineas, The Indian Oaks and The Governor-General's Cup, and $\frac{1}{2}$ a notable fact that the stake-money received by the winner of the Indian Derby for the current year was Rs. 85,455, the highest ever paid in India.

As far as can be ascertained, racing in Calcutta was first started in November, 1798, and the Calcutta Turf Club was formally constituted on February 22nd, 1847, when a meeting of those interested in turf affairs was held on the site of the present race course. The Calcutta Turf Club took over the membership and activities of the Jockey Club of Bengal which had been organizing races in Calcutta since about 1807. The Club's centenary will therefore be celebrated in 1947.

Racing activities lapsed periodically after the formation of the Calcutta Turf Club but by 1860, $\frac{1}{2}$ had gained sufficient hold to carry on and has done so without a break up to the present time.

One of the important events in 1860 was the building of a new Grand Stand on the Race Course and a change from morning to afternoon racing was introduced some eight years later. This change, although at first unpopular with the public, soon led to increased interest in the sport.

The Viceroy's Cup was first recorded between the years 1857 and 1863. It was then allowed to lapse and $\frac{1}{2}$ was not until 1869, when the then Viceroy, Lord Mayo, presented a Piece of Plate valued at Rs. 1,000,

that the race was revived. This Cup remains the oldest trophy of the Indian Turf. The distances over which it was contested seemed to vary from time to time, and it is now run over a distance of $\frac{1}{2}$ miles. The Cup presented nowadays is valued at £100 and the stake during the war years was reduced from Rs. 50,000 to Rs. 30,000.

The other important race in the Calcutta Prospectus is the King-Emperor's Cup valued at £105 and, in addition, the same stake as for the Viceroy's Cup. This event was instituted in 1911 when the King-Emperor, George V, attended the races. The distance of the race is one mile, and $\frac{1}{2}$ replaced the annual event over the same distance, called the Trial Stakes. In the early days of racing, the stake for the Viceroy's Cup used to be Rs. 7,000.

The number of horses running under Calcutta Turf Club Rules about that time would be approximately 1,250 including English, Australasian, Indian and Arab horses and ponies. The stakes given at the minor Meetings such as Allahabad, Bankipore, Chittagong, etc., varied between Rs. 50 and Rs. 200 and for the major Meetings at such places as Lucknow, Meerut and Lahore, stakes varied from Rs. 500 to Rs. 1,000 and for special events from Rs. 2,000 to Rs. 3,000. In southern India, the Madras Race Club gave stakes varying from Rs. 1,000 to Rs. 5,000, and the other smaller Meetings in South India were on much the same scale as the minor Meetings at the time in North India.

Official records of Race Meetings under the Royal Calcutta Turf Club Rules go back as far as 1888-89. During that season it was decided to hold Meetings in Calcutta and Ballygunge, a suburb of Calcutta, where there was a Steeplechase Course.

Sanctioned Race Meetings under Calcutta Turf Club Rules were held at the following places amongst others:—Allahabad, Cawnpore, Lahore, Lucknow, Madras, Meerut, Mysore-Bangalore, Ootacamund, Quetta, Rangoon, Rawalpindi, and Secunderabad.

It is interesting to note that racing in Burma was run under Calcutta Turf Club Rules until the year 1913, when the Rangoon Turf Club took over.

Over The Sticks

Reference is made above to the Steeplechase Course which was in operation at Ballygunge but, after this Meeting ceased to function, a Steeplechase Course was constructed at Tollygunge, another suburb of Calcutta a few miles away, and there, racing was continued until 1913, when a Steeplechase Course was constructed on the Calcutta Race Course itself. Chases were a prominent feature of the race programme during the Winter Races until the year 1929, when, owing to lack of support, steeplechasing was discontinued. Hurdle races were continued until 1942, when the shortage of horses and riders led to these events being stopped. They are likely to be revived as soon as circumstances allow.

Since 1942, racing up-country has been centralized at Lahore, and in South India during the recent war years, racing has been confined to Madras.

And now once more, "The Sport of Kings" will have the opportunity of developing after the many restrictions imposed during the war, and racing enthusiasts everywhere in India look forward to watching its steady progress.





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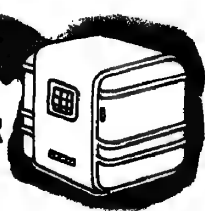
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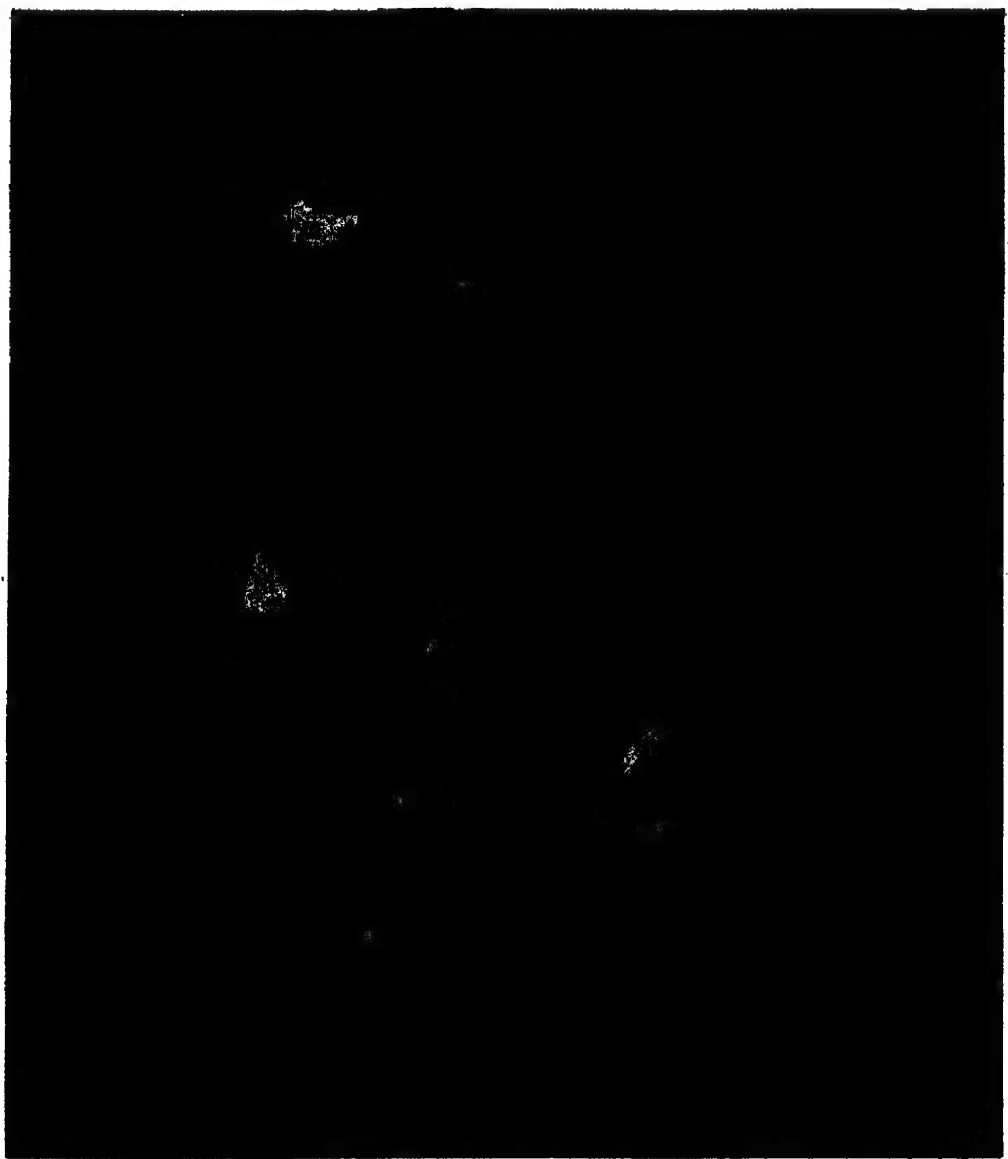
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FOR LOVELINESS THAT LASTS



It is only comparatively recently that Punjab-bred bloodstock have come into prominence on the Indian Turf.

Soon after the first World War, an enterprising gentleman slipped a horse which was not bred in the Punjab into the Punjab Cup, and won the race with ease. Luckily evidence was forthcoming that the horse that first passed the post was not bred in the Punjab, and this horse was disqualified and the owner warned off. But now that the large studs in the Punjab have got into their stride, the Punjab-bred thorough-bred, instead of being a despised animal, is much sought after, and can compete with horses bred at down-country studs.

Few horse owners, whether owners of hunters, pigstickers, polo ponies, and even race horses, have any idea of the problems a stud owner or manager has to face when attempting to breed high class stock.

First comes the allotment of mares to stallions. Whatever system the stud manager favours, this is a lengthy and laborious task. He probably, in large studs, gives each mare two allotments, first and second choice. This is usually decided by the beginning of February.

It is the object of all stud managers to arrange for stock to be born as soon after January 1st as possible. This may appear peculiar to non-racing people, but it is brought about by the Rules of Racing which lay down that thorough-bred stock foaled in the Northern hemisphere, will be aged from January 1st in the year in which the foal is born. Thus a foal born on December 31st is a year old the next day. The poor little foal will then have no chance in future classic races or in races for three-year-olds, as he or she will really be a two-year-old running against three-year-olds. A story is told of a noble stud owner and his stud groom in England. A famous mare foaled to a famous stallion an hour or two before midnight on December 31st. Bright and early on January 1st the stud groom appears in the noble Lord's bed-room and says, "That mare foaled an hour before midnight, but it is alright, I will report it as an hour after midnight." Says the noble Lord, "Who knows about this?" "Only you and me, my Lord," says his Lordship, "How many does that make?" "Why, two," answers the stud groom. "Thank you," answers his Lordship, "That's just one too many, report the foaling on December 31st."

For this reason, covering usually starts on February 15th and ends about May 15th. Some studs may take a chance and start a little earlier.

When the mare has foaled, she and the foal are removed to large, loose boxes opening into a dry paddock, which in turn opens into a grazing paddock. For the first two or three days the mare and foal are allowed only into the dry paddock for an hour or two at a time, but if all goes well with mother and child, on the third or fourth day both are allowed into the grazing paddock for the whole day; and if the weather is warm and rainless, they are allowed to remain there day and night. After fourteen days, the mare and foal are put

BLOODSTOCK BREEDING

by Khana Badosh

into large paddocks with other mares and foals.

By the middle of May, the stud manager can relax a little: the paddocks are full of mares and foals, most thorough-bred stallions have been sent to the hills, and practically all foalings have finished. The manager now can look around and devote his energies to the rearing of the present crop of foals, and pray that the season just over, will be as successful or more so than the last.

In most studs, great importance is stressed on early handling of young stock. Foals are early handled, and made friends of by syces. It has astonished strangers to find that on entering a paddock, foals run towards visitors like friendly puppies. There is no doubt that Indians, with their endless patience and wonderful way with animals, have no equal in making young bloodstock friendly, and this friendliness in the young stock pays large dividends when colts and fillies are taken up and backed eighteen months later.

When the foals are about eighteen months of age, they are taken up into the stables and

to this end. The actual choice of a stallion has been written about at length by many authorities, but there is one point on which practically all agree, and that is: at all costs avoid a lecherous horse. A stallion must have character as well as breeding and conformation, and a fine masculine look about him.

The management of stallions is a problem in itself: some are as kind as old ladies' hacks, some are man-eaters and can only be handled by special men; some want one kind of feeding, some want another; some can be ridden, others cannot, and so on. No one stallion is like another. All stallions should be in hard condition when the mating season starts, and to obtain this hard condition in all stallions is not easy. Some have doubtful legs, having had a hard racing career during their youths, and others are not easy to ride. It can be seen that the management of stallions is a job in itself and brood mares vary almost as much as stallions in their habits, likes and fancies.

A final word must be said for the sportsmen in India who want to own and use horses for hunting, pigsticking or merely riding. Is this bloodstock breeding doing anything for these people? Hunts such as Peshawar, Quetta, Lahore and Meerut are carrying on almost entirely on pre-war horses and these will shortly be worn out. How are hunting and pigsticking people to mount themselves in future? The answer is hard to find.

There must be numbers of horses sold annually at Bombay, that never even run in a race. Many of these failures on the race course should make good cross-country conveyances when they reach the age of five, but where are these horses? This year, over two hundred and fifty two-year-olds were sold in Bombay at the Annual Bloodstock Sales, and it will be interesting to see how many of these actually start in races. A look around trainers' establishments might result in some lucky finds, and it is hoped the Remount Department will help in any way they can. Hunting and pigsticking, the last horse sports in India, are in danger of dying for want of horses,

and surely the object of horse-breeding is not merely to produce animals capable of galloping a mile, in under one minute forty seconds.

Most of us who have been lucky enough to have owned and ridden horses in our time, cannot really look at any kind of horse without thinking, "I wonder how he would carry me across country." The horse many people want and cannot get is described by Mr. Jorrocks as, "The hooz who can carry scarlet without bringing it to shame."

It is hoped that this kind of horse will not entirely be forgotten and ignored by Indian breeders, as in days gone by, Northern India was the source of supply to which polo players, pigstickers and hunting men looked to supply most of their needs in horse flesh. Surely a breeder should be as proud of breeding such horses as the Kadir Cup winners, "Carlew" and "Manifast", as of breeding the winner of the Indian Derby.

Long live the horse and may he not degenerate into a mere gambling machine.



given gentle work in a circular school and taught to carry a saddle. By gradual degrees a man backs the youngster by first merely putting his weight on the saddle, and afterwards actually mounting and dismounting with the animal standing still; then leading it at a walk and trot, and finally riding the youngster with a quiet horse leading. If all this is done without shouting and excitement, no trouble will be experienced, and it is here that the early handling of foals to make them friendly, pays big dividends. If the young stock have never been frightened of humans and have received nothing but kind treatment from them, they train with the greatest ease, though, naturally, there is always the humourist in every batch, who will put in a quick one, and land the rider occasionally on the floor.

Almost all well-bred stallions produce race horses of some sort, but it is not the keen breeders aim merely to produce 'some sort of race horse.' He wants to produce a race horse of real merit, and devotes all his energies

MIRROR OF INDIAN LIFE

THE CINEMA

by Khwaja Ahmad Abbas

THERE are several ways of looking at India, as at any other country. There is the traditional American tourist's way—streamlined, swift, and superficial! You 'do' the whole country from 'coast to coast'. In about a week by air-conditioned First Class and, even as you travel, you keep out not only the climate but also the atmosphere, the mood and the feeling of India. Beginning with the Taj Mahal Hotel in Bombay you make a dash for Agra, catch a glimpse of the Taj by moonlight, then rush to Delhi to photograph the Qutub Minar and the Mogul Fort and the Viceroy's Lodge, make a brief detour to shoot a tiger or two in the company of some minor prince of a Central Indian State, and then depart from Calcutta by air, after visiting the Kali temple and the Victoria Memorial.

Then there is the way of the typical British Bureaucrat—the Burra Sahib who spends a whole life-time in India, but seldom strays from the straight and narrow path from his bungalow to his office, to his club and back to his bungalow. The only Indians he meets, besides those he contacts in the course of his official duties, are the chaprasis, chokras and khidmatgars, so no wonder he carries away a very poor impression of the Indians as a class.

There is a third—a better and much more exciting way. It is to use the opportunity of one's stay in India, be it long or short, to try to get really acquainted with India and the people of India, their hopes and their aspirations, their arts and their culture, their modes of cooking and eating, their festivals and their customs—their whole way of life.

It is in this context that I urge the consideration of the Indian cinema as one of the most important means of communicating a real understanding of the Indian people, not only to the sympathetic foreigner, but also to those sophisticated, westernized Indians, who, for one reason or another, have become alienated from the indigenous cultural tastes and standards of the majority of their countrymen.

All art, however formal, 'unreal' or 'escapist' it might be, does reflect social reality, often in spite of the artists. Even its escapism or decadent formalism may be a reflection of the putrescent state of a national culture arrested in its natural development. The cinema, though by no means a folk-art, is yet the most popular of all historic or representative arts in present-day India. To millions and millions of common people it provides the only contact with any kind of culture, the only means of visual education, the only entertainment and diversion, the only source of colour and gaiety and romance in an otherwise hopelessly dull and monotonous existence. As such it influences the life and attitudes of vast masses and, being directly dependent on their patronage, is influenced (however indirectly) by their collective tastes and temperaments, their prejudices and preferences, their hopes and aspirations. That is why, crude and commercialized as it is, and catering mainly to the lowest possible common denominator of intelligence and aesthetic taste, the Indian film yet manages to reflect the mood and the temper of the Indian people, and echo

their murmuring of social protest as well as their softly-hummed sentimental melodies.

I have often heard it said that the Indian films are too long—though no Indian film has yet beaten the record of "Gone with the Wind" in this respect. But it is not realized that this criticism applies not to film-making but to a whole way of life. The Indian films are slow because the tempo of Indian life is slow and, as a mirror of this life, they unconsciously, inevitably tend to acquire this tempo. Have you ever seen a bullock-cart creaking along a village path and compared its speed with that of a mail train thundering past at sixty miles an hour? Have you ever contrasted the quick nervous movements of a cigarette being lighted, puffed at and thrown away, with the unhurried ritual of a gurgling hookah being passed round from one to the other in the village *chaupal*? Indian life is still slow because, artificially arrested by historical and political causes, it is still largely in the feudal stage.

The Indian films are produced for people steeped in traditions of long and patient suffering. Here Time stands still and a couple of thousand feet more of a film is a drop in the ocean of Eternity. We are a patient people, brought up on voluminous epics like the Ramayana and Mahabharata, Shahnama and Fasaana-i-Azad. We are used to *qawwalis* and *kirtans* that go on for the whole night, and are not likely to be bored by a two-hour movie.

For climatic or socio-historic reasons, we are a sentimental people and take human relations rather more seriously than the sophisticated and blasé characters of the average Hollywood picture. The family tie is still strong in India and the modern youth has yet to fight for and win his or her rights to happiness and freedom as an individual. Having been acquainted with suffering on a mass scale for too long—famines, pestilence, etc., the frustrations of too rigid a social system—we are perhaps a little morbidly fascinated by tragedy. We have an unhealthy desire to see not only martyrdom, but even frustration, sublimated on the screen, for it helps our frustrated selves to look noble and self-sacrificing in our own eyes.

Being people in a historically transitional stage—from medievalism to modernism, from feudalism to industrialism, from foreign rule to freedom—we are, consciously or subconsciously, preoccupied with all sorts of political, social, economic, and emotional problems. The problem of caste and untouchability! The problem of the emancipation of women! The problem of widow remarriage! The problem of parental interference with young peoples' lives and loves! The problems of unemployment, famines and the economic ruin of the peasantry! All these and many more have been dealt with by the writers and directors of the Indian screen. Indeed, there is hardly a single popular Indian film which has not had a serious social or emotional theme.

But shrewd businessmen as they are, the Indian producers have learnt to mix this

serious content of the pictures with 'entertainment'. They know the people are starved of romance and glamour in their personal lives. So they have supplied these ingredients in plenty in their films, invariably at the cost of realism and integrity.

The Indians are perhaps the most (and also perhaps the last) religious people in the world. The early films, therefore, had religious or mythological themes. Since then some of the best and the greatest of our movie hits have been in this category. Films based on the life of popular saints have been most successful and it is interesting to observe a progressive humanitarian sub-motif being introduced in these stories of the Men of God; this has been partly due to the fact that many a saint in India (as, doubtless, elsewhere too—the most eminent example being Jesus of Nazareth) has been a Man of the People, and also due to the latent urge of the people for re-interpretation of religion in terms of humanity.

As in all countries which have a present fraught with discontent and misery, we in India too have been unduly fascinated by romanticized versions of the 'Glorious' past. "Ancient India in all its pristine glory" is a frequently-used catch-line to advertise these so-called 'costume' films which offer escape from the problems of today into a mood of proud contemplation of the past.

The preponderance of songs in an Indian film has been its most exasperating feature for westerners (and westernized Indians), who are used to expect songs only in musicals, and no songs whatever in all other non-musical films. It is not easy to defend the horrible anachronism of the screen heroes and heroines bursting into song (complete with orchestral accompaniment) at the most inopportune moments. But also it is not wise to airily condemn it as a crudity and absurdity, without understanding how and why songs came to be such an integral part of the film in India. The commercial (and, therefore, primary) reason is that the cinema in India has developed into an omnibus entertainment for millions of uprooted peasants and villagers who have lost their rich tradition of folk-song and folk-dance, and found nothing to substitute it in the cities and the towns. We have no operas, ballets, or music halls, and hardly a stage, to supply the various forms of entertainment. To most of us, the cinema is all these rolled into one.

A few final words about technique.

Produced for a small market (there are yet no cinemas for the eighty per cent village population of India), and therefore on a strictly limited budget, the Indian films cannot have the technical finish and polish of Hollywood productions. Also for a long time the Indian screen remained in a crude stage, because of the reluctance of the cultured intelligentsia to associate themselves with professional entertainers who once monopolized the studios.

The result is a considerable advance both in technique and in the artistic presentation of pictures. Even if the average product is still of a low standard, the best Indian pictures can easily stand comparison with the best American, British, Russian or French pictures. But they have to be judged as Indian films, produced primarily for Indian audiences, reflecting the mood and the temper and the tastes of Indians, and not from the standards of commercialized universal appeal of the Hollywood films.



NO REST FOR THE WICKET

by H. C. Bear

THE spectacle of two men holding down an infuriated red cabbage is rarely encountered outside India, for which we may be duly thankful. It was such a sight that drew my attention to the great cricket match, staged by the jungle dwellers, to celebrate the first anniversary of the abolition of early closing.

When the idea was first mooted, such a commotion ensued that the bats left their ballies, sat on the splices, and bawled for order. They quickly sorted out the assorted players, sent the maidens over to their mothers at the nursery end, and cleared the pitch ready for the toss. Rather than disappoint the enthusiasts, all who wished to participate could do so, the only restriction being that the number of snakes was limited to the supply of ladders available.

After discussion, two teams were formed—one of bipeds, and the other of quadrupeds—all disputed cases being settled by reference to the law theory. The giraffe (because of his body line) and the hawk (by reason of his extra-wide field of vision) were elected captains: vices were not thought necessary in such a moral gathering. The parrot, as a matter of policy, was entrusted with the running commentary and proved himself the real mace, enlightening his listeners in the darkest parts of the jungle with many illuminating remarks. The rules decided upon were simple—no eyelids could be batted, fielders could be bold, and any player stumped for an answer might apply for bail.

Amid great excitement the two (h)umprises—a camel and a dromedary—took the field, but put it back in response to urgent appeals from the players. There was no time to approach the Mint for a coin, so the sage tortoise offered to be spun. On leaving the ground, he turned turtle, came down on his head and told his tale in a superior manner. The question of equipment was soon settled: two bats offered their services and consented, without alarm, to keep awake. A porcupine had so many points in his favour that he was unanimously elected to act as ball, and wickets were formed by an ostrich at either end, standing with his legs apart and his head buried between them. Most of the quadrupeds had pads on their feet, an advantage at the outset, which was offset by the bipeds standing only half as much risk of 'leg before'. Careful provision was made for the storage of players' kit: most of it was stored in the elephants' trunks, but sleeping wear was left to the nightjar who duly presented his bill.

The quadrupeds were the first to bat, and made an impressive start with an elephant and a hippopotamus, whose grace was delightful to watch. A lively partnership ended when the hippo, driving without due care and attention, made an error in timing and watched the cuckoo spring in a clockwise direction to bring off a neat catch and wind up his innings. He was followed by a bear, who hugged himself with delight when his first shot cleared the landrills, and was clearly set for a lark, when a fiery ball from a petrel gulled him and he was stumped to the accompaniment of loud crowing in a myna key.

As was expected, the giraffe stood head and shoulders above his team mates, and, like a good skipper, set his course to make runs accrue. Once his eye was in, he collared the bowling, opened his shoulders and put his whole heart into his task to such good effect that it seemed unlikely he would put a foot wrong. However, in a moment of indecision

he misjudged the flight of a swift ball, tried too late to turn, and found his wicket spread-eagled.

When the cheetah arrived, he distinguished himself and astonished the spectators by playing fairly. His great speed completely baffled the fielders who never knew at which end he would be, or for how long, and it was only by accident that he was out, mid-off catching the ball in his midriff, while his thoughts were still in mid-air.

It was then midday, and some commotion was caused in the pavilion by the arrival of a newcomer who asked to play, claiming he was a Bombay duck. His story sounded so fishy that it was investigated, and he was found to be a quack!

The last two players for the quadrupeds were the crocodile and the tiger. One would have to seek far to find a better hide than the



crocodile's, but on this occasion he rather overdid things. He tended to hide in cover so much that he rarely saw the point. At one time the scales did drop from his eyes and he pulled his weight, but then he waited too long and was run out. In complete contrast was the tiger, who more than earned his stripes. His innings was indeed a fireworks display. He rocketed from end to end with the speed of a gunpowder train and generally made the sparks fly, but when he found that he could not infuse similar fire into his partner, his confidence exploded, and he fizzled out like a damp squib.

Chief fielding honours went to the stork, who stalked unceasingly in the long field where his elegant limbs attracted many glances to leg; and the tailor-bird who naturally concentrated on the crease, paid special attention to all late cuts, and assisted any players suffering from stitch.

During the innings, the ball had become somewhat battered through being batted; the seam seemed in need of a needle. This threatened operation so alarmed the porcupine that he went into a huddle and announced that he was fit to play again.

After a short break, during which the players were served with refreshments by lions (the swallow also taking a prominent part), the bipeds sent out their opening pair—the hawk

and the blue jay, who both started confidently. It was expected that the hunting and tracking instincts of the quadrupeds would produce a high standard of fielding. The first slip was to put the leopard in the gully, but he claimed he should have a spot nearer cover, and his silly point was allowed.

True to type the lizard lounged, but the gopher went for everything and never made a long stop in any one place. The bowling was opened by a deer, but deer bowling is always expensive, and a zebra was hurriedly substituted. As the batsmen could never be sure whether he was bowling from the black or yellow stripe, he achieved some success. He tolled and spun, flighted and turned to such good purpose, that he produced off-breaks, leg-breaks, hand-breaks and mid-morning breaks, and eventually came to rest behind a windbreak. This activity caused the jay to feel even more blue, and made him so excited, that he became short-sighted and gave an easy catch to a fielder who was excellently sited.

Then it was that the hawk gave a masterful display. He chopped and cut—and with so much at stake there were even a few chips—he glanced and glided, he drove the ball to the boundary and the fielders to desperation. The high point of his innings was when he started off with a leg glide, suddenly glanced and changed it to a tail spin, edged out of his slip and came down by parachute. This made him too bold, and he was bowled.

The kite got off to a flying start and as a result, was inclined to give himself airs. He made a big hit—and that was his undoing. The ball went very high and travelled such a distance, that it seemed quite certain to go right out of the jungle, but the situation was saved by superlative fielding. A lone wolf, pausing only to collect a full pack to sustain him on the long journey, started off in full cry and cleverly caught the ball on the boundary. Too breathless to shout, he doggedly called on the bark of a tree and his appeal was a howling success. Consequently the kite, who had been resting on his laurels, came down to earth and spent the rest of the day at a loose end.

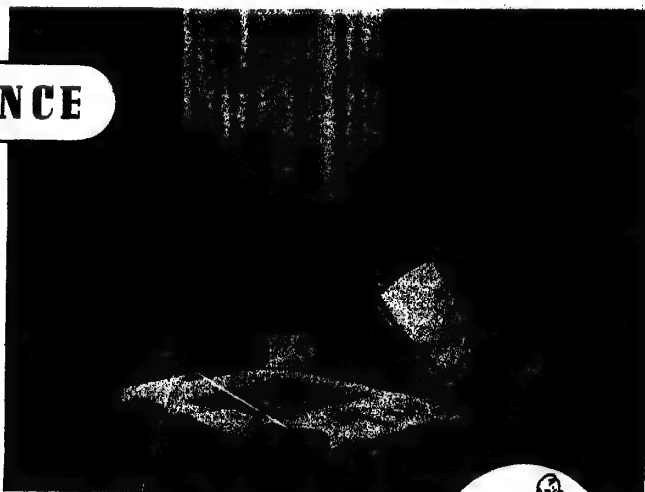
There were few other performances of note: the cockatoo and the jungle-babbler were unfortunately in at the same time and talked themselves out, the vulture was disqualified for carrion, and the duck was out for just that score.

When the innings finished some confusion arose over the score. The spectators had been so interested in the play that they had not kept count, and the official scorers—the adder and the secretary-bird—had been so busy writing down the names of the players, that they had not been able to watch the game. It was agreed finally that both teams had the same score, and therefore both had won. But it will never be known who scored that one.

The result was flashed all over the jungle. The gnu carried the news, the boar bore the report, and every wireless oriole took the air. Soon everybody knew except the wild rose—which is known as the jungle bell, and is a distant relative of the prairie flower. I came along to find it with its head bent in utter dejection, too listless even to turn the petals by which the cycle of a flower's life moves. There is nothing more depressing than a melancholy flower, but in salad days hope sprouts eternal, and it is but a brief step from melon cauliflowers to cabbages—which is where we came in!

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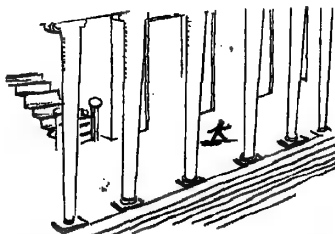
by 'Mew'

GOVERNMENT Houses in India vary in architecture: the stupendous Curzonian massivity of Calcutta, Kadleston transplanted to a minor thoroughfare; the charming inconsequence of Bombay's House, scattered daintily on a rocky promontory; *ya vide Englishs* Barne's Court in Simla, a healthy antithesis to the Scottish Holy Terror at the other end of the town, called Viceregal Lodge; the gay summer house in Pachmarhi; the prunes and prisms of Ganeshkhind; the converted tomb at Lahore; Madras's colonial elegance; the latter-day P.W.D. composition in Karachi; and the enchanting smell of blue-gum fires in Ootacamund, with its Irish lawns.

The architecture of some of them is, quite frankly, very British; but they all conform to a pattern of generous hospitality which, in these days, is amazing. In no other part of the Empire do so few of His Majesty's representatives do so much for so many out of their own pockets. Many people imagine erroneously, when they are knocking back a cup of tea or a whisky and soda in a G.H., that the Government foots the bill. Alas, the boot is on the Governor. They receive various perquisites of services, furniture and light, of course—on more or less the same scale, one supposes, as granted to public institutions—but their hospitality to the likes of you and me is their own private pleasure—or hell as the case may be.

Government Houses play a vital and almost invisible part in the social life of the community. Within those stately P.W.D. portals, either the Governor or his lady touches—and therefore influences for good or evil—every thread in the social fabric of the community, from tube-wells to tuberculosis, from bedspread adaptation to widespread agitation, from cabbages to kings.

His Excellency and his lady are the two most industrious persons in the community. They each have a hundred-hour week—and they



dare not make a mistake! Work that out those of you with socialist views on the rights of man and the wrongs of woman. To help them, they have a staff, who are invariably the envy, scorn and delight of the locals.

The senior member of the staff is the Private Secretary to the Governor, usually plucked like an orchid from the I.C.S. jungle. A busy man, he rarely has time to rehearse staff drills with his military colleagues, and the result is often unsoldierly, but strangely civil. He starts a procession on the right foot always, which is more demoralizing than splitting an infinitive or atom.

His sense of humour—and God help the creature who tries to serve on a Personal

Staff without that vital sense—is more pedantic than pedestrian. He pretends to be allergic to bawdiness unless it is camouflaged in Latin or French, when he roars like a town-drain. *Au fond*—I had better use French—he is remarkably quick on the uptake, a pillar of strength by day, and a cloud of smoke by night.—If the better cigars are being passed round. He can put a large peg down a round hole with the rest of us. I like the story of the Private Secretary who arrived just in the nick of time at a gubernatorial function and was met by an indignant A.D.C., who gave him hell. The culprit looked at the scarlet-clad vision of wrath: "O, pardon me!" he quoted, "thou bleeding piece of earth," and slipped into his place in the procession like a cathedral archdeacon. At every function the P.S.G. provides the unction. He may be married, but his instincts remain monastic and celibate.

On the other hand, a good Military Secretary loves all women. His tastes should



be roaming and catholic. To be a success, he should be able to handle women like a conductor of a great orchestra, like Captain Hornblower and his crew, like Mr. Sinatra and his crooning. Needless to say, no man born of woman can achieve such perfection, and that is why, one occasionally hears the ugly voice of criticism raised against the poor chap.

In addition, he needs to be as close as a mummy and as open as an American: an expert on arranging any function from a Royal Reception to a duck-shoot; on heraldry; on the Indian Almanac of Gotha; on food, music and income-tax; on the habits of big game and politicians; on a set of quadrilles, of tennis, or a waltz-step. There are only five men in India with these qualifications; two of them could settle the national debt, and the other three are in lunatic asylums. So, you see, it isn't as easy as it looks. The gleaming shirt front and the glowing yellow facings often hide a soul in torture, a heart in an ecstasy of pent-up emotion. That glassy, far-away look, that whimsical smile, often attributed to gin, are probably only the outward indications that the M.S.G. has heard of some catastrophe which the public must not be told; His Excellency's top hat has been sent by mistake to a thrift shop, or Her Excellency's Pekinese has given birth to Labrador. "Dire combustion and confused events" are his daily bread, and all the public sees is the graceful, melodious, smoothed machinery which all good Government Houses possess.

The M.S.G. does not achieve this atmosphere by himself. He has a few A.D.C.'s to stooge around and help in the oiling. Now, it is easy to make fun of A.D.C.'s.—I have done it myself—but few of the locals have ever attempted to get behind that inscrutable façade which hides the real man,

or understand the essential part he plays in public life.

Let us examine the man. Let the dog see the habits of one of the most maligned and distinguished creatures in our social life. The genus A.D.C. is recruited from the Guards upwards. A Guardsman A.D.C. is the most impressive; a British cavalry or line regiment A.D.C. is also cognizable; an Indian cavalryman is the most attractive, with a soft voice and dangerous hands; the Indian infantryman is most reliable; the Indian policeman is terrific, as quick on the draw as a barmaid.

An A.D.C.'s duties never stop. Once, after a long night session of dancing and whatnot in lovely Ootacamund, an A.D.C. rushed me outside and chanted: "Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day stands tip-toe on the misty mountain top." He was in the R.A.F., which breeds Shakespearean types. He then took His Excellency out hunting, played golf in the afternoon and went off with a girl friend that evening.

The perfect A.D.C. must, besides being as cultured and tough as the above, be all things to all men, including women. When one contemplates the variety of mankind who, in one way or another, meet the polished young man of an Indian Government House, one is astonished at the urbanity, the complete sanity of the average A.D.C.

Behind the closed doors of an A.D.C. room I have heard India's political, economical and cultural future settled with a degree of wisdom, tolerance and experience, which would have given His Excellency the Governor and all his agitators a happy issue out of their convictions. Their summing-up of character was equal to the laborious investigations of an Army Selection Board, and more succinctly expressed, often in true words of four or six letters.

So, the next time you meet an A.D.C., treat him with the respect and suspicion he deserves.

ROSHANARA



I sat alone beneath the Sirius tree,
And watched you smiling, careless, young and free,
Your sari glimmering in the purple dusk,
You, Roshanara, never glanced at me.

And yet you knew that I was waiting there,
For as you passed a hand strayed to your hair,
Your sandalled foot near slipped upon the grass,
You faltered, then you shyly turned elsewhere.

TABMAR

SOME INDIAN ARTISTS OF TODAY

by R. V. Leyden

INDIAN contemporary art is in the same chaotic and distracted state as the art of western countries. The symptoms of this chaotic state are the many different styles and schools which exist next, or better opposite, to each other. Gone are the times when art was more or less uniform in direction and outlook, and variety was only introduced through the personal element of quality and individual sensitivity. Think of the fifth and sixth century A.D., the climax of the Gupta period, when from Ceylon to the north, Indian artists, whether Buddhist, Hindu or Jain, spoke the same art language with the most charming local modulations which, if anything, made the unity of the whole style more emphatic. It would need more than all the pages of this Annual to elucidate the reasons for the break up of this unity of vision. Here, as in the West, the causes were not so much communal as social, rational or temperamental. The great formative and unifying influence on the artists' vision, which religions had exercised for millenniums, had been lost in the era of reason and had been replaced by a confusion of movements, individual efforts and 'isms' of doubtful integrity.

In the West, the representational styles of the academic and the impressionist schools compete with modern styles that lay less stress on reproduction of visual actuality than on the exploitation of the emotional values of colours and forms and their mutual relations. From Cezanne's "post impressionism" to Ben Nicholson's "pure abstractions" or Picasso's "Surrealism and cubism" the world has seen and experienced a never-ending succession of new approaches and modes of expression, which make modern art a fascinating object for study, regardless of whether or not one delights in the results.

The decline of art in India had already set in before permanent contacts with the West were made. These contacts, however, added to the deterioration of indigenous endeavour, especially during the nineteenth century, and prevented regeneration at a time when the traditions of late mediaeval art were still alive in many parts of India. When the 'renaissance' came, the revival was a conscious effort by the artistic intelligentsia. The broken tradition had to be mended by a determined return to the classic art period of India, and to the techniques of other eastern art schools: the Chinese, Japanese and Persian. The enthusiasm and vitality of the early masters of this school led by Abanindranath Tagore

and later by Nandal Bose, carried this new "Bengal" style triumphantly throughout India. Successive generations of the style lost themselves in prettiness and decoration, or in a sentimental romanticism far removed from the imagination and poetry of their teachers and ancient models.

Side by side with this indigenous style, a "western" school of painting grew up in India based on the techniques and methods taught by European masters in Indian art schools or imported by Indian artists who went to Europe for their training. This western school mirrors the developments of recent European art history and has representatives of an unimaginative academic tradition as well as technically skilful impressionists.

Finally there developed modern movements of various kinds that found their inspirations either in the modern schools of the West or tried to evolve something new and alive out of their immediate experience of the contemporary scene in India, or by revitalizing traditional form as Amrita Sher Gil did so successfully.

Notes on the Reproductions

"Dancer" by S. Rajam, 12½" x 19", water-colour. (In the collection of Mr. Ranbir Singh.)

Mr. S. Rajam is a South Indian artist. His choice of subjects is very wide and ranges from landscapes to portraits, compositions and figure paintings. His style and technique derives from the Bengal school with the typical delicate line-work and subtle water-colours. The colours in the picture, "Dancer" which is reproduced here, are a pale brown for the body, a very light, silken green for the loincloth and girdle, and shell pink for the palms and soles. Mr. Rajam's work has a pronounced South Indian flavour. His women have the slender-waisted, ripe elegance which graces the art of South India from the early times of Amravati and Masulipuram to the masterful bronzes of the middle ages. The "Dancer" in the Bharata Natya pose is conscious of this heritage.



"Artist" by Rabindranath Dutt, 28" x 22", water-colour. (By courtesy of the artist.)

Mr. Rabindranath Dutt grew up in the atmosphere of the Bengal school. His early paintings were done in the dainty wash technique of Abanindranath Tagore; later he came under the influence of Nandal Bose. From his masters he acquired the sensitive line, the main conveyor of emotion in much Bengal school work. In recent paintings, line plays the dominant part, with colour but a decorative addition. In his, as in Jamini Roy's case, the new tendency is a protest against the over-detailed, over-meticulous, over-sentimental manner of the contemporary Bengal style.

Mr. Dutt is a sympathetic teacher of painting and crafts for children and young people; he is associated with a very praiseworthy institution in Bombay where poor children learn all sorts of crafts and earn money from the first day, by their contributions to the school effort.

"Agra" by S. H. Raza, 9" x 12", water-colour. (In the collection of Mr. E. Schlesinger, Bombay.)

Mr. H. Raza is one of the most promising and the most delightful talents among the younger generation of western Indian artists. He was born in the Central Provinces, took to painting at an early age and came to Bombay to learn. I first noticed his water-colours at Bombay exhibitions some four years ago, when he was strongly under the influence of Mr. Bendre's gouache technique and colour treatment. Raza, whose sole element up-to-date has been water-colour, made the streets and open spaces of Bombay the very special subject of his paintings. What may appear, to you and me, just an ordinary street with quite ordinary houses and shops, or a business thoroughfare with the typical sham palaces in concrete, turn in his paintings into a lustrous vista, full of the finest colour harmonies. Working hard and keeping his eye and mind open, Raza has progressed faster towards an original style than almost any artist whose career I have witnessed. The work of Prof. Langhammer, the well-known Austrian painter in Bombay, with its scintillating colour divisions, had a decided influence on Raza. Yet in his most recent sketches, to which our reproduction belongs, he has digested and absorbed much of what he has learnt, and he paints now with a freedom and certainty unusual for an artist of his age.





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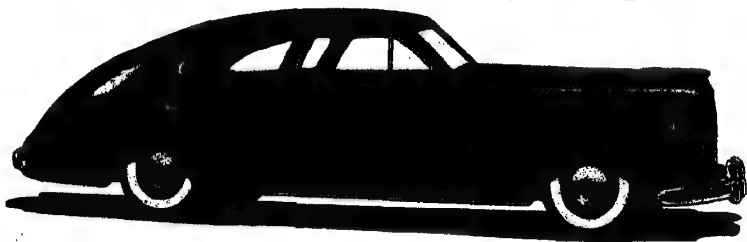


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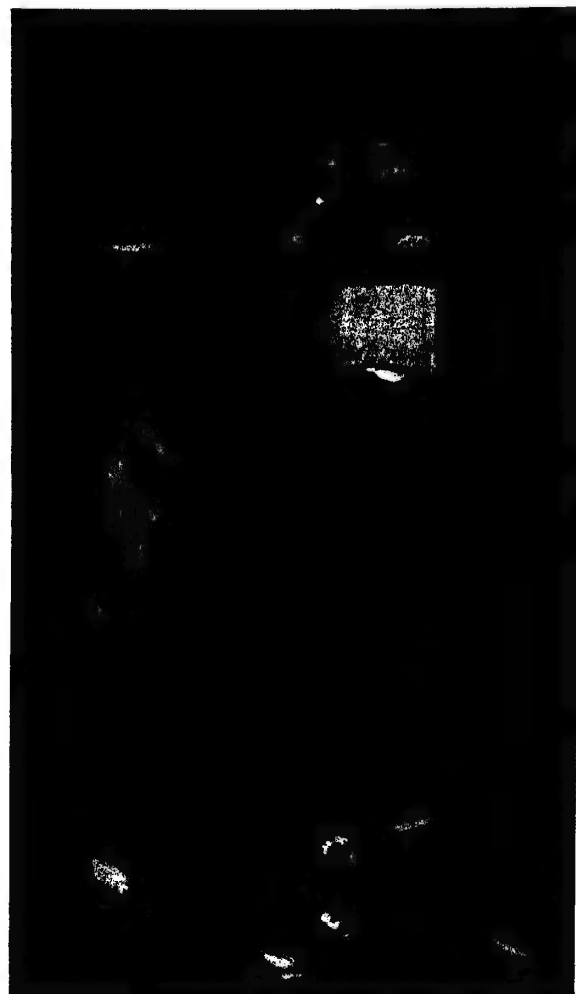
SOME
**Indian
 Artists**
 OF TODAY



Drawing by P. T. Reddy

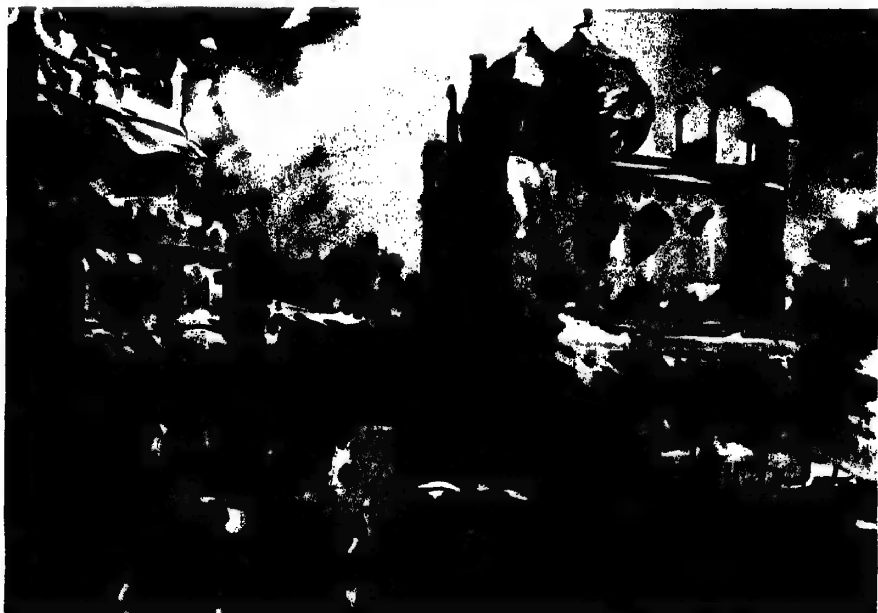
"Worship" by Jamini Roy

"The Finishing Touch" by N. S. Bendre

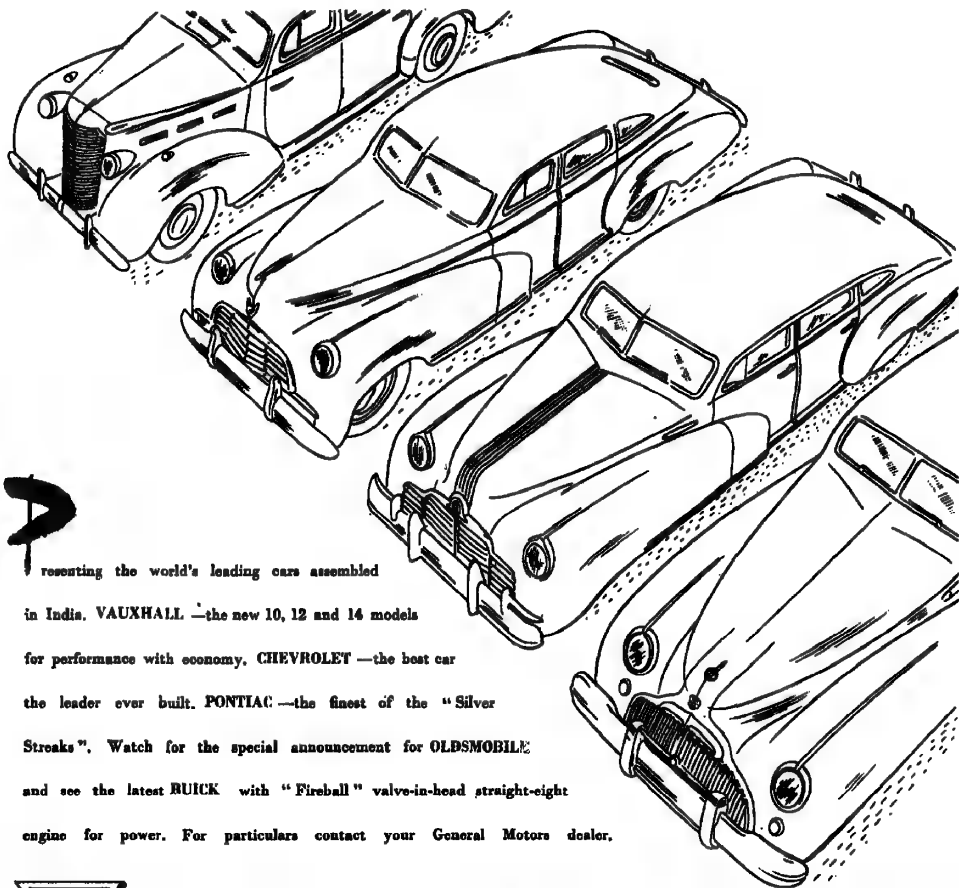




"Rhythm"
by V. A. Mali



"Agra"
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"Kathakali Dancers" by Y. K. Shukla, 8" x 10", etching.

Mr. Y. K. Shukla is now a teacher at the J. J. School of Art in Bombay. He was born in Porbander, grew up in Ahmedabad and studied art in Bombay. His finely drawn and delicately coloured paintings were soon appreciated here and abroad. He painted in the Indian traditional style with a lyrical grace and softness which is the hall-mark of the best Gujarati work. With the help of a famous Italian art authority, Mr. Shukla spent a few years at the Royal Academy in Rome and saw most of the masters, ancient and modern, in Italy. He studied particularly the graphic techniques (etching, dry point, aquatint, etc.) of which he has become one of the leading exponents in India. His acquaintance with the art of the West has not turned his work to hybrid compromise. It retains its truly Indian flavour and, because of its freedom from narrow traditional limitations, strikes a new personal note of deep feeling. "Kathakali Dancers" is an aquatint of great charm, well handled on the plate and deftly printed.

"Rhythm" by V. A. Mall, 41" x 35", oil. (In the collection of Mr. Sharouk Sabavala.)

Mr. V. A. Mall was born in Kolhapur and is now in his thirties. His father was also an artist, mainly employed in decorating temples and houses with mythological or historical paintings. Mr. V. A. Mall studied at the Bombay Art School and soon afterwards became a prominent exhibitor with many prizes to his credit. "Rhythm" is typical for the very vigorous brush technique which the artist developed during recent years. He builds a texture for his painting with big flat brush strokes, each stroke of one colour neatly separated from the next. The resulting mosaic is directed by the main rhythmical lines of his composition and

emphasizes its movement. This technique has produced some very effective paintings but it may lead the artist to a mannerism which will remain on the surface of his art. The subject of this painting is a devotional dance of worshippers of the goddess Mahakali in a temple in Maharashtra.

"The Finishing Touch" by N. S. Bendre, 28" x 48", oil. (By courtesy of the artist.)

Mr. Bendre is one of the most prominent artists of western India. He hails from Indore and underwent his art training in Bombay. He has been a prominent exhibitor in many Indian exhibitions, where his work has found the fullest recognition. He has worked in water-colours, especially in a very forceful gouache technique, and in oils. His style is essentially Impressionist, but he has experimented in a more formal Indian

manner, and is continually searching for a form of expression that would satisfy his aspirations as a modern and as a fervently nationalist artist. He plans to go to Europe to make contacts with contemporary artists there and to introduce his work to the western art world. Mr. Bendre's great force is colour. He rules with firm command over a deftly graded palette and uses strong, clean colours in rich compositions with astonishing effect. The charm of "The Finishing Touch"

rests in its inversion of values. The figure, a lady dressing her hair, is seen against the light, almost a silhouette, painted in dark-browns and mauves. All light and colour is gathered in the red and blue stripes of the rug on which the lady sits, from where it illuminates the sombre, shadowy parts of the fore and background.

"Worship" by Jamini Roy, 16" x 45", tempera. (In the collection of Mr. Ranbir Singh.)

Mr. Jamini Roy has arrived at his present style after many years of search and struggle. Originally an academic painter with an enthusiastic and wealthy clientele, he dug right down to the roots of Indian art, which he found in the village art

of Bengal. Here he discovered the means for a bold and direct expression of artistic vision: plain, strong colour and forceful outline vibrating with the vigorous rhythms of a village dance. The secret of his art is extreme simplification which reduces flowers, animals and human figures to solid shapes of flat luminous colour, to which sweeping contours give volume and body.

His recent exhibition in London has been an unqualified success. It must not, however, be forgotten that the simplifications in primitive art are part of the creative force in a people's mind which forms symbols to signify deep meaning. Modern society, in its distracted state, has no need for symbols and Mr. Roy's primitivistic paintings are doomed to remain delightful, if meaningless and facile decorations. One would like to hope that he or one of his disciples would carry this work further to truly original and contemporary solutions.

Drawings by P. T. Reddy.

Although only presented here by drawings, Mr. P. T. Reddy is essentially a painter. He belonged to a group of students of the J. J. School of Art, whose work was very prominent in art exhibitions some years ago. "These wild young Truks," as some artists called them, were strong-willed and enthusiastic, talented and original. But it cannot be said that their work was popular with the average exhibition visitor. Reddy, who comes from Hyderabad, has been experimenting for years. He was proficient enough in the straightforward "western manner" and an outstanding draftsman in the mural class of his school, which fostered an Indian style of its own. His paintings became ever more formal in his endeavour to find a personal interpretation of modern Indian art. Solid compositions with slow rhythms and flat, often loud, colours were typical of his latest work exhibited. Besides these he produced lively little water-colour landscape sketches, free and gay like whistled tunes, and a considerable volume of drawings. Of these, two are reproduced here. They are drawn with the lightest touch of the brush and with a minimum of line. Mass and volume are implied rather than reproduced. Their tenderness of gesture is extremely appealing.





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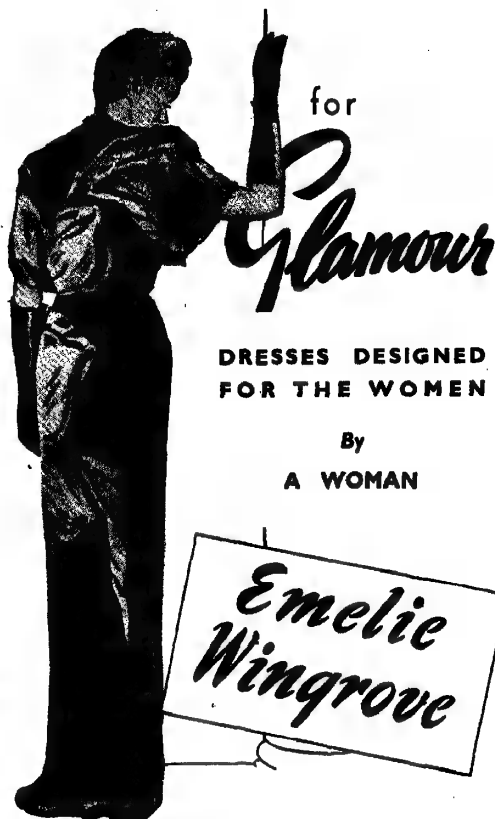
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MODERN MOTHERS

by Krishna Hutheesing

D modern women make good mothers? This is a question that one hears quite frequently from all quarters. Some are of the opinion that they do, but a great many people still think they do not.

I think it was Storm Jameson, the well-known authoress who wrote that "the world is not yet a rap better because women have been let loose in it." This, coming from a woman, and a modern one at that, was surprising indeed. However, this statement was made many years ago and I hope Storm Jameson has changed her views since then.

Admittedly, the world is not a better place now than it was before, in spite of the fact that women are much more in the forefront than they have ever been. Today they have parliamentary votes, are magistrates, councillors, direct industries, fellow professions, and do a host of other jobs that used to be man's sole monopoly. So it is presumed that they wield equal power in the land with their menfolk, but this is hardly correct. They do have a certain amount of power but man is still the master not only of his own fate but that of millions of others. Woman cannot infringe on his rights.

The world is in a state of hysteria and chaos but it is not due to the "letting loose of women" that it has come to this stage. It is because women still have so little say in matters of policy and war. The cruelties, misfortunes and miseries that are the lot of the greater part of the human race today are due not to woman but to man's ever-increasing greed and lust for power.

The freedom that women in western countries have achieved in the past sixty years or so has been enormous. Here in India, women's emancipation has been, to a very large extent, due to the fight for independence which brought them out in their thousands from the seclusion and shelter of their homes, to suffer and fight side by side with their men. Today these women are capable and have full confidence in their ability to share the burden of everyday affairs with men. Their interest and activity in other spheres beyond the domestic one are numerous. Often it is said that women take an interest in things outside their home, the home suffers. This is not true.

Today the modern woman is far better equipped to be a wife and a mother than her predecessor was. Physically as well as mentally she is a better specimen. The object of woman's emancipation is not to make her like man, but to make her more powerfully womanly. Only thus can she be of greater use to mankind and society.

In the present-day world, woman takes life's responsibility far more seriously than her sisters did before her. She does not claim to be perfect and has many shortcomings. But nevertheless she is full of courage, hope and desire to be not only useful to society but, first and foremost, to make her home perfect and to bring up her children to be useful and good citizens, who will be a credit to any nation.

As a mother, the modern woman takes her duties earnestly and seriously. If she wants to marry and have children, she tries to learn about the care and upbringing of children even before her marriage. More and more girls have found it an essential part of their education before marriage, to learn about the care of little children.

When we were children, we knew our parents loved us and took good care of us, but very few considered their parents as friends. There was a gulf between parents and children that could not be bridged, due to a certain stern code of behaviour on the part of the parents, who did not think it proper to share confidences with their children, or treat them as equals. So, in spite of all the love they bore each other there was seldom a bond of friendship and understanding between them.

Any lapse on the part of a child with regard to his behaviour was dealt with very sternly and sometimes very harshly. Today all this is changed. Parents are no longer ogres to be feared and respected by turns. They are friends and companions who are loved and trusted, to whom children would confess a fault without fear of a thrashing and to whom they would go unhesitatingly for advice, and on whose judgment they would depend.

It is no longer considered taboo for girls to seek advice on sex-hygiene or to consult a doctor about hereditary and physiological peculiarities. Maternity, which in the old days was often an accident, is now deliberately planned and provided for. Absence of the knowledge of psychology has often been a stumbling block to most women in bringing up their children. Today the modern girl, with her knowledge of this most important subject, is essentially better equipped to be a mother.

The amount of literature on the care and upbringing of children is copious and women have greatly benefited by it. To bring healthy children into the world, and to bring them up properly as fine and courageous human beings, is the desire of every sensible mother. The modern mother no longer relies on the 'mother instinct' to bring up her children. She relies upon scientific knowledge and common sense. The solemnity with which most young mothers study their responsibilities and try to carry them out is very admirable, though some people may think it is somewhat overdone.

The relationship between parent and child is a more natural one now. In the old days parents took a negative interest in the activities of their children. Today they take a very positive one in their health, temperament, schooling and other activities. Childish pranks or conspicuous naughtiness used to be severely dealt with, and illnesses too were tackled most unscientifically. Today, every mother with common sense tries to avoid illness and remove any possible causes of mental or physical handicap by scientific means. A childish prank is no longer considered a sin, and as such, it is dealt with understandingly.

There is today less possessiveness between mother and child, and less of the discipline of the old school. In its stead, there is more comradeship, and when husband and wife share all responsibilities equally, this attention is more possible. Mothers who can share their children's interests, who have a knowledge of the wider world outside the family circle, are better equipped than purely domestic housewives in helping their sons and daughters as they pass out of schools and colleges.

The modern mother is far more popular than the old fashioned one, and far more capable. In spite of many handicaps she is proving beyond doubt that she is best fitted to mould the future citizens of the world who, it is hoped, will make of this world a better place than it is today.

GRANDMA STEPS OUT

by Gertrude Little

OFF the boat, into the full glare of the Calcutta sunshine stepped Grandma, somewhere in the seventies.

A dainty Madras muslin frock, with graduated frills from hem to waist, rustled as she tripped into the open, waiting carriage. Long, lacy mittens protected her hands and arms from the sun.

It was a wonderful India that Grandma stepped into; the India of story books—the India she had expected from a close study of "Little Henry and His Bearers", which was the favourite story when she was a child.

She went upcountry with friends. Part of the way they travelled by boat—a slow, wearisome business, aggravated by heat and flies; for they tied up by day and only moved at night and in the early morning. Grandma heard jackals yelling for the first time and caught a glimpse of a crocodile. Mosquitoes were a decided nuisance but . . . life was certainly thrilling!

Soon they had to take to bullock-carts, which primitive, lumbersome vehicles toted them along the Grand Trunk Road. Again Grandma found they only travelled part of the twenty-four hours. They crawled along by day and at dusk, the carts were formed into a ring, on the outside of which bonfires were lit—a ring of them—in order to frighten away dacoits and wild animals, particularly the former.

The pageant of Indian life passed before Grandma's eyes as they went along, for all India used the road and all India moved upon it slowly, generally in groups—the lone traveller was seldom seen. She often told me that an old man, followed by a lean dog was, to her, typical of the countryside, for she had so often seen just such a picture as some belated old fellow made

his way past their carts in the dusk, on his way home to his village.

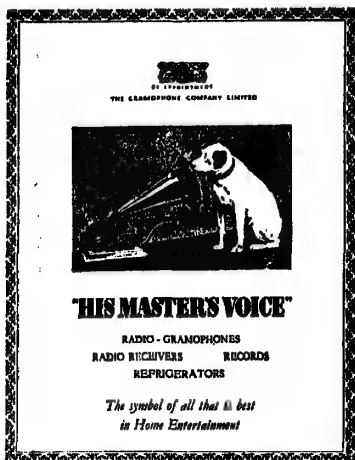
A roof and a home was strange after weeks of wandering. She was in Cawnpore now, living on the banks of the Ganges. Her friends, too, all lived on the banks of the river: so she came to accept it as a part of life in India and was astounded when she went to another station to find that there was no river to live near.

Life was strange but attractive. Dawn found her riding each morning. She liked the peasant people who alighted from their ponies, or shut their umbrellas, as she went by, for the manners of the countryside were charming.

Meals were exciting. A huge mound of rice with a very little curry for lunch took some 'getting used to' but in time she liked it. Fruits too were strange and exotic, but before she went away to the hills, she had come to relish the yellow papayas which were served with each meal.

She travelled by boat and cart and train. Her baggage grew shabbier and shabbier but her heart met each move with confidence and delight. Material things meant little to her. She never had the money to indulge her fancies. But she gazed over the carpets from Samarkand, the silks from Bokhara none the less because she did not hope to possess them. To see and touch them was enough for Grandma.





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DURING a period of about five hundred years, commencing in the fourteenth century and ending in the nineteenth, the muslin spinners and weavers of India were famous all over the world as unequalled producers of fine yarns and delicate fabrics. Some authorities extend the time of India's supremacy in muslin manufacture far beyond the beginning of the Christian Era, and it is probable that the Hindu craftsmen were developing high skill when 'Egypt built her pyramids, Solomon reigned in Jerusalem, Regulus founded Rome, and Harun-al-Rashid went his nocturnal rounds in Baghdad,' as one historian asserts. But the muslin industry of India attained its greatest prosperity and produced its finest work under the rule of the Mogul emperors.

The Persian Ambassador who brought back to his king, a piece of muslin thirty yards long, enclosed in a highly ornamented coconut shell no larger than an ostrich egg, appears to have been accredited to a Muslim court; and the princess who, when reproved by her father for appearing in public insufficiently clad, retorted that she was wearing no fewer than seven dresses of muslin, was the daughter of Aurangzeb.

Patronized lavishly by the rulers of the time, the muslin spinners and weavers of Dacca produced yarns and fabrics of marvellous fineness. Untrammelled by economic necessity, the Hindu art spirit, (which aims at concealing laborious effort under the guise of indulgence in minute ornament, and



Embroidery on shawls is a speciality of Kashmir, but there are a few other centres such as Amritsar and Ludhiana.

takes delight in imparting to durable substances the appearance of shadowy things.) found scope in the production of fabrics light as air and fine as gossamer.

When the Mogul Empire fell into ruin, the muslin weavers of Dacca, deprived of the support of the viceroys and their courtiers, lowered their aims and finally lost a large measure of the skill that had brought them fame. But a large export trade had grown up under Akbar, the greatest of the Mogul emperors, and his immediate successors, causing the muslin industry to spread all over India, and the Dacca weavers and their rivals in Delhi, Behar, Lucknow, Nagpur, Madras and other places, continued to practise the art on a commercial plane, holding the foremost position in the world's markets, until the spinners and weavers of Lancashire took pride of place.

Muslin is one of the textile fabrics upon which the embroideries of India are wrought, but the muslins and fine nets, embroidered with coloured silks and gold and metal threads, form a distinct class. As an art product itself, muslin offers to the embroidery artist, a medium upon which conceptions of beauty in form and colour can be embodied almost directly. Seen at a short distance,

ORIENTAL EMBROIDERY

by Wahida Aziz



A 'phulkari' worker with her embroidery frame. This work is done by women only.

the design worked on a piece of white Dacca muslin or fine net, appears to hang in the air, unsupported by any visible material. Consequently, the artist obtains full value for the colour and design. Though the fabric and method have pictorial limitations, there is no branch of textile art which appeals more definitely to the human eye and mind, and its products are deeply interesting to everyone capable of appreciating beauty in things made by hand. Although silk, gold and silver threads are the mainstay of the embroidery artists in India, they freely introduce gold, silver and bright metal wires, metal foil and tinsel, if enhancement of the effect of the design can be obtained thereby.

A cursory glance at any Indian embroideries will reveal one or two aspects of collective interest. Embroidery has attained its highest development in north and north-west India. It is more frequently found among the inhabitants of the hills than those living in the plains. It is a pastoral art in its conception. The graceful scrolls worked on garments in these tracts are indicative of conceptions possibly of the greatest historical value.

Early forms of Punjab muslin embroideries kept in museums all over the country, bear



Expert women working on a delicate piece, with gold and silver wires.

figures of Lord Krishna with the 'gopis' at Brindaban and several other gods. One of the most conspicuous objects in these is a magnificent piece of work, which, though based on calico, is entitled to inclusion with the muslin embroideries of the Punjab. Strongly reminiscent of the Bayeux tapestry said to have been wrought by Matilda, wife of William the Conqueror, and her maidens, the embroidery was seen by an Indian Rani, and represents the decisive battle between the Pandavas and the Kauravas, fighting for sovereignty over northern India, as told in the 'Mahabharata'.

Very little is known outside the Punjab about 'phulkari' or, as it is more generally known, 'kashida' work. Yet it is undoubtedly one of the more remarkable arts of embroidery, and very popular among all classes of people in India. 'Phulkari' literally means 'flowered work', 'phul' meaning flower. The term is used exclusively with regard to a particular kind of embroidery which is done only by women. It is difficult to trace its origin, but it can, with some certainty, be said to have begun in the huts of the rough Jats.

It is interesting to note that embroidery in India has a curious association with climatic conditions. Highly-coloured embroideries are as a rule to be found in temperate regions, while light-coloured or white patterns are distinctive of warmer parts of the country. In the cold hill districts people do not have as many changes of



The most famous of Indian metallic embroideries is the 'zardoz'. Very often several men work on the same piece of cloth.

clothing as the people of the plains. Embroidery does not stand much washing and hence does not suit people living in the plains. But in the hill tracts, embroidery in some form or other is nearly always to be found.

There are four varieties of 'phulkari work': the true 'phulkari', 'bagh', 'chobe' and 'shishadar'. In the true 'phulkari' the ornamentation is generally scattered, and a considerable portion of the ground shows between the 'butees' or floral designs. The patterns, though sometimes very intricate and closely set, are more often isolated, while the 'butees' are distinctly sparse.

'Bagh' work differs considerably from the true 'phulkari'. Here the patterns are definitely linked together, and the ground covered over with parallel stitches of silk. As a result, there is so much ornament that the embroidery almost ceases to be a decorative adjunct and might be mistaken for the cloth itself. A finished piece of this work has a dazzling effect, and from a distance looks like 'kimkhabw'.

'Chobes' have connected or scattered patterns embroidered only along the border and in the centre of the cloth. In some cases the centre of the cloth is left plain.



Punjabi 'lungis' bear a few bands of gold mixed with embroidery.

'Shishadar phulkaris' have small glass or mica mirrors stitched into the embroidery. The mirrors are very thin and usually circular in shape. The effect of this is certainly very pretty. This kind of work is also found outside the Punjab, in Sind, Kashmir and Berar.

Silk, though it was originally discovered in China, was imported as early as the fourth century B.C., but it was not believed that it was not much in use during those days and was introduced much later. Magasthenes describes the cotton garments of the Indians as "worked in gold and ornamented with various stones;" and he says, "they wear also flowered garments of finest muslin and silk."

The term 'metallic embroidery' comprises a large number of different kinds and classes of fabrics, produced by art workers inspired by widely varied aims, and working under infinitely diverse conditions. Among recent developments are brocades and 'kalabatun' which are manufactured on an extensive scale. Punjabi 'lungis', even the common ones, bear a few bands of gold just a little distance from the ends. But the ends of the more costly ones are entirely woven in gold, and as these are chiefly used for turbans, one end with the gold border is allowed to hang behind.

In Bombay, the Central Provinces, and the whole of Southern India, gold is almost invariably introduced as a border in superior silk

fabric. Silver brocades are made with silver wire without any gold coating. In the 'kim-khawbs', however, gold or silver is worked on a silk basis all through the piece, making it, to all appearances, like cloth of gold or silver.

The most famous of the metallic Indian embroideries is that which is called 'zardozi' or 'silma sitara.' This is mostly done on a silk or velvet ground, or on English broadcloth. The heaviest kind of this embroidery is done by fixing the fabric to be embroidered on a framework, and using only gold and silver



Tapestry-weaving in Kashmir.

thread. The work is mostly done by men in Delhi, Multan, Benares, Agra and Lucknow.

Embroidery is either worked in loom or wrought by needlework. On cotton fabrics the patterns are made of cotton, silk, or gold or silver wire twisted with silk thread, called 'kalabatun'. Coloured wool imported from



A completed motif of 'kalabatun' embroidery from a shawl border in which gold and silver wires have been used on silk.

Europe is sometimes interwoven with cotton. Silk and woollen fabrics are embroidered with silk, wool, or 'kalabatun' threads. The most noted of these embroideries are the celebrated Kashmir shawls, which, besides being worked in Kashmir itself, are more or less worked at Amritsar, Ludhiana, Gurdaspur and other places in the Punjab.

It is not known exactly when tapestry-weaving was introduced into India, but records show that the art was known and practised hundreds of years ago. Tapestry is a woven material, but needlework tapestry is the art of stitching with needle and silk upon canvas in such a way that the ground is entirely covered, and the effect of tapestry obtained. Very often this work is referred to by the stitch employed such as 'petit-point', 'gros-point' or 'cross-stitch'.

The chief centre of production is Kashmir, where beautiful designs are woven to the accompaniment of singing. Some of the tapestries cost a thousand rupees or even more. A few pieces recently sent abroad to exhibitions brought fabulous prices, and caused the foreign dealers to direct their attention to this country as an unexploited area of supply. This has naturally led to a revival of one of the oldest and loveliest of needle-crafts for which India was famous centuries ago.

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THE "hill season" at the little station in the Himalayan foot-hills was fast coming to a close. No longer were heard the songs of the troops, singing in harmony, from the verandahs of the barrack buildings in the evenings, or the shouts of the spectators watching the inevitable afternoon hockey or football match on the small playing field cut out of the hillside; the hill station looked as though it was about to sleep for yet another winter.

Of the temporary residents, only the doctor and I were left. "Doc," a young Captain just out from England, was returning to his station in a week's time. I, a junior subaltern of five years' service, had been the Station Staff Officer for the hot weather and now had three weeks to close the station. There remained only the small Indian population of the tiny village bazaar, a few retired Eurasian families, and an old padre who had lived in this isolated spot for the last twenty years.

The "Doc" and I were fending for ourselves in a corner of the Mess. Sometimes sitting on the verandah in the evening, we would be joined by the old padre for a chat and a nightcap before he retired to the tiny bungalow where he passed his solitary existence. One evening the padre said, "What about some shooting tomorrow? I know all the best places round here and can provide beaters, we should get a good bag of hill pheasant and chikar." So it was arranged, and early next afternoon the "Doc" and I, clad in shirts, shorts and stockings, with chaplis on our feet and guns under our arms, reported at the padre's bungalow.

You have to be fit for this type of hill shooting, alternately climbing perhaps a thousand feet or dropping the same distance into a valley as you occur the hills for these wily birds. However, one gets used to it, and towards the end of the afternoon, with a satisfactory bag carried on sticks by the Indian beaters, we were approaching a cultivated hillside of terraced maize fields near a village. These fields are mere strips, a few yards wide, following the contours of the hill. Walking along the outside edge of the field you look down on terrace after terrace falling away to the mountain stream running at the bottom of the valley.

"We are coming to an excellent place for peafowl," announced the padre. "I have often shot here and we are bound to get some without much difficulty." Sure enough we soon came on obvious signs of these big birds. Husks of maize lay about on the ground and foot-marks were clearly visible in the mud of the irrigation channels with which each field is provided.

We were walking abreast, with myself on the outside, keeping an eye on the field running parallel to us, about six feet below. I suddenly saw the tail of a peacock. The bird had its head and body in the maize, only the tail was showing and, as I watched, the tail also began to move out of sight among the maize stalks. Without more ado, aiming well ahead of the now fast disappearing tail, fired both barrels, slugs and "number

EXPENSIVE ILLUSION

by J. W. Kelway

fours", and I knew as I fired that I had found the mark. There was a slight movement in the maize and then all was still and a beater leapt down to pick up the bird. After some delay he came back with the report that he could find nothing and after a further negative search we moved on—I feeling puzzled and chagrined at having missed such an easy target.

We continued round the hillside, but saw no further sign of any peafowl. It was getting late and soon we turned for home, making our way towards the village through the surrounding cultivation. As we approached the village, a loud singing or wailing could be heard and I asked the padre what this meant. "It sounds like a wedding or a funeral: they are much alike," he answered. We soon came to sight of a crowd of villagers and it was obvious that the sounds were wails of distress. We stopped a hundred yards away and ordered the head beater to investigate. He returned with the alarming news that a woman had just been shot.

The padre jumped to the conclusion that one of our guns had done this and showed great excitement. "We must get rid of our guns as this is not British India but State territory," he said. Now this was a serious matter as, apart from the question of whether we had wounded the girl, the Maharaja had recently been much annoyed by officers

see what assistance we could give. Working our way to the centre of the crowd we saw a young woman of about thirty years of age, lying in a pathetic, tattered huddle, on the footpath. She had apparently been shot while cutting maize in her field, but had escaped and made her way back to the village. The padre turned to me and said, "It looks as though you fired at something other than a peafowl half an hour ago," to which I feeling rather sick, replied, "I could swear that it was a peafowl that I missed."

We had the greatest difficulty in getting permission for the doctor to examine the girl. The crowd went into an uproar when this was suggested. The majority argued vociferously that on no account should the "doctor sahib" be allowed to touch the girl. Order was eventually restored by an ancient crone, obviously the grandmother of the village who, small though she was, outshouted the rest and ordered the girl to be placed on a string bed and carried to her hut. There, with herself as a chaperon, the examination had to be carried out. We waited outside in the midst of a rather hostile crowd while the doctor went to with the girl and the old crone. The dirty village street looked almost beautiful in the evening sunlight with the smoke from the cooking fires rising lazily and peacefully into the air. My feelings were far from peaceful. I could not believe that I had shot this girl, yet the padre was firmly convinced that I had. If this were so, and it became known, it might well mean the end of my military career.

At last the "Doc" came out of the hut and we questioned him eagerly. "The poor girl was filled with slugs," he announced, "most of them were just under the skin and I have extracted them, but there is at least one too deep for me to get at, in the region of her kidneys." This was depressing news and the padre turned to me and asked, "What were you loaded with?" I had to reply with my heart in my boots. "Slugs and 'fours' and I fired them both." The feelings of the villagers had now turned from suspicion to gratitude for the "Doc's" assistance, and we left the village amid signs of good-will, with assurances from us that an Indian assistant surgeon would be sent to see how the girl was on the following day.

Next evening the assistant surgeon arrived in our station, followed by a group consisting of the girl carried on a bed, her husband and several hangers-on from the village. He stated that the girl had a temperature and was far from well, and that he had suggested that she be brought into the small station hospital for medical care. This offer had been gratefully accepted by her family, but was viewed with suspicion by the headman of the village, who appeared to entertain some sort of animosity towards us.

Two days later the padre sat on the Mess verandah discussing the case with me. The headman, he said, was raising trouble by saying that the girl was the only one who could milk the village buffaloes; without her, they were going dry and there was great loss to the village. Because of his sympathy for



shooting in his State without a permit, and stringent orders had been issued by the military authorities forbidding this under pain of military charges against any offenders. Before I knew what was happening, the head beater, on orders from the padre, had seized our guns and was disappearing down the khudde, headed for British India.

Unarmed, we approached the howling crowd. Our arrival was viewed with some suspicion until it was explained that we had come with a doctor on hearing their cries, to

the girl, and in order to help the villagers, the padre had given a hundred rupees to the girl's husband, from his Poor Box. As the Poor Box was not bottomless and he could ill-afford this sum, I suggested that I, the suspected cause of the trouble, should make good the amount. I was, by this time, badly frightened and, while still not admitting that I was at fault, I handed over the required money "without prejudice".

Several days passed during which the health of the girl rapidly improved, and the cloud gradually lifted from my mind. One evening however, the padre arrived very perturbed. The headman, he said, was causing trouble—was even saying that one of the visitors to the village on the day of the shooting was involved in the matter, and that he was reporting the case to the State Inspector of Police who was visiting the village on tour shortly. The padre, feeling that perhaps some further recompense was required, had distributed one hundred and fifty rupees to the needy of the village, and thought that there was now such good-will towards him that the matter would be dropped. As, however, this was really done on my behalf, he would be grateful if I would refund him the money. My pocket, as a subaltern, was no more bottomless than his Poor Box, but I was extremely grateful to the old man, and, feeling that this might see the end of the affair, I handed over the money.

Next day I had the Indian policeman in charge of the station bazaar in my office, and I was thanking him for his good services during the season. All had gone well and there had been no friction between the British troops and the native population. He received my congratulations with obvious satisfaction, visions of quick promotion obviously passing through his mind. The conversation turned to the girl in the hospital. "Who do they say did this thing?" I asked. "Sahib, they do not know." "Yes," I replied, "but I hear rumours that the headman of the village is accusing the padre sahib, the doctor sahib, or myself of having had a hand in this matter." "Sahib," he said, "they are very ignorant people, and that indeed is what they say, but of course there is no truth in it." To this I answered, "That is so, but I understand a report is being made to the visiting Inspector

of Police who will be here in a day or so." He was silent for a moment, then he said, "Sahib, the headman is a fool; all know the goodness of yourself and the doctor sahib who tended the girl's wounds; the Police Inspector is my brother-in-law and I will see that the headman is properly dealt with if he spreads such false reports."

This conversation somewhat eased the worry in my mind, though I was still troubled that, in some way I might be involved. The circumstantial evidence against me was strong, and those in authority had recently shown an increasing tendency to push forward such cases of suspicion against British officers.

It was my habit to have Urdu lessons every evening from a munshi. He was a friendly, kindly, well-educated man, and I used to enjoy my conversations with him, often conducted I regret to say, in English, after the lessons were done.

On the evening following my conversation with the policeman, I was sitting as usual on the Mess verandah talking with the munshi. The conversation ranged over various topics until I steered it to the subject of the girl in hospital. Yes, he had heard about it and indeed it was a mysterious affair. It was pleasing to hear that she was nearly well and would leave for her village none the worse, in a day or two. Under pressure, he admitted that he had heard the same silly rumour connecting me with the affair, but of course, he said with a twinkle in his eye, no one with any intelligence paid any attention to such talk. He left, and the next evening he was back again for the usual lesson. After it was finished, he produced a piece of paper covered with writing in Urdu and said, "Sahib, I have here a statement made in the hospital today in my presence and signed by the girl, her husband and myself." I said "Please read it munshi sahib." This, as far as I can remember, is the gist of the girl's statement on the events of that day:—

"I was in the late afternoon, and I was working in the edge of my maize field near my village. Looking up, I saw an Indian gentleman approaching in the field above mine. He was very dark, wore a topi and was dressed in breeches and puttees and

carried a gun. As I watched, he raised his gun and I, fearing that he intended to attack and assault me, moved quickly into the cover of my maize crop. Suddenly I heard a report and felt that I was hurt. I struggled through the maize and hid until he had gone. Then, with difficulty, I got back to my village where my strength gave out. Luckily for me, picnicking in British India across the valley, there happened to be the padre sahib, the doctor sahib and the SSO sahib. Hearing my cries and thinking that I might have been attacked by a panther, they made their way quickly to my village to give assistance. They tended me and brought me to the hospital. Without their help I should surely have died, and I can never render enough thanks to them."

"Is this what the girl said, munshi sahib?" I asked, and he answered, "Yes, sahib, it is as she said it, and I hope they catch the Indian gentleman who did this thing."

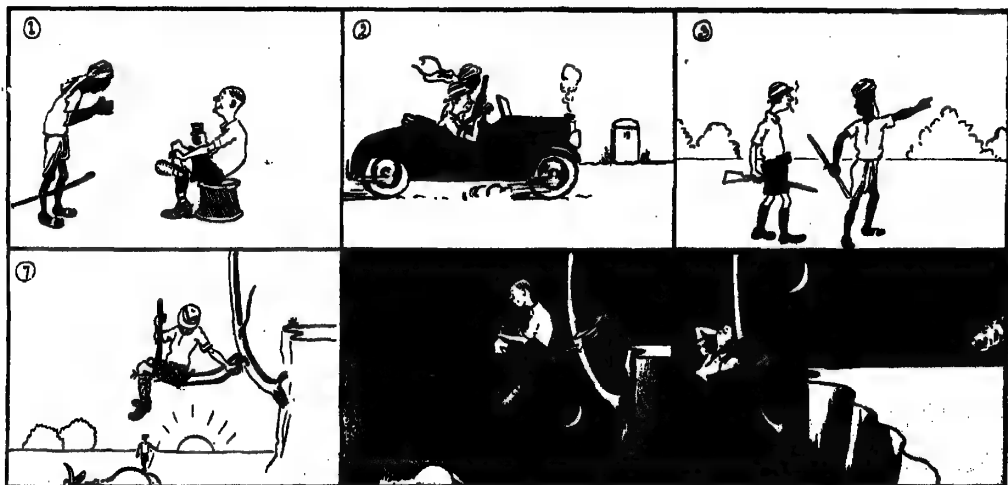
This unexpected exoneration in writing delighted me, and I took the paper immediately to the padre. He was surprised, but agreed that this was good news. "However," he said, "as you will return to the plains tomorrow, leaving me here permanently, it is only right that I should keep this statement." This was not what I had been thinking at all, but after some discussion I reluctantly parted with it. Next day I was pleased to leave the place which, for the last three weeks, had made me so uneasy.

There is a postscript to this story. A fortnight later I received a letter from the padre. In it he stated that since my departure the headman had definitely accused me of wounding the girl and that on her return to the village she had attempted to revoke her statement made in hospital. It was lucky that he had remained on the spot because, by judiciously distributing two hundred rupees, the matter had been settled, he hoped, permanently. As I realized, he said, he could ill-afford this sum and would be grateful for a cheque by return of post. In reply I refused to send this sum "as I doubt the wisdom of having any more to do with what appears to be a case of blackmail."

This all happened many years ago, and I have heard no more from the padre.

THE SUBALTERN'S TIGER

by Matcher



POLTERGEIST PERSISTENT

by B. L. Herdon

THE old Persian couplet which says that the gifts of Multan are "dust and heat, beggars and graveyards", gives a truthful and accurate picture of the outstanding characteristics of Multan Sharif, sacred city of the Muslims, particularly in the summer, for the winter, cold and bracing, is pleasant enough. The events which I am about to narrate took place in a graveyard, which also happened to be our own compound, for Multan is one vast ancient cemetery, and the low mounds of old graves are seen everywhere. The only way in which our compound differed from others was that a big, ornate grave of pucca masonry, jutting out from our front verandah, was obviously the grave of someone of importance, whether religious or otherwise nobody knew. In any case, the builders had not tampered with it when the house was being put up, and the old tomb was intact. We looked at it curiously when we first moved into the bungalow, but we soon got used to it and took it for granted.

The battalion had just returned from service in Persia, and four of its young officers—all subalterns—shared the rambling old house: A. M. Wells and myself in the front rooms, and A. Pratt and C. de V. Moss in the back rooms. Our battalion was the old 127th Q.M.O. Baluch L.I., now the 3/10th Baluch Regiment. As summer was well advanced and the heat was terrific, four of us slept outside: Wells and myself in the front and on either side of the old tomb, and Moss and Pratt behind the house.

On the night of which I write, we retired after Moss at quite an early hour, all of us—assure you!—stone-cold sober. Being young, healthy and without a care in the world, it was not long before we were all fast asleep.

Suddenly, at about midnight, I was wide awake and—let me confess it frankly—deadly afraid. A white, filmy cloud seemed to hang over my bed, a few feet above me; I felt a tremendous pressure on my throat, as though someone was trying to strangle me; and I was

aware of the presence of an evil entity which was doing its utmost to subjugate and harm me. At the same time, I got the strong impression that the 'thing', whatever it was,—I had never heard of a poltergeist in those days—belonged to the East and that it was connected with the locality.

Then for some minutes, which felt like an age, a desperate struggle took place between myself and my assailant. It was a battle of wits. I lay there, wide awake, utterly unable to move even so much as a finger, striving with all the resolution at my command to free myself from my evil antagonist, while it in turn, seemed to exert all its powers to subdue me. Suddenly I felt bitterly cold. (I would call the attention of serious students of such matters, to the interesting phenomena concerned with this occurrence, i.e. the 'ectoplasm' and the 'psychic draught' evidenced by the white, filmy cloud, and the unnatural feeling of intense cold.) The struggle continued and I felt that I must succumb, when suddenly, exerting all my will power, I regained command of my limbs, jumped from the bed, ran a few paces and then turned and cursed my evil opponent vigorously in fluent Hindustani! As I did so, it seemed to sink down towards the ground and was gone.

My angry shouting awakened Wells, who was sleeping only a dozen yards away from me, and he sat up in bed and asked, "What is the matter, Herdon?" When he spoke, I wondered if after all I had not been the victim of a particularly vivid nightmare, so I merely replied, "I've been dreaming," went back to bed and slept soundly till the morning.

The next day was Sunday, so none of us was in a hurry to get up. I was shaving in leisurely fashion in my room, when suddenly Wells came in, still in pyjamas and with a peculiar expression on his face. He sat down on a chair and said earnestly, "Herdon, a most extraordinary thing happened to me last night!" To my astonishment he went on to describe his experience, which was in every detail, exactly similar to my own! He

too had found himself awake in the middle of the night, with the evil entity attacking him. He saw the white cloud hovering over him, felt the strangling pressure on his throat, struggled violently to free himself and, when the struggle was at its height, felt the intense cold, like a wind from the polar regions. The struggle went on for some time, Wells was unable to move even a muscle, and then he managed, by a great effort, to jerk his head sideways—and the 'thing' was gone. His astonishment equalled mine, when I in turn related my experience. And then occurred what was perhaps the strangest thing of all in this strange sequence.

My bearer, a young Punjabi Mussalman, had come in just as we had finished comparing notes, and I said to him laughingly, "Your ghosts attacked us last night!" I had had a discussion on *djinns* and *bhuts* with him a few days before, and had been inclined to laugh at his firm belief in these evil spirits. On the present occasion he answered my laughing remark with a serious question: "What happened, Sahib?" We told him the whole story. He listened intently, and when we had finished he commented soberly, "One should not laugh at these things, they are quite true. Not only were you two Sahibs attacked last night, but the Major Sahib's orderly was attacked in the same way also!"

This made us sit up with a vengeance. I called out to my own orderly and, keeping the bearer in the room so that there should be no collusion, told him to tell the Major's orderly that we would like to see him for a moment. He came, a sturdy Khattak from the N.W.F.P., and we asked him what had happened to him that night. Detail for detail his experience tallied with ours exactly. The only difference was in the ending. He had not been able to throw off his attacker and had eventually lost consciousness. When he came to his senses again it was morning, and he was lying on the floor of his quarters with his bed upside down on top of him.



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I THOUGHT I saw an Arab carrying a dog. I mean, I saw an Arab and it seemed that he was carrying a dog. Arabs are not dog lovers. I stopped the jeep. "Blessed be God," I said politely, "what is that you carry?"

"Peace be upon you," he replied, "I am carrying this animal."

"But it is a mere dog."

"It is young," he said doubtfully. Possibly he expected it to grow into a fat-tailed sheep. At present it was just a bundle of white hair, with two bright, black eyes peering out.

"I have seen no such dogs in this country. Where did it come from?"

"One said it came from over the mountains; very far. It was lost by those merchants and now it is mine. There is some devil in it," he added uneasily, "he will follow me. I have heard that in China there are many such."

"What has China to do with it?" I asked.

"They said this dog came from that country. It is far, they said, and strange; men value dogs like these." He brightened; "You being an Englishman, would also value this animal. Will you not buy it?"

The puppy looked up at me with sparkling eyes, just as if he understood.

"I do not need a dog," I said.

"He has very beautiful white hair. See, if you do not need a dog, behold his hair, which would make a very beautiful mat."

I felt in my pockets; one did not carry money; there were only a few small coins and a packet of cigarettes. "It is a lot of money for such a dog," I said, handing him what there was. He did not trouble to count it. His eyes were fixed on the cigarettes.

"All right," I gave him the packet. "Now is my dog."

But he had lost interest in me and my potential mat and was opening the cigarettes.

I did not have to carry the puppy; he skipped along in front of me and took a running jump into the jeep without being told. He was long in the chassis and short in the leg, with a plumed, curly tail that waved gaily. His shape was indeed vaguely reminiscent of a Pekinese, but his face was more of a Scotch terrier; or maybe a sheep dog. I thought he was probably descended from a Sealyham or something left here from the last war. Moses would be a good name for him, his origin being obscure.

When we reached camp, he jumped down and waited for me, wagging his feathery tail and smiling.

"What on earth is that?" someone asked, "it ought to have a wooden stand and wheels."

"That's Moses. I have just bought him for a lot of money. He is a... a Dragon dog."

"There's no such animal."

"A Chinese terrier; they are very rare."

"I quite believe it. What's its name?"

"Moses."

"Why?"

I decided not to give my reasons. "It was christened that in its pedigree," I said.

But it wasn't a good name after all; too many other people answered to it in that neighbourhood. With vague memories of Kipling, I rechristened him Balu. He didn't seem to mind; he always came when I called, whatever I called, unless he happened to be doing anything that interested him. It was useless to call him if he started off after a jackal or anything; deafness set in and he disappeared into the blue, ears and tail and white hair streaming in the wind of his speed. He had a remarkable turn of speed for such a low hung body. When he returned

FLOFFY DOG

by E. A. F.

panting, he would approach to within ten yards with a nonchalant air, then sit down and look about him.

Balu and I were posted to a training centre in India. He was immensely popular with everybody, British or Indian. He would sit at the feet of anybody who happened to be there, gazing adoringly up into his face. The moment the fellow took any notice of him, he would snuggle up against his leg and wait for his ears to be scratched or his neck rubbed. Practically everyone in the place believed that Balu loved him best.

He wasn't greedy; he ate his dinner politely and never caddled for morsels. He didn't wander. If I was on duty and couldn't take him with me, he sat on my bed and waited for my return, or went into the Mess to look for someone to take notice of him.

When we went walking he usually followed at my heels, ignoring the parish dogs. If he were too far in front or behind me and they ran after him, he ran madly for safety, but if they ran faster, he would suddenly stop and growl fiercely at them. That settled most "pie dogs", but if one came too near he would start screaming till those within hearing came rushing to his aid. "It must be his



mongrel strain," they mocked, "why don't you buy a proper dog."

"He is so highly bred that he is nervous," I said; "these Chinese dogs..."

"Balu doesn't sound very Chinese," they said. One of the Indian officers told me that he meant a bear, but he was not very like a bear, was he? "A white bear," I said, "he might be very like a white bear. Balu, of course, is just his everyday name; his real Chinese name is rather difficult."

"What is it?"

"Chien Fu." It was the first Chinese name that came into my head, but it was a pretty good name for a dog, even if it wasn't a French poodle. It didn't make any difference to Balu.

A young Indian officer came into my room when Balu Chien Fu was lying curled up in a ball.

"That is your dog, Floffy?" he asked, stroking him.

"He is Chien Fu; a Chinese dog."

Chien Fu uncoiled himself and leant against the young man, waiting to have his neck scratched; looking at him with adoring eyes.

"He is Floffy," persisted the visitor, "he is very floffy; the most floffy dog I have ever seen. He is a very lovely dog, aren't you, Floffy?"

Floffy Chien Fu wagged his tail and moved nearer to the hand that scratched him; he didn't care what you called him as long as you took notice of him. The young officer got up. "I shall call him Floffy," he said, "everyone will know it is your dog, I mean, and all will call him Floffy too."

They did. Floffy he became and his Chinese pedigree became less and less convincing. People who own Pekinese call them by some highbrow Chinese name. Nobody believed any more that Floffy dog was really Chien Fu from China; I hardly believed it myself. Reason told me that he was probably just one of these things that happen in war; but he was so aristocratic in his manners and his assumption that all men were created to admire him, that I liked to think he was descended from a throne. Someone passed through, who saw him and said he was a Tibetan terrier, but I didn't meet the fellow, so it wasn't established and I didn't care what he was anyway. I had never had a dog who amused me so much as Moses Balu Chien Fu, or one who was so little trouble.

Floffy did not feel himself at all inferior; he was a very proud dog; so proud that he did not have to give himself airs. He knew that he was infinitely superior and if you didn't, that was your ignorance. He was also a very brave dog, in spite of his habit of screaming the place down if he thought he was about to be ill-treated. Though never expecting me to be jealous of his demonstrativeness to others, he was himself very jealous of me. He did not mind me patting other dogs in ordinary politeness, but I could not show real interest without deeply offending him. He even attacked two Alsatians, who had been sitting beside me too long. Luckily, his hair was so thick that he was fairly safe from casual bites.

Everybody in the Station knew him; he used to get asked out a lot.

We were asked to a wedding, but I was on duty. It was a big and important wedding and some of the guests came from Bhutan, or some such place and all of them were very rich and proud. Like the three wise men, they came bearing gifts: jade and turquoise, ponies and dogs and embroideries from China and Tibet.

A friend rang me up; he had been admiring the gifts.

"You know Floffy?" he said, "I mean you always said he was a pedigree dog—Chinese origin? Last month you said he was a Tibetan terrier."

"Well," I began, not seeing that it mattered.

"Well," he said, "he is. Come and see."

So Floffy and I went to the party. Among all the silks and gold and embroideries, six white dogs were lying on six silk cushions. They had black, tufted ears and feathery tails; they were long in the chassis and short in the leg and their coats turned out. They looked just like Floffy; they were just like Floffy!

His pedigree is now recognized and people try to remember to call him Chien Fu, but he answers to Floffy just the same.

ONE OF THE FAMILY

by P. Allen

As anyone travels up-country after landing in Bombay, he is sure to see from the train the sarus cranes feeding in groups on the edge of the swamps which abound in the north.



Unlike the demoiselle and the common crane the sarus is not a migratory bird. He is twice their size, and very graceful, with his elegant neck and fine greyish-blue plumage. It was once my good fortune to have a young sarus crane presented to me. He was very young and soon made himself at home. We fed him on small fish and pellets of dough, which we would watch going down in spirals round his neck. There was an oddness about him which attracted.

He came into camp with us along with the rest of our livestock. When the children had been subbed and the zinc bath pulled outside the tent, he would flop into the water and splash about in evident enjoyment. He would pick at the string which tied up the purdahs or blinds of the tent doors until he had loosened them and the purdahs dropped. When my wife sat in the tent verandah reading, he would come up quietly behind her and pick out the hair-pins one by one until her hair came down. He kept off unwelcome visitors as he would rush at strangers, and make them take to their heels. When the family went out for its afternoon stroll he would not be left out, and would stalk along in the middle, feeling quite one of them. One day a rat ran across the road. This was too much for him. Darting forward, he transfixed it with his powerful beak. Looking back I think we must have run some risk as he would dart his beak at any flashing object, and could have gouged out an eye or pierced a hand with ease; but the curious thing is that we trusted him.

Sad to say, we did not keep him very long. He was very independent in his movements, and on one occasion he flew over from our compound to the Parade Ground where a British regiment was encamped during the cold weather. He was known there and was recovered; but a few days later, he was reported missing, and when a search was made, his mangled remains were found in an adjoining compound—he had fallen a victim to a wandering 'pie dog'. We mourned his loss and missed him more than any other pet we ever had. I must not forget to mention that we called him Algy, and we added Sarus to keep in line with contemporary history; it was about the time that the Kaiser was looking for a place in the Sun and the Bay of Algiciras in Spain came into the picture.

MONGOOSE-GEESE- GOOSE

by A. Hadfield

SHE was very small and rather timid when my husband pulled her out of his pocket. He'd bought her in Agra for three rupees from a coolie who had assured him that as a "born in captivity mongoose", she would make a good pet; so, remembering Kipling's lovable "Rikkie Tikkie Tavy", we called her Rikkies.

I had always wanted a mongoose, but now that I had one, I was not quite sure what line of action to take. I had never read any "Better Care of Mongooses" books, but I offered food—lots of it. Rikkies approved of this and especially of the eggs. After apparently over-eating, she went to sleep on my knee. Some days later, we found by experimenting that custard, meat and bananas went down well too.

In a few days, we were all great friends. I kept her at first with me most of the time—on my shoulder, in a pocket or running between my feet at the end of a piece of ribbon, which we discarded after ten days, as by that time, she would follow me anywhere. Rikkies was of the smaller variety of mongooses with good fur, which got a bi-weekly bath in Lux and a daily combing. Intelligent eyes, and the most lovely bottle-brush tail which could expand most alarmingly when she was feeling skittish or annoyed. We eventually got her a wooden box in which to sleep at night, but she definitely preferred to curl up among my undies if the drawers were left slightly open.

When she was house-trained, we all had good fun. She would come when called even from the potato patch where she would spend a few quiet hours every morning. She would then proceed to follow one from room to room, always trying to be "in" on things and to be helpful. This sometimes led to a certain amount of misunderstanding and irritation, especially over the correct use of ink and cosmetics. Rikkies would slyly dip a paw in the ink-well and then walk daintily over the notepaper or endeavour to spill one's new and coveted Elizabeth Arden powder or roll one's lipstick on to the floor.

However, she was amused, and until I kept a more watchful eye on her, she had a merry time. Rikkies also adored our Labrador which accepted her overtures of friendship after a time, and allowed her to play with his tail and gently bite his ears.

Many things endeared her to us besides her playful moments, when she would rush round the room and then attack our fingers, always remembering that well-bred mongooses never bite. Once, we thought we had lost Rikkies as for ten days there was no sign of her, but luckily we rescued her by breaking open the pantry sink, under which she had been entombed as a result of the unprecedented zeal of the sweeper in blocking up one of her hiding places. Rikkies emerged a complete shadow of her former self, full of gratitude and a craving for eggs. From that moment, she hardly left me—she even tried to follow when I went hacking.

Rikkies chose to show her trust and affection some months later by jumping on my knee one day with a baby "mongoeeling" in her mouth. We had moved to another station and Rikkies had taken a husband and had produced a very sweet family of four, in the drawer of my dressing-table!

THE BANDER-LOG

by N. F. D.

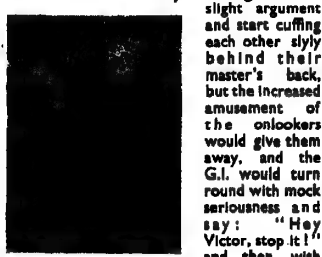
I had just been remarking to my friend that there did not seem to be as many monkeys in Abu this year, when we turned a corner of the road, and there was a monkey lying dead. As we stopped, two or three other monkeys came down from the trees, and carried the corpse to the side of the road. Then they solemnly proceeded to cover it with leaves and bracken, and as a final gesture, they broke off bunches of Bougainvillea and placed them reverently on top. Our minds flew to Darwin and what he would have thought of the incident!



MABEL AND VICTOR

by Millicent

SOME months ago, an American soldier created a mild sensation in Karachi by strolling about the thoroughfares with two little black bears following him as nonchalantly as two mischievous puppies. Passers-by were quite amused, and laughed pleasantly as they stopped for a few moments and watched the odd trio, and of course, there was always a small crowd of curious urchins who followed the little bears and tried to tease them; but the little bears just ignored the urchins and played with each other. Sometimes they would get into a

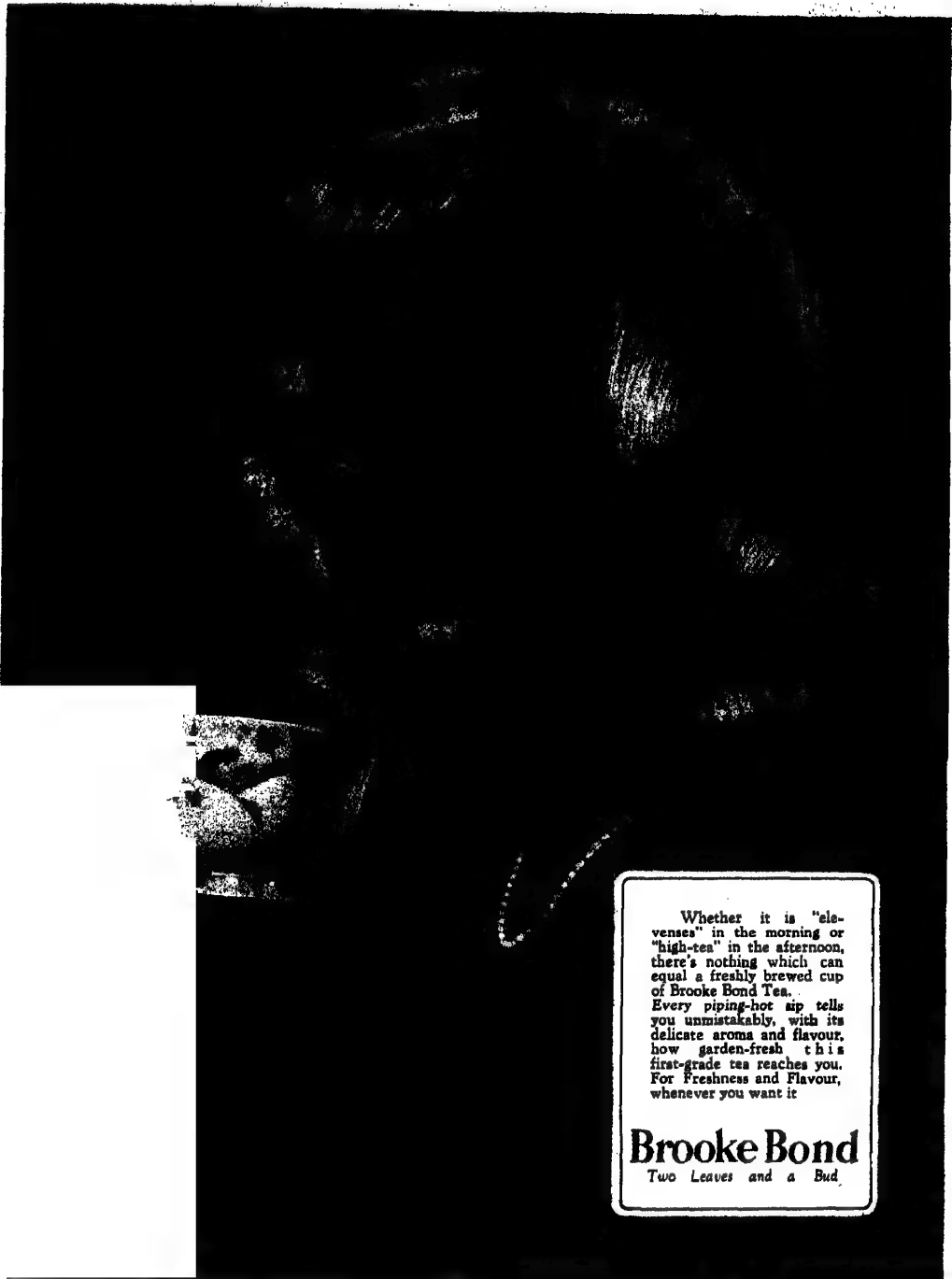


slight argument and start cuffing each other slyly behind their master's back, but the increased amusement of the onlookers would give them away, and the G.I. would turn round with mock seriousness and say: "Hey Victor, stop it!" and then, with

the usual partiality that men show to ladies, he would croon to the little lady bear, "Now, come on Mabel."

Mabel and Victor were rescued by the G. I. from falling into the hands of the Japs in the jungles of Burma. They were well looked after and treated very kindly wherever they went; and they seemed quite at home in such a busy city. Sometimes they were taken for a joy-ride in a jeep, and thoroughly enjoyed themselves—taking all the bumps, noisy acceleration, and breath-taking hair-pin bends like war veterans.

If Mabel and Victor were permitted to follow their master to the U.S.A., they must now be enjoying themselves in the new surroundings and must have made many friends; but if they were not allowed a passage, the parting must have been hard on both sides: the G.I. was a kind master, and Mabel and Victor were lovable and unique pets.



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RED-LETTER DAYS WITH TENT CLUBS

by 'Jagg'

To shikaris in general, and to the pigsticker in particular, there are few forms of achievement more satisfying than killing a hog alone and unaided, especially when mounted on your own and favourite horse. Shikaris, beaters, elephants, camels, spare horses, spare spears, all are forsaken when you go "ghooming" for pig. To those not yet initiated in the mysteries of hog-hunting, the term "to ghoom" may need some explanation. It literally means "to wander about", but to this must be added, "at crack of dawn".

While it is still dark, you are aroused from your village charpoy—a form of bed far more comfortable than newar, and surprisingly bugless—and wander off on your horse towards the scene of operations. I have in mind a vast area of short yellow grass dotted with a few trees, with a background of low hills at the foot of which lies the treacherous swampy river—the Bourrhunga—the home of the pig and quite unrideable. In the middle of this plain rises a peculiar grey lump of earth, which closer inspection reveals to be an abortive attempt by the P.V.D. to build a reservoir. From the top of it a wonderful view can be had across the seemingly endless stretch of kadir grass.

Gradually, the shades of darkness pale, and smoke rises from several little groups of villages sprinkled over the landscape. It is towards these villages that you must keep an open eye, as it is from the fields around them that pig will emerge on their journey back to the Bourrhunga, if luck is in your way. The sky is very red in the East as the sun is all but visible, and you are just beginning to fear that you have drawn a blank when, suddenly, a black dot appears as if from nowhere, half-way between your vantage point and the villages. The dot grows in size and shape, and in a moment you are away, scrambling down the side of the mound and heading at a fast gallop towards the rapidly-approaching pig. He sees you and stops dead, with ears cocked—will he make a dash for the Bourrhunga or head for the heavy jungle, a mile on the far side of the crops? He is evidently a Bourrhunga pig for, in a moment, he is off and you haul your horse round with heart pounding as the chase begins.

Half a mile to go,—but he's a big fellow and can't keep it up! You draw near and in a flash he's round and coming in at you with blood-shot eyes and tusks gnashing. Down goes the spear, and as you spur on your horse to get clear, you see that the boar is badly wounded and is making a desperate effort to reach his sanctuary. On again, and with only a hundred yards to go, you get in a winner, holding on and forcing the spear through. The pig cowers and falls; a final spear and the battle is won.

This, in theory, is what happens on a "ghoom", but I remember one April morning when the pig nearly had it his own way. Turner and Jackson were out "ghooming" about a mile apart, and, having failed to run into pig, were investigating one or two likely-looking bushes on the way back to camp. From one of these there emerged a very heavy, black boar, that made for a road bed a few hundred yards away, with Jackson in hot pursuit. Turner having spotted what was afoot, came

over very fast, failed to negotiate a concealed water-hole and found himself at one with Nature, and his horse going hard towards the distant camp. Nothing deterred him, recovered his spear and followed up on foot. Jackson, meanwhile, had pursued the pig through the reed bed and on towards the mile-distant Bourrhunga. The going was rough though open, and a sudden jolt brought grief—horse, rider and spear, parted company. Luck was in, however; the horse stood still and he hurriedly mounted and once more went in pursuit. The pig, by this time, was getting blown, and Jackson closed in, lost no time in charging. It was met with a spear in the shoulder behind the bone, whereupon, Jackson, being unable to pull it out, had to let go. The pig went on slowly and it now looked certain that he would make a getaway, for, once in the Bourrhunga, he would be as safe as houses; but fortunately the spear dropped out. Jackson, who had been following up in the hope of such an event occurring, quickly dismounted and had just recovered the spear, when the boar, thoroughly enraged, turned about in a flash and again charged. The horse took the full shock of the attack in the chest, leapt into the air and was away at break-neck speed, leaving his master to his fate. The boar hesitated whether to go on to the river only a hundred yards away, or to finish off his attacker. Having decided on the latter course, it swung around and came in with a rush. Jackson just had time to lower the point of his spear in the right direction before he found himself knocked five yards backwards, with the hilt of the spear still in his hand and the point firmly embedded in the pig's flank.

Then began a trial of strength. The pig, fortunately, was too exhausted to execute any fast manoeuvre; instead he pushed solidly on with the obvious intention of forcing his adversary into the far-distant Ganges. By this time Jackson had the butt of the spear pressed into his stomach and to gain further support had his left hand on the boar's head. In spite of this, he was forced

in new riding boots through grass has this effect—and in the nick of time, delivered a mighty spear through and through.

In certain jungles, it is not uncommon to run into a panther or two, and where the cover is not too heavy, it is a point of honour to endeavour to spear rather than shoot the animal. I recall a day late in April when we had just arrived in camp, a bagh only 300 yards from this cover, when word was brought of the presence of a panther. Time was short, as panther in this locality usually start moving about 5 o'clock. However, the usual procedure was adopted and by 5-30 I was unconcerned five yards from the goat, in a very small clearing surrounded by thorn-bushes, with my head and shoulders above the ground. Mosquitoes were particularly active and I was surreptitiously scratching my arm for the third time, when I saw a face looking at me from the right of the clearing eight yards away. The panther had arrived.

It was so close that I could count every whisker, and it seemed impossible that I hadn't been spotted. After fully a minute, the panther looked away to the goat, now completely mesmerized with fear, and with infinite caution moved one leg forward. The goat and my hide received equal attention for the next few minutes, until at last, the panther took another step forward, exposing the whole of its chest and head. I waited no longer. Raising my gun and aiming for the pale-blue eyes, I fired. There was a most frightful roar, and the panther sprang straight at my machan! Fate was kind: the wounded beast went clean over my head, landing in the bushes two yards behind me. Not stopping to argue, I was out of my hide and away to the edge of the cover in a few seconds, as the gruntings and snarlings died away in the distance.

The sun had by this time gone down and as it was impossible to see very far, we decided to wait until the morning, before carrying out any investigation. As dawn broke we sallied forth and found the panther (a 6' 5" female) stone dead, with her teeth buried in the roots of the same thorn-bush in which my hide was located.

Most Tent Clubs impose a fine of sixteen rupees on any member who commits the unforgivable crime of killing a sow or a pig under 27" or 28" height, but there is one exception to this: if the sow can be proved to be barren, no offence has been committed. It is, naturally, very difficult to differentiate between a productive and non-productive sow. The only indications, as far as I know are, firstly: the general appearance of the body, which resembles that of a boar, and secondly: the presence of tusks, normally rather small ones.

Some years ago, I was reconnoitring one of the numerous small islands in the Ganges kadir, with a handful of beaters. These islands have the habit of appearing and disappearing each year according to the annual change of the course of the river. We had seen nothing except a small sounder of "squeakers", but on reaching a slightly thicker patch of uncultivated "coochbrush" grass, a pig went back through the line with a tremendous "woof-woof" which seemed to indicate that it must be a boar, especially as at that time of the year, boar



steadily backwards. How long this "scrum down" lasted cannot be recorded. When all seemed lost and death a welcome release from physical exhaustion, Turner was seen coming up on foot at a fast slither—running

were invariably found in solitary state, away from the worries of family life.

At any rate, I went in pursuit and had closed to within 20 yards, when I saw unmistakably, and to my sorrow, that the boar was in fact a sow. As I pulled up, so did the sow, and the next thing I knew was that a very angry pig was coming in at my horse as hard as it could go. Lowering my spear in self-defence, I just had time to see a pair of large tusks before the pig encountered the business end of the spear head-on, the point entering the head. It was impossible to withdraw. The spear, protruding like a unicorn's horn, seemed to have had little effect however, since the pig turned and came in again with added fury.

A syce brought up a fresh spear and the shikari on his camel a third, "just in case". The battle started again; in spite of another spear, the animal showed no signs of tiring or of wishing to stop the fight but, instead, seemed bent on attempting to fell the camel to the ground. That placid beast, the possessor of innumerable scars from previous encounters with panther and pig, moved not an inch until its rider urged it into a trot, away from the battle-field. The struggle lasted half an hour, with the pig fighting bitterly to the end. By this time I was convinced that I had been mistaken and that this was indeed a "mighty boar". But to my amazement, when the body was examined, there was not the slightest doubt that the boar was really a sow, and undoubtedly a barren one at that.

I have only come across two 34" pig. The first which lived in a jungle surrounded by

sugar-cane gave a very short run and put up a poor fight; it weighed over 300 pounds. The second, however, encountered in the middle of March, was a different proposition altogether. He had been known to inhabit a certain jungle for the past five years and was of extremely uncertain temper. Six villagers had been attacked when trying to evict him from their fields and, as subsequent examination showed, he had survived more than one battle with a panther. He could be identified not only by his size and ferocity, but also by a torn left ear which was said to hang down like a flag at half-mast. How many times this pig had, in the past, been hunted and had escaped will never be known; even on the occasion when he met his death, all but saved his bacon for the "nth" time.

When the shikaris, therefore, brought information that they had definitely located this monster, James Froggett and I set forth early one Sunday morning and, after crossing a sandy nullah leading to an island, started beating in a mixture of grass and show, gradually moving up-river. There were plenty of pig about and we were soon in pursuit of a fair-sized boar with which, however, we failed to get on terms. As we entered a small and rather exclusive-looking patch of grass, there was a tremendous commotion and away broke what we saw at once (from the torn ear) to be the monster boar. We had hardly had time to dig spurs into our horses, when the pig dived into a dense patch of green show and was lost. As it seemed almost certain that he was still in the show the line was called up, while spears marked possible

exits. The stage was at last set for the second round, and as the beasts slowly and somewhat fearfully moved forward, I spotted what looked like a pig's posterior, protruding from a very small bush. Closer investigation showed that my eyesight was still in order, for away went the same boar.

"Away" is perhaps a misnomer. His first effort was to attack a baster, who saved himself from serious injury by casting his cloak like a matador in the path of the boar. James was then singled out for attack but managed to spur his horse in the nick of time. Badle, on the camel, came to see what was going on, and stayed only long enough to execute a rapid evasive movement as the pig headed for him. After progressing about 30 yards in the show country in which effective spearing was impossible, the boar stopped, saw me, and came in like an express train. A glancing spear in the head merely enraged him; luckily the horse escaped with a slight gash in the off hind quarters. In came the boar again, this time to be met with a firm spear in the neck. The spear broke off short, the impact of the charge carrying the boar past horse and rider, not without the boar's tusks inflicting a long surface wound on the horse's belly.

James was next on the scene in time to receive a direct attack from the rear. His horse lashed out, thereby getting off lightly, with a minor scratch. Still the battle raged until at last, an opportunity came for both spears to attack simultaneously. With two more spears well and truly delivered, this fine fighting boar met his end. He measured a shade over 34" and weighed 275 pounds.



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THIS IS ALL-INDIA RADIO

by B. S. Mardhekar



BBROADCASTING is an art, but there is nothing 'arty' about it. Men with long hair and flamboyant gestures and women with wild, dreamy eyes may wander on its fringe, but they have little place in its serious work. It is a profession which, like the theatre, needs a high degree of organization; and All-India Radio is no exception to this. The present organization of AIR has been built up in a little over ten years. That is not a very long time in the life of an all-India service. Yet, any one who has watched

its growth will agree that even during this short career, AIR has seldom been blind to the twin ideals of efficiency and free creative effort, without unnecessarily straining at its inescapable limitations.

The history of organized broadcasting in India begins in 1927, but the Indian State Broadcasting Service, later re-christened All-India Radio, emerged definitely as a Government department in 1932, out of the Indian Broadcasting Company which was a private concern, working two transmitters, one in Bombay and the other in Calcutta. They provided only a limited programme service to less than ten thousand listeners. Today the network of AIR spreads over nine regional stations working on twenty-one transmitters and serving as many as 205,000 licence-holders, which, counting on an average four to five listeners per set, gives a listening public of nearly a million.

The Home Service of AIR covers the principal languages of India and includes every type of programme item which radio can offer. Its total daily output is well over one hundred hours—a formidable task for less

than a hundred programme men. Its External Service carries the voice of India to neighbouring countries in sixteen different foreign languages, while the Central News Organization, which is a highly specialized news-arm of AIR, sends out daily bulletins in twenty-two Indian and foreign languages.

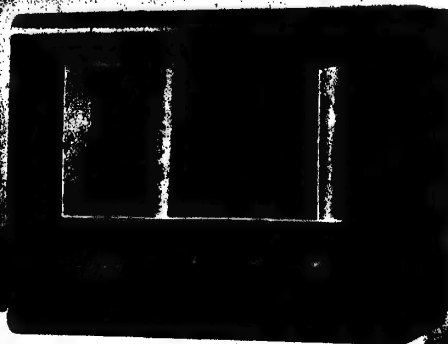
The entire AIR network addresses itself to vastly divergent bands of listeners. There are school children who want to know more and grown-ups who like to keep fit; villagers who love a laugh at the end of a heavy day's work and women who like hints on their rights or film music before an afternoon nap; Indian factory workers who are keen on finding out what is happening in other countries, and Middle East or Far East foreigners who want to know something about India. Film-goers and church-goers, kids and capitalists, shop-keepers and book-worms, painters and publicans—every one of them at some time, and some of them at all times, form the audience of AIR as of other radio services in the world, with the added complication of diversity of language and religion in an area that is a sub-continent.

The total picture of Indian thought and culture which AIR, addressing this varied audience, weaves on its twenty-one



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transmitters the year round, is as many-coloured in its composition as it is significant in its theme. In music, it has widened the appeal of classical masters and multiplied the opportunities of listening to them. With the disappearance of feudal court patronage, it has become, perhaps, the largest single agency to preserve and encourage classical Indian music. It is also the most coherent single force which is trying to evolve new music, without crossing the traditional stock with cheaper strains of jazz or rumba. How far it can or will be successful in this, only the future will show.

The fascinating melodies of Indian folk-songs have formed a regular part of its programmes, and its transmitters have carried a Bengali boatman's song, Marathi ballads, and Frontier tunes, to people who had never heard them before, while it has lifted Indian instrumental music into new significance.

Regarding the spoken word AIR is, I think, frankly unhappy about its dramas and features, though some of its composite items have undoubtedly won wide appreciation, and its repertoire of plays is indeed large. Like journalism and the cinema, it has created its own new type of writer, the radio-writer, an artisan who puts given material into a suitable broadcasting shape, rather than an artist who gathers new material and creates new forms. The radio-writer has established himself securely in India through the needs, as well as the encouragement of AIR. So has the radio-actor, with whom voice production is the first and the last word of merit. In spite of all this, however, AIR

remains today only a training ground for screen and stage careers, and there seems to be something missing in most of its productions. Whether this is inherent in the broadcasting medium, or is due to some defect in AIR, I am unable to say definitely. I have a feeling it is partly both. But let us ponder over one thing: has Noel Coward written a play for the B.B.C.? or Shaw? Or Maugham?

The story of AIR's talks is different. It has been cast far and wide for good talkers, who include Fellows of the Royal Society as well as tongawallas and village comedians. The range and variety of subjects handled by it has been wide. Even a random sample of its index cards will give you titles on the Mahabharata, Plato and Goethe; T.V.A., English murder cases, new surgery, plastics, sports and Himalaya expeditions; Russian Art and the Swiss Constitution; the theory of unemployment and the reminiscences of stage actors' books and films, etc. The platform has been free except for controversial politics. That would seem a considerable handicap in India, where politics inevitably take up a large share of attention. AIR's talks have not had the public they deserve. In the context of the present Indian conditions, however, the cost of popularity would have been wounded susceptibilities and inflamed passions. We have already more than enough of these.

Apart from these main categories of programmes, there have been others of special interest to children, women, villagers and industrial workers. In all these activities, a great deal remains yet to be achieved; and no one, I believe, is more conscious of it than AIR men themselves. But something has been achieved, and it is not altogether insignificant. At the broadcasting end, AIR's talkers, writers and acting 'voices' run into thousands, and its music artistes into tens of thousands. At the listening end, as I have already said, licences have long passed the two lakhs mark, although six war

years have intervened and upset everything including the usual imports of sets. There has been, of course, a lighter side to this picture of AIR. Things didn't always work out smoothly. On several occasions, for instance, the pitiless microphone has picked up odd bits of friendly chats between AIR's jovial men—who did not know it was on—and passed them on to the listeners! Once, a recorded talk of a high religious dignitary being played back. And now, said the announcer cheerfully, "you will hear a talk by... and off went the turn-table with a click at 78 revolutions per minute instead of 33! The result was a succession of hard and soft consonants forming the queerest and fastest jumble that ever emanated from a radio set.

On another occasion, a governor waited to hear the play-back of his speech after broadcast, but the studio loud-speaker just decided not to oblige His Excellency that evening, causing no small consternation to AIR's men! I have myself bungled the spot recordings of an eye-witness account, but was saved from the fury of the helpless commentator, by the red light of the studio which never

wavered! Then again, men with flushed faces and a quantity of alcohol inside them have created rows which have tested the tact and patience of AIR's transmission officers, not to mention the strength they required for bodily removals!... But all that was the day's work.

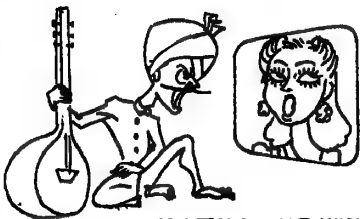
The second World War threw an enormous burden on AIR, which was perhaps the youngest radio service in the world to switch over to war-time broadcasting almost overnight. In the early days of hostilities, AIR programme and technical men kept a twenty-four-hour watch on the world's powerful transmitters. Thereafter, AIR was constantly alert to explain and annotate international happenings, and especially to give the human angle on them.

One has only to go through its war diaries to realise the promptness and fulness with which this was done.

The war over, AIR picked up the threads where they were left in September 1939. It has a vast plan of expansion. There will be problems in its future development where it will find the experience of the older organizations helpful. Others it will have to solve with its own ingenuity. For this purpose, ceaseless study and experimental work, both on the programme and the technical side, goes on behind the microphone in AIR, of which very few outside it ever become fully aware. Some of these problems are technical, like harmony and orchestral Indian music, or conventions in a radio play on the lines of stage conventions; a few are matters of policy: whether, for instance, AIR should become a corporation, or remain a Government department, or follow the U.S.A. models. Others are questions of time and money: more transmitters will mean more languages served; cheaper sets will mean more listeners; and more funds will make television a practicable proposition. Whatever the final shape of its development, however, there is no doubt that broadcasting in India can confidently look forward to a great future. The most vital part of this future will, in my opinion, concern AIR's rural and educational services. The scope for these in a land of poverty, with ill-equipped and under-manned schools, a low literacy percentage

and backward forms agriculture, is incalculable. The shape of AIR's future will also depend on its talkers, writers and artistes on the one hand, its listeners on the other. The first group will have to begin to treat broadcasting with a little more respect. Proud men and women will have to shed some of their notions of self and prestige, and co-operate with AIR in a spirit of national service, not of condescension. I remember a great Indian scholar of international repute seeking, with graceful humility, some hints on how to write a radio script, and a local celebrity refusing a cut of even a word in his talk and saying that rehearsals were just so much fuss.

Which of the two attitudes will help AIR's future needs no elaboration. As for the other group, no broadcasting service can really prosper with an apathetic audience. AIR is starting a Listener Research section, but if its work is to profit broadcasting in India, listeners' reactions would have to be less not normal and more constructive, with a great deal more sense of proportion. Constructiveness and a sense of proportion—these are going to be key words. Think of them the next time you hear an AIR announcer calling you with.... "THIS IS ALL-INDIA RADIO."



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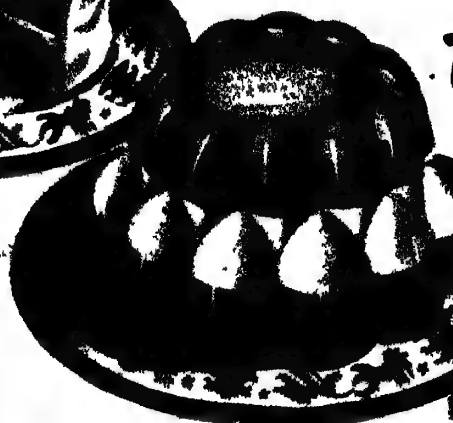
Patent Corn Flour is preferred by millions to any other brand—because it tastes so good! For delicious cakes and sumptuous Blanc-manges it wakes up the appetite like magic—and it makes soups, sauces and gravies twice as rich and flavoursome.



DREAM CAKE

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter — $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
2 eggs — 1 small (or 1 pint) milk
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour — $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Corn Flour
1 tsp baking powder

Mix butter, sugar and yolks until creamy. Add gradually sifted flour, Corn Flour and baking powder. Finally add grated lemon rind and stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Bake in moderate oven for 25/30 mins. Use whipped cream for the layer filling and frost with your favourite icing.



*try
these two
recipes*

RAINBOW BLANC-MANGE

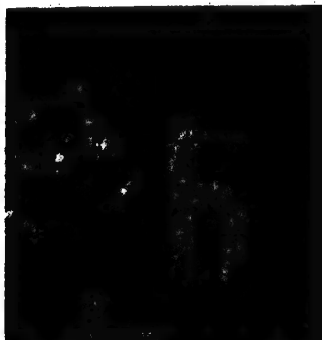
2 cups scalded milk—1 cup sugar
2 lbs Patent Corn Flour—1 cup vanilla
1 cup cold milk—1 tsp vanilla
2 egg whites, beaten until stiff

Choose your own colour effect by dividing mixture into equal parts, adding flavouring to colour, then pour into wetted mould, but be sure to let blanc-mange partly cool before adding next layer.

CORN PRODUCTS COMPANY (INDIA) LIMITED, P.O. BOX 991, BOMBAY.

WHERE THE GODS ARE ENSHRINED

by Adi K. Sett



Belur. Heavily jewelled gods and goddesses dance to the strains of Krishna's flute. Intricate patterns are meticulously carved on the dados.



Halebid. Perhaps the most beautiful bit of temple carving in Halebid. In the centre is the figure of a woman in a dancing posture.



Belur. An interesting scene of a battle : on the extreme left is a chariot and on the right, warriors with swords and shields in close combat.

AMONG the many interesting sights in India that absorb the interest of the newcomer and envelope him in that vague and inexplicable spell associated with the 'brooding East', are the elaborately designed temples that are scattered so profusely all over the country. Even for those who are not sensitive to art, the cunning skill and craftsmanship with which these temples are fashioned never fail to impress ; for those who are blessed with the gift of appreciation, and can grasp the artist's message and mood from his achievements, the superb architecture and intricate carvings are enthralling to the extreme.

There are innumerable temples in South India ; some notable ones are situated in Belur, Halebid, Melkote, Sravanabelagoia and Vellore. Most of them are wrought out of solid black rock and the interiors are replete with meticulously carved scenes from the Ramayana and the Mahabharata, and dancers in various poses and costumes. As one gazes at the almost unending pageants that line the walls of the temples, time recedes and a vague association springs up between the sculpture and the period in which they were carved worshippers flock, the high priest chants in a strange monotony, and the tinkle of bells is muffled by the heavy smell of incense and jasmine.



Melkote. Massive pillar on which is carved a perfectly poised figure of the goddess, Jamuna.



Vellore. A gigantic figure of a Dwarpalaka or sentinel, guarding the main entrance of the temple.



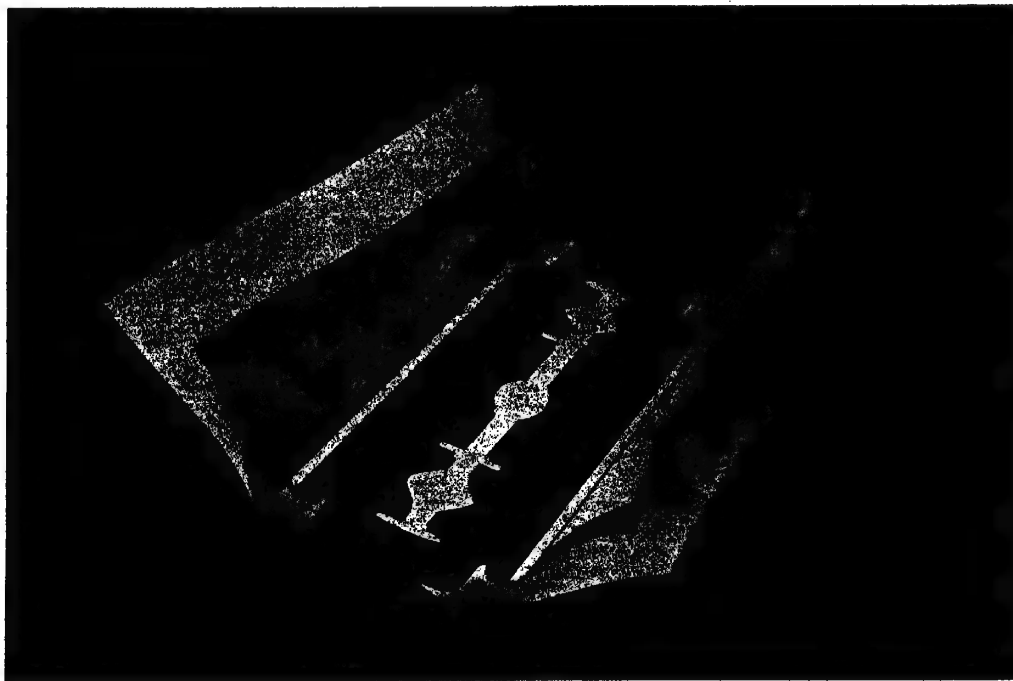
Belur. A series of life-size figures in a very crowded setting ; they are carved so delicately that even minute details are quite clear.



Halebid. A Scene depicting Lord Krishna lifting the Govardhan on his head while dancing. Surrounding figures are elaborately carved.



Vellore. A pillar on which is carved the figure of a woman profusely adorned with jewelry. On her right, a portion of an ornate arch.



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A HYPOTHESIS ON POKER

by G. P. Hall

AROUND game at cards, first played in America about 1835. (Etymology uncertain). That is what the dictionary says and one must presume that the facts are correct. There is a homely sound to the 'round game', conjuring up memories of riotous games of 'snap' and 'bagger my neighbour', played in early youth, but alas, the reality is far different.

Even though the etymology is uncertain, I feel sure that the game came from America. In my own youth I never missed a cow-boy film and distinctly remember that poker was their only relaxation from punching holes in cows and cattle-thieves. Then there was the seedy looking individual in the frock-coat, who made a precarious living from punching holes in the cards, until someone punched a hole in him, and serve him right.

Not A Game Of Chance

I will not describe the elementary principles of the game, but I will repeat emphatically that poker is NOT a game of chance. I have friends, bless 'em, who never win, and others who seldom lose, but I have never met anyone who made money solely through the virtue of holding good cards, and I have played with maharajahs, army officers, box-wallahs and deck hands.

The stakes one plays for are immaterial, although one should always limit them to one's means, but unfortunately they always increase in direct ratio to the lateness of the hour and the quantity of liquor consumed. The element of skill is proportionately reduced under these circumstances, so that anyone with a strong head is almost bound to rise a winner. These, however, are not the ideal conditions under which to play poker, and I will confine my deductions to that period of the game when all the players are sober and wide awake.

The Basic System

In every school, whatever the stakes, each hand has a definite value, and I find that it takes me almost an hour to assess these values correctly. This I consider to be the very basis of the game. Players may under-bid or



over-bid individual hands, but gradually these hands will acquire a definite value over a period of time.

Two 'pairs' will become worth approximately three rupees, 'threes' six rupees, and so on. The figures are merely quoted for the sake of argument, as they will vary in every school, but once you have assessed these values you will have won half the battle.

For example: Smith holds three 'fours' and keeps in the game until the bidding goes up to six rupees. Jones bumps it up to eight rupees, and Brown to ten. Smith, who has rasped my system, now reflects carefully and

if it is wise he chucks his hand in. It is unlikely that both his opponents are bluffing and he knows that his own hand is only worth six rupees.

Anyone who did not bother about values would probably be forced out at a higher figure, the moral being that you should limit your losses as the game goes on for a long time, and you cannot expect to win more than one hand in five.

The Poker Face

I hear so much about the 'poker face' that I always regret that I have never been confronted with one. Perhaps this is as well, for poker is a relaxation and I can imagine nothing more frightful than having to study the physiognomy of one's friends for a period of hours.

A sudden spasm passes over Smith's face. Is this the 'straight flush' he is always thinking about, or merely the effect of Madeira on his duodenal ulcers? I am afraid one must dismiss it as non-existent. Any normal human being can control his features, and anyone who betrays unhalloved joy at the sight of four aces is unlikely to be found at a poker table.

Bluffing

You cannot make big money on bluffs, and if you don't believe me, then draw a few hundreds out of your overdraft and try to bluff your way consistently through a hardened school.

A bluff is justified only under two circumstances.

1. With the deliberate intention of being 'seen' with sweet nothing in your hands! You should not do it too often, as it is an expensive habit, but its judicious use will pay big dividends. When you hold good hands your opponents will come in with you, whereas they would immediately smell a rat with Brown, who never bluffs.

2. When there is sufficient money on the table to make the risk worth while. A 'jackpot' which has been running for some time, is frequently worth the attempt, for it is not always the opener who rakes in the 'kitty'. He has possibly opened on a 'pair' and a big bet may frighten him out.

If you play with your friends you are unlikely to fall amongst sharks, at least I hope not! I always like the story of the card sharper, who inadvertently dealt himself the fifth ace! Any poker player will appreciate his chagrin, when he realised that chess magnificent hand could not beat his opponent's four kings!

Watch That Draw

Having summarily dismissed the poker face, I would stress the great necessity of watching the cards which your opponents draw. This will give you your first clue to the strength of the hands you are up against. Consistency is fatal in poker, but few players

realize this, and will more often than not draw the maximum number of cards required to fill their hands.

Three Card Draw—He obviously holds a 'pair', and although he may improve his hand, the odds are against him and you can modify the basic system in his case, unless he bets heavily.

Two Card Draw—Beware! He may be spoofing, but is far more likely to have 'threes'. Unless you are exceptionally strong it is best to remember the basic system and fade away early. It is worth while however, to stay in for the first round, as your man may have attempted to draw two to a 'flush', in which case he is unlikely to have improved.

One Card Draw—This is the most dangerous draw to play against for it is a safe bet that the man who draws one card has the makings of a very powerful hand. He may have two 'pairs' with a chance of building up a 'full house', or he may be drawing one to a 'straight' or 'flush'. It is even possible that he may have 'fours'!

If you yourself have 'threes' there is all the more reason to remember the system, and even with a 'flush' it is as well to be cautious and stick rigorously to the limit you have worked out. 'Fours' usually crop up once or twice in an evening and it is very often the seemingly innocent one card draw which brings alarm and despondency in its train.

Drawing Cards Yourself

I have only quoted three out of the six possible draws, as it is obvious that a man who draws four or five cards holds nothing, and that a man who takes no cards probably has a 'straight' or better. He may have nothing, and you should follow his example by being 'seen' in similar circumstances at an early stage of the game.

Sooner or later you will pick up a 'straight' or better yourself and you will want to make money on it. This would be useless to our old friend, the consistent Mr. Brown, who would win nothing more than the 'ante'.

If you have one 'pair' it is well worth drawing only two cards, for, although it may slightly lessen your chances of improving, it will give the impression that you have 'threes'. You will pick up a few cheap hands this way, and when you are caught out, it will help to bring in people when you really have got 'threes'.



It often pays to draw one card to 'threes', and thereby give the impression that you have two 'pairs'. Most people suspect a two card draw, but are apt to overlook the dangerous possibilities of a single card.

Poker should not be played with a 'joker' and I advise you to insist on your rights, and refuse to have one if the suggestion is mooted.

A 'joker' is the only factor which can possibly break the system, as it brings in a series of completely incalculable odds into every hand. Quite apart from this, it gives a definite upward trend to the normal stakes, which is undesirable, as one can only enjoy a game if one is playing within one's means.

Betting

If you have followed my system you will need no advice as to the size of your bets, but it is as well to remember that big losses occur on good hands.

The idea of playing a game without a limit throws a scare into many people, but there is no reason why it should. A wise man plays poker with his friends, who normally belong to much the same financial stratum as himself, and there you are.

It is impossible to conclude without some reference to Stud, which is an illegitimate offspring of the real game, and should be avoided like the plague.

The only advantage it holds over its parent is a certain childish simplicity, and the fact that it can be played with only three players. It instantly appeals to the depraved poker player, who has reached the stage where he can no longer trust himself to drive his own car home and finds two friends in the same predicament as himself.

Each player is dealt five cards, the first face downwards and the rest face upwards. With each card there is a round of betting, which only stops when it has done the rounds without being raised: by the time you have acquired your five cards they have cost you about fifty chips, but think nothing of it, the betting hasn't even started yet.

No one is going to drop out unless it is palpably impossible for him to win, and you can easily lose a month's pay in a couple of hours. The only saving grace is the fact that the score has to be kept on pieces of paper, and these either get lost, or the figures are too astronomical to add up.

The system can also be applied here, and I recently won Rs. 438 from two people who would not stay to dinner, but insisted on playing Stud and consumed twenty-one bottles of beer. I have just purchased a pair of cows with the proceeds and named them after the donors. I would have liked to have put the proceeds back into a return game, but my wife says that I must not play it any more.

Summary

A good poker player is, therefore, he who makes big money on good hands and loses very little on bad ones.

There are very few good poker players, as most people play without any system for the sake of a good gamble, and nearly all of them drink too much! "Horse-whip him!" you will cry, but who can deny a feeling of optimism after his third whisky, and how can one combine optimism with logic?

One can only conclude that the author must be a veritable paragon of virtue, who has never needed to earn an honest penny in his life. Alas, this is not so, but I don't do so badly, and trust that my hypothesis will help you to win at least sufficient to pay your bar bill.

YACHTING IN BOMBAY

by E. C. B. Thornton

RESIDENTS of Bombay are fortunate in living in the vicinity of the finest harbour on the west coast of India, and consequently having the opportunity to indulge in all the bracing sports that the sea can offer, among which is yachting. Bombay harbour is really an arm of the sea, wide open at its entrance and within the range of strong tides, and therefore, this splendid stretch of water affords opportunities for yachting.



under conditions that vary from the wide open sea to almost protected waters.

A delightful feature of Bombay's sailing is that the yachts are moored at a place easily accessible from the business area, thus enabling yachting enthusiasts to enjoy a short sail after a hard day at the office. The anchorages at Mandwa, Elephanta and Hog Island are suitable for bathing and walks ashore, and are very popular among those who love to sail on the blue waters all day. For those who want to spend a few days on the sea, long-distance cruising down the coast offers picturesque scenery composed of scraggy hills, blue waters, luxuriant tropical vegetation and quaintly designed native craft, all blending to form that indescribable 'Indian scene'. Snug anchorages along the coast are numerous, but the oft-frequented ones are Rewadanda, Janjira, Marnal, Paos Bay and Vijayadurg (the fort of victory and headquarters of Angira, the Mahratta pirate who harassed Bombay's shipping in the old days).

Yachting in Bombay commenced about the year 1839, and as one goes through the records, romantic visions of husky be-whiskered Englishmen sailing in craft of the indigenous type (with Lanteen rig), are conjured up before one's eyes. The English rig appears to have been introduced from about 1871, and in the Royal Bombay Yacht Club are some photographs of many fine old craft sailing in Bombay Harbour more than forty years ago.

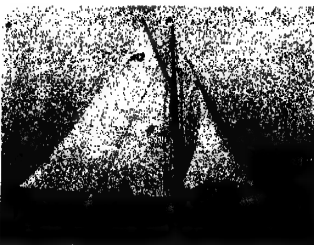
Racing is the main feature of yachting, and in this respect too, Bombay is not wanting, as during the season, races are held by three clubs, namely: the Royal Bombay Yacht Club, the Bombay Sailing Association and the Colaba Sailing Club. The last mentioned is composed entirely of Sharpies and holds races for this type of craft. All the races are sailed under the rules of the Yacht Racing Association which recognizes these clubs.

During the yacht racing season (October to May), races are held almost every Saturday, and the competing yachts are divided into three classes. The main class in Bombay, the Seabird, is a one-design class of 21 foot, half-decked centre-board, gunter lug sloop, having a sail area of 275 square feet. In

pre-war days, there were a good number of these in commission, and on important days, it was not unusual to see eighteen Seabirds racing level for first, second and third prizes. The second class is composed of yachts bigger than Seabirds, but of individual design, including a number which have sailed in Bombay for many years. The third class, known as the 'I' class, includes the four last of the Tomtits which appeared in the early nineteen-hundreds and provided a hot one-design racing class for nearly forty years. A few years before the war, another one-design class was introduced by the officers of the R.I.N. called the Portsmouth Harbour Victory class of Bermudian sloops, and shortly after this, the Dragon class, very popular on the Clyde, was introduced into Bombay by the construction of Wyvern, followed later by Blue Bird II and Griffen.

On ordinary Saturday races, the courses sailed vary between 7 and 10 miles in length and consist of runs, reaches and beats, so as to test the yachts on all sailing points. It is generally considered that the beat to windward is the most important part of the race, and the yacht which can sail closest to the wind while maintaining speed, usually emerges as the winner.

Most of the fun in yacht racing is provided by the application of the Yacht Racing Association's rules, which lay down that it is necessary for each yacht to place itself in the position having right of way, and as the conditions governing right of way change during the course from one mark to the next, very often becoming completely reversed on rounding a mark, many humorous situations are precipitated. A yacht which has been holding right of way over another, may suddenly find itself in the invidious position of being the one to keep out of the way; voices are raised in wrath, and some pearls of speech may be heard, intermingling with the shrill voices of the many lady helmsmen in the fleet. The moment at which the change in right of way occurs is often hard to determine, and if a collision or breach of rules results, the competitors may not know



(or pretend they do not know) which is in the wrong. A protest is lodged with the sailing committee, which has a trying time when the same incident is given remarkably different versions by the disputants, and in addition to this it is usually accused by the losing party of having made a wrong decision. But all this is in the day's work, and the genuine yachting enthusiast will gladly brave the elements and any competition from mere mortals.



In the Beginning

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ANGLERPHOBIA

by A. St. J. Macdonald

THERE is inherent in man, something that will always urge him to certain almost ambitions—and one of these is angling!

It is no "gentle art" with monsters of the sea, or with heavy mahseer in malarious regions, where only carefully organized trips, involving great physical strain and endurance, can be made. The discomfort will weigh too heavily against the pleasure for those not bitten by the bug! Who, except the keen angler, would be convinced that catching mahseer of 9 or 10 inches in the Tochi River on the N.W.F.P. is worth the risk of a pot shot by a Wazir sniper? or that it is a pleasure in April and May to wade all day under a burning sun, through slippery boulders, like bars of soap; or yet again, that it is enjoyable to spend one's week-end by a tank or lake, watching a quill float all day in either torrid sunshine or rain squalls, or riding the swell of the sea in a light country boat, for four or five hours a day, suffering the ordeal of sickness, waiting for the game bhamin to come on the feed? Yet many will journey hundreds of miles to suffer these hardships and only live for the next opportunity!

Mahseer fishing, which is the acme of angling in India, is a vast subject. The game Himalayan mahseer (*Barbus putitora*) affords sport from Quetta to Burma in all the rivers draining this vast range of mountains on the west and north. They afford sport, from the little fellows of 10 inches or less in the small streams, up to the monsters of five score pounds or more in the larger parent rivers.

Viewed from a less fortunate aspect, angling still holds abundant opportunity for those who seek it. Labeo abound in most tanks in India, where many an enjoyable day may be spent with float and bottom fishing, which call for the best in angling. In the larger rivers or in overflows—large lakes or pools—many varieties of predaceous fish may be taken spinning or with fly, wallago attu, silund, butchwa, and the smaller fly takers, or murrel in weedy haunts with frog or mole cricket.

Fishing experiences lose much in the telling, but few, who have ventured in wild places in quest of the mahseer, will be without some stories dubbed as 'fishermen's tales'!

Going through a carefully kept diary of some thirty years recalls experiences outside the scope of the average angler. How many, for instance, can boast of catching an otter on rod and line! While fishing at Ahmedabad in 1919, a friend with a tame otter, afforded me the novel experience of hooking one. I was playing a small wallago, while Jack (the otter) and his master were enjoying a bath in the pool. Suddenly my reel screamed to new vigour and a line of bubbles made for the bank. The otter had taken possession of the fish and in doing so got hooked in the leg. I recovered my spoon, but ever after, Jack regarded me with strong disapproval.

There must be exceedingly few anglers who have spent their lives in India, who would

need more than the fingers of one hand to count fish they have caught over 50 pounds.

Fishing the famous confluence of the Mali and Nmal Hkas north of Myitkyina in 1928, I had the good luck to get two fish, weighing 75 and 55 pounds, both killed within an hour. I then got hooked into one like a submarine, that pulled me and the boat downstream for nearly a mile, as I was forced to follow to save a break. I eventually finished up in the bay formed at the bend of the river at Chergataung Village, and for the first time, reduced my line to under the 100 yards. When only 40 yards off capture, I felt pretty certain I was on top, with him cruising in the slack water, but he took another rush down into the cliff, some 200 yards below, and here snagged me, after a two-and-a-half-hour fight. It may have been a monster gounch, though there was never, at any time, any sulking.

The only other day approaching this with big fish, was in Nepal in 1943. I was fishing a heavy rapid, above a gorge of 3 miles or more in length, where a well-calculated bid had to be made for my boat to hit a small shingle island in mid-stream, with rapid water

to beat. I have on many occasions exceeded the one score limit in a day, with total weight 150 to 200 pounds, going without food all day, out of keenness to catch just one more. The most unusual experience I ever had was in Nepal, some six years ago. I arrived on a pet river in April to find, to my dismay, a fleet of dugouts and some three hundred fishermen in possession of the water, only 4 miles in extent. At first I was inclined to pack up and return, but my boatmen, who had been part of this destruction gang for many years, and knew the water and conditions, assured me it would not affect the mahseer or fishing. I decided to improve my education by accompanying this fleet of boats and bag-net professionals and seeing just how they worked. The party was made up of thirty dugouts, each with a crew of two men, one to guide the boat, the other to cast the net. There were besides a hundred and fifty to two hundred others with bag-nets attached to triangular frames and a Gurkha squad that dived under with hooks about the size of a gaff, attached to a cord. The river is small in April and can be crossed by wading waist deep at most rapids; the pools were 10 to 15 feet deep, and the largest 50 feet wide and 100 yards long.

The whole procedure works as a drill. First the bag-nets are arranged across the rapids, both above and below the pool, in two or three rows, the fishermen almost touching shoulders. The boats then move into the pool and either work up to fast water at the head in two lines one behind the other, cast into the rapid and drift down with the net inside the line, as each pair follows one behind the other, or they spread out in a wide, quiet pool, and at a given signal, all cast their nets at the same time, almost covering the whole area. After this has been repeated once or twice the 'otter squad' dive in and fix the unfortunate remaining fish hiding in crevices or under stones. This went on systematically from pool to pool, and two to four boat-loads of fish were dispatched to the plains daily.

I went out very reluctantly the following day, but to my amazement was taken in my first cast, and continued to catch fish all day, getting eleven fish weighing 58 pounds. The following day was as good, by which time, the Malars had packed up and left. They had been there a week before I arrived. I am sure few anglers will credit this account, but it is none the less an education on how much poaching a river will stand.

This then, is 'Anglerphobia' but there is a great deal more to it than this. The varied joys and interests of fishing trips in wild places, mixing with simple jungle folk, who know nothing of wars or modern civilization, atom bombs or politics, are in themselves a panacea for all worldly cares.

It is a sport that can combine with many tastes and pursuits. Big game and birds, butterflies and insects, all are found in abundance in 'Mahseer Land' with that solitude and communion with Nature, which is the Mecca of all lovers of wild life.



on both sides. The water at the island was in a turmoil, as the small fish were being attacked by what looked like all the monsters from the gorge below. On my first cast I was at once taken by one of some half dozen huge fellows fighting to get my spoon. The water below was fast and heavy and before one could make the boat and follow, 150 to 200 yards of line were out. After an hour of grim fighting and following half a mile down stream into the quieter water of the gorge, a fish of 42 pounds came to bag. Then came a fight against the current back to the island taking the best part of an hour, and the same mad rush of fish and boat down again into the gorge. This went on all day and I finished up with four fish of 42, 38, 34 and 31 pounds. Heavy fishing of this nature is a labour and strain on mind and body; big fish are never yours until high and dry on the bank, and need a great deal more concentration than in the lighter work.

A day with fly rod and small spoon or fly, catching mahseer of 5 or 15 pounds is hard



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THE BRITISH MOTOR INDUSTRY TODAY

by H. D. Simmons

THE decision not to hold a Motor Show in London in 1946 was taken mainly because the Earls Court Exhibition Hall would not be ready in time to house such an event, after having been occupied by the military authorities throughout the war. But there was a subsidiary reason also: motor manufacturers were so busy producing vehicles to meet the increasing demand for British cars from overseas that, aware of the nation's urgent need for export at that critical period of recovery, they needed all the time they could get for this task alone.

Although there was no Motor Show, 1946 has been a particularly important one for the Motor Industry of Great Britain. For fifty years it has been developing in size and momentum, as a great and vital force in the economic life of the country. The significant milestone of 1946 found the industry changing over from the colossal task of war-time production.

The period 1939-1945, through dire and tragic necessity, was one of tremendous development for the industry. It has emerged from the war, equipped with new technical experience of inestimable value, and bursting with energy to use that experience in peace-time production.

In the critical days of 1940-41 the British nation owed much to the initiative and ready co-operation of the Motor Industry. At short notice it had to tackle unfamiliar and well-nigh impossible tasks. From September 1939 to the end of the war, it had produced approximately one million trucks and trailers, but large as this volume undoubtedly was, to a great extent, it represented merely customary work. The major part of the industry's capacity was otherwise engaged. Close on 30,000 tanks, tens of thousands of armoured fighting vehicles and a great volume of miscellaneous war equipment were produced, and thousands of bombers, fighter aircraft and aero engines were manufactured in the "Shadow Factories."

Even before the war, in 1938, the industry gave employment, directly or indirectly, to about one and a quarter million persons. In taxation it provided the source of one-eleventh of the Exchequer's total revenue. It had already become, in fact, one of three premier industries of the country.



At that period, too, the United Kingdom during the course of a year exported overseas: 20 per cent of the automobiles and 13.7 per cent of the commercial vehicles then produced. It is not, perhaps, generally realized how widespread was the demand, during those years before the war, for British motor vehicles. Naturally the most extensive overseas markets for British cars was the British Commonwealth of Nations. The biggest overseas markets were Australia and New Zealand; and in 1938, more cars produced in the United Kingdom were sold in Australia than those from any other single origin—41.5 per cent, in fact, of the total bought; in New Zealand during that year, the British share of the car market was 60 per cent, rising subsequently to 75 per cent. India and Burma, over a period of years, bought 50 per cent of their cars from Britain. Nevertheless, British cars were also exported in large numbers to foreign countries outside the Empire, and altogether in 1938, Great Britain exported overseas more than 68,000 private cars, and between 14,000 and 15,000 commercial vehicles.

Such was the impressive status of the Motor Industry in the pre-war economic structure of the United Kingdom. The organization which attained that status not only still exists today, but has enormously developed; factories which turned out that not in-

considerable output before the war—447,561 cars and commercial vehicles in 1938—have been enlarged and added to by many more plants built primarily for war production purposes; skilled labour has increased both in quantity and quality; and, perhaps most important of all, technical advances have been made during those six years of urgent need, which it might normally have taken decades to achieve.

So sensible are leaders of the British Motor Industry of the importance of technical research and experiment, that a new organization has recently been formed in London—the Motor Industry Research Association. This Association, with a staff of brilliant automobile engineers working in up-to-date laboratories, will examine and subject to the most searching tests, all the technical improvements, ideas and developments discovered during the war period—and still being discovered in the course of the production of post-war cars and commercial vehicles.

In addition to the results of technical research it must be remembered that the new British car, and especially the new British commercial vehicle, will incorporate a very great number of practical improvements derived from the actual use of lorries, armoured fighting vehicles and cars in all parts of the world and under all kinds of conditions during the war. For instance, as a result of prolonged warfare in the deserts of North Africa and elsewhere, it became necessary to protect automobile engines against the inroad of dust and grit; a great advance has therefore been made in cleaning the air that must be breathed by an engine—particularly important in a country like India.

Highly efficient cleaners have been invented which reduce maintenance work. Big improvements have been made in sealing devices used at such points where a rotating shaft emerges, as in gear boxes and axles. These devices will contribute much to the smooth running of engines, and will possibly eliminate altogether the attack of grit on fine mechanisms. They have already been tried out under the hard conditions of warfare; their reliability, therefore, in normal civilian usage in any part of the world, is not open to doubt.

Before the war there was fast developing a demand for the medium-powered British car.

The excellent performance of the economical British car is becoming acknowledged by the recommendation of tens of thousands of motorists in every quarter of the globe, who speak from experience and knowledge. The part these vehicles took in the war effort of the Allied Nations in every theatre of conflict, has not gone unnoticed by those who had to drive them. A top speed of 65 to 70 miles per hour is no exception, and the rapid acceleration that is quickly attained to reach these speeds is a revelation to people driving them for the first time. A cruising speed of 50 miles per hour or more is easily maintained for hours on end, without stress on the engine or fatigue of the driver or passengers. For sheer economy of running—a petrol consumption of 30 miles to the gallon is the normal standard—these cars of modest horse-power have a very great deal to recommend them. They are being turned out by the British Motor Industry in increasing numbers.

As will be seen from the photographs illustrating this article, in the matter of smart and elegant appearance, the British car is second to none. It should be remembered



that the cars shown in these photographs, which are those being exported at present, are not strictly speaking "post-war" models. They incorporate many improvements derived from war experience, but they are in the main, the cars which would have been shown at the 1939 Motor Show if the war had not intervened.

The real post-war model of most makes has already passed the designing stage, and, it is hoped, will be in production some time in 1947.

As regards British automobile design, both of engines and bodywork, it is worth recalling that Great Britain holds the three world

speed records for land, sea and air. This is a significant achievement which should not be overlooked. No doubt it has some bearing on the fact that the ordinary, medium-priced British sports car is one of the finest cars of its type in production anywhere.

The commercial and public transport vehicles produced in Great Britain are unsurpassed in performance and long life by any similar vehicles in the world. Among the other cities in India, Bombay has received from England, and assembled, a large quota of the familiar red double-decker omnibuses. During the war, British heavy motor transport certainly left nothing to be desired. In fact, the superiority of our vehicles was so outstanding that in the Western Desert, the German general, Rommel, issued orders that only captured British trucks were to be employed, since German vehicles could not stand the pace.

The Motor Industry, like every other industry in Great Britain, must export—and must export on a huge scale. The economic welfare of the nation demands this, and it is very certain that the Motor Industry at any rate, will make a tremendous effort in this direction—and is, in fact, making it now.

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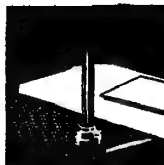
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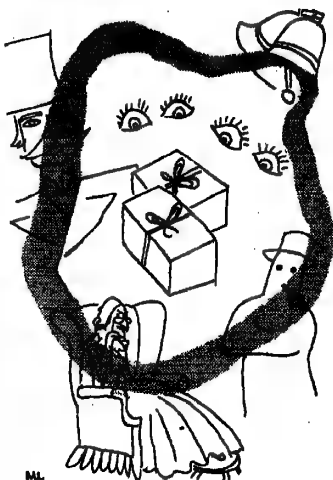
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WHEN people get to my age, they will always tell you that the weather used to be much colder, or hotter, and that parties were much better when they were young; really, I believe it was, and they were!

Christmas for a London family in those Victorian days was a tremendous event. There were six of us children with about seven years between the eldest and the youngest. Almost every house in the square had a family of the same size or larger, so that we had plenty of friends—and enemies!



ML

On Christmas day we were allowed, for the only time in the year, almost complete freedom to wander where we pleased in the house. One year was very like another and this was our routine. First, 'present opening'. We all gathered in the morning-room; my father would open the first parcel from his pile, then it went round slowly by seniority, each of us uncovering one present at a time. I was the youngest, and used to get almost frantic with excitement before it was my turn. Worst of all, the parcels were arranged before we were allowed into the room, and father insisted that they should be opened in order. Of course this always meant that the most exciting shapes couldn't be touched till the end. It was tantalizing, but probably very good for us.

The most thrilling present of my life came on the first Christmas after I was married. To be truthful I felt a little disappointed at Robert's present to me. It was a very pretty cameo brooch, but I had really expected more. Later in the day we heard a knock at the door, and I was told that Paterson had brought a box for me. Where should they put it? I hurried into the hall to find an enormous wooden case, almost large enough to have held a piano. In wild excitement we sent for the gardener to open it. By the time we had removed three outer wooden boxes, the hall was full. We moved into the library or the next stage. Half an hour later the room was practically submerged in paper, tinsel and broken sealing-wax, and I had got down to a large envelope. The last stage took place in the study. I had almost given up several times, having decided that it could only be a practical joke in very poor taste. However, Robert urged me to see it through to the end. Finally I uncovered a little parcel

CHRISTMAS MEMORIES

by Dorothy Greenwood

about an inch square, almost completely hidden under red sealing-wax. Inside was the emerald ring which was his real gift to me, and it is still my favourite.

To get back to my childhood: after opening our presents, and long before we had had time to look at them properly we had to get ready for Church. This was the ordinary Sunday routine, except that we went with our parents instead of the nurse who had looked after my father and later served my family for sixty years.

Church over, those of us who were old enough went off to lunch with an old aunt, who was the matriarch of the family. I only remember her as a very deaf, old lady of whom we were all terrified. She had been a lady-in-waiting to Queen Victoria in the early days of her reign, and she never grew tired of her own reminiscences. She seemed to have inherited many of the Queen's customs, for her house was run with a far stricter discipline than any modern army! I believe even my father was afraid of her; he certainly behaved to her with the politeness worthy of royalty, and permitted her to treat him like a schoolboy, even in front of his children. Still she always gave us a memorable meal which made up for a great deal.

The rest of the day passed quietly, for we were all too full and too tired to be very energetic. My parents gave a dinner-party in the evening and we had to be out of sight long before the guests came. I remember one night, we did manage to get a lot of fun out of it for all that. Our playroom window on the third floor was directly above the steps leading to the front door. My brother George had managed to get hold of a penny with a hole in it. To this he tied a long length of black thread. Then we lurked in the dark until the first hansom cab arrived—that was our big moment! George let the coin down onto the pavement just as the visitor put out his hand to ring the bell. The result was magnificent! One after another we made our parents' guests search for an invisible coin, for as soon as it had tinkled on the stone, George would draw it up out of sight. This went on half a dozen times until George, numbed with the cold, dropped the thread. Luckily there was no one about, and we were able to retrieve it next morning.

Boxing-day brought us our biggest thrill of the year—a box at the Drury Lane pantomime. There was all the excitement of dressing up in our best clothes. Then we piled into hansom cabs, trying hard to be dignified, but loving every moment of it. Almost invariably there was snow, and the smoky breath of the horses made it very easy to imagine one was in a sleigh pulled by reindeer. Sometimes the excesses of Christmas, added to the emotional strain of our only visit to a theatre during the year, had disastrous results. Our old nurse was always with us however, and she had many weird but effective remedies. I don't think I have ever enjoyed a performance as much as I did in those days. No child of today, blasé on account of a surfeit of cinemas from babyhood, can ever recapture the thrill that was ours.

Later in the week, father would take us skating on the Round Pond or the Serpentine—yes, there was bearing-ice about Christmas-time when I was young. Snow-balling was considered very undignified, but we often slipped away into the gardens in the centre of the square, and we once built a colossal snowman that lasted for almost a week.

There was an old uncle too, I remember. We only saw him once a year—in Christmas-week—when he would come to tea. He used to see us before he left

and would fumble for what seemed hours in some peculiarly inaccessible pocket of his frock-coat. Finally he would bring out a green, leather sovereign-case and each of us would receive a new half-sovereign. Of course it was taken away and put into our money-boxes as soon as it had gone, but no paper money seems to me to have the romance of a glittering gold guinea. Anyway Uncle John has made himself immortal in my memory, long after the names and faces of his contemporaries have faded.

Carols today are very disappointing. One is plagued by bands of children who squeak a couple of lines, very much out of tune, before they rap on the door; or one is importuned by the semi-professional blaring of organized bands. Fifty years ago, carols were beautiful and were sung for pleasure, or so it seemed, and not for gain. One evening we happened to be downstairs. Father was out and mother, I think, was reading to us before we were whisked away to our part of the house. A really fine male chorus sang two whole carols before they knocked. It was a particularly cold night and snowing, so mother thought that they would like something warming. All she could find without father's keys was some port, which was ready for a dinner-party next day, but she knew that we could easily send for a few more bottles from the cellar. So mother sent out a couple of bottles and they sang another carol to show their appreciation. Next day nurse told us that there had been a terrible scene when my father discovered that two out of the last three bottles of the finest port, which was laid down long ago by his father, had vanished. Mother owned up to it, but I don't think she ever again gave wine away to carol singers.



ML

I have lived through three wars and spent Christmas in at least half a dozen countries. This year will be our first one in retirement in Bangalore and, though I shan't have snow, I think I can provide all the other material ingredients for Christmas—decorations, a flaming pudding, a tree, coloured lights, crackers, mince-pies, a turkey, games and singing—and I wish you could be with us.

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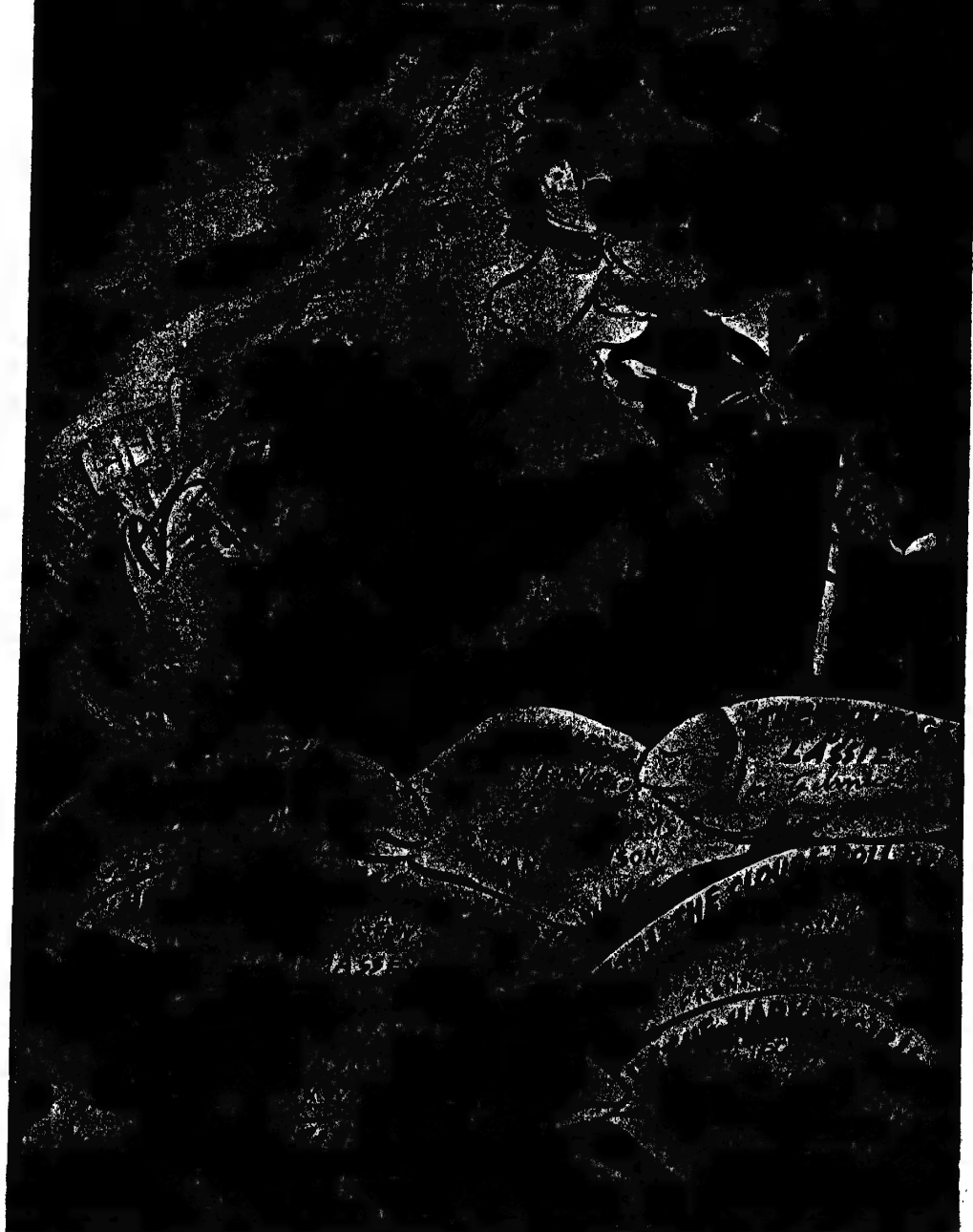
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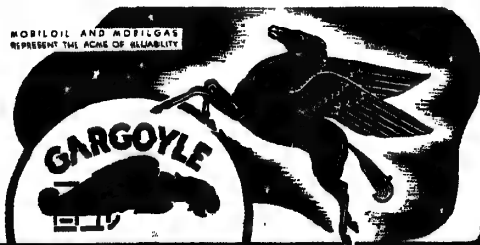
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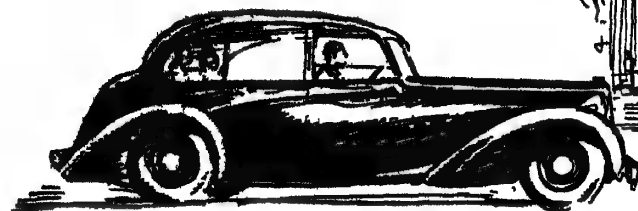
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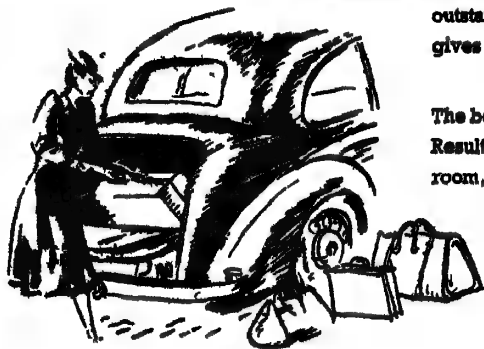
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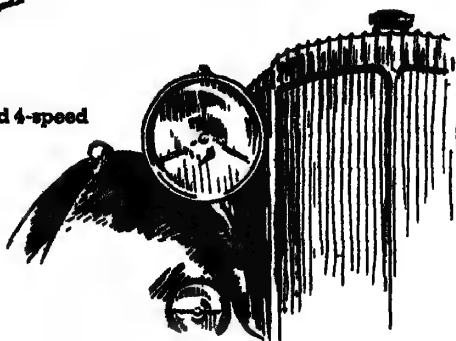
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The GAZETTEER, January 1947

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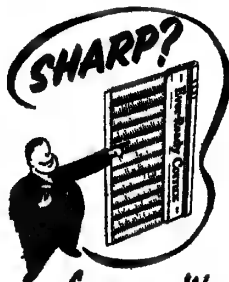


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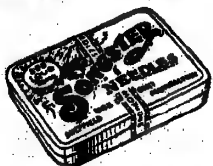
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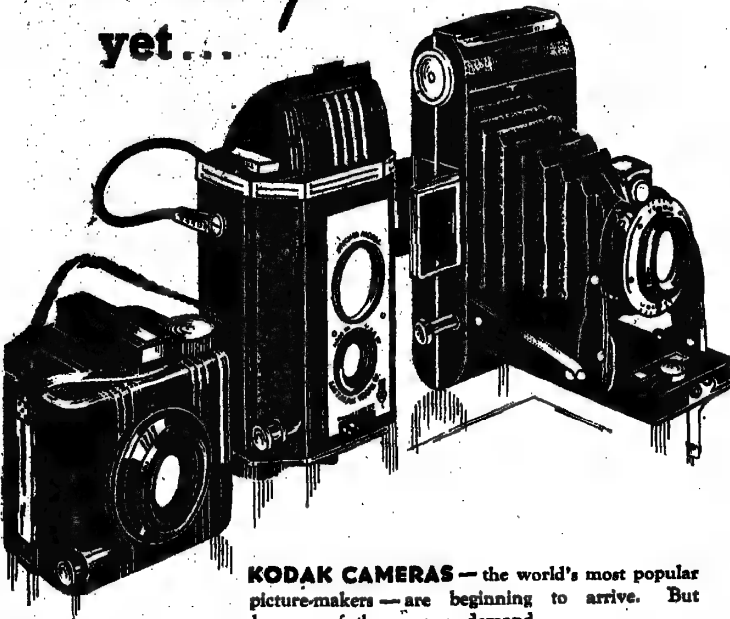
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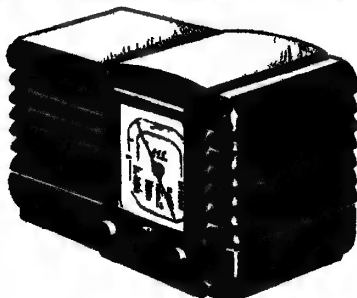
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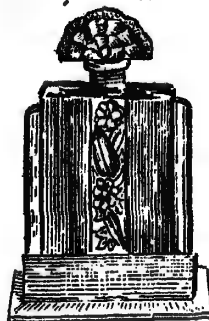
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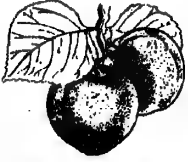
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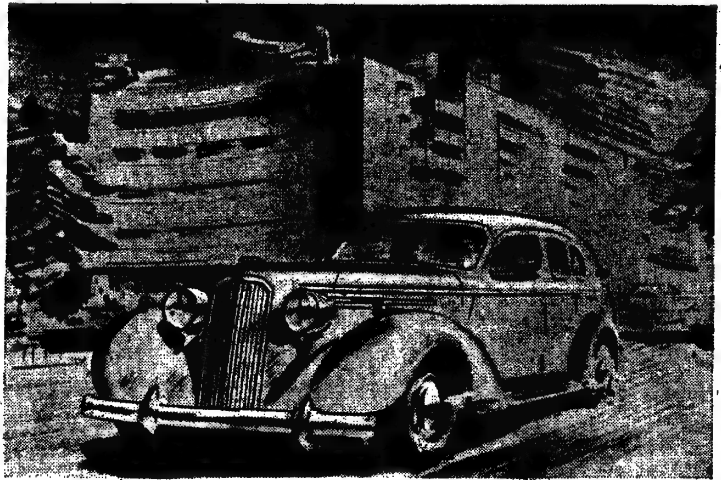
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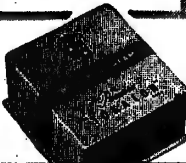
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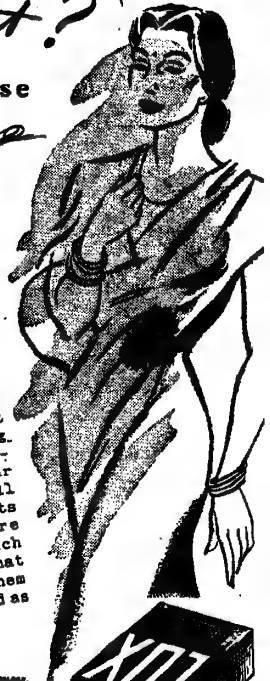
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A beautiful sari — it catches the eye — you look again. Isn't it something more than the sari that gives this woman such a special elegance? Yes — it's the LUX look, that flower-fresh loveliness that spells good grooming throughout. No tattered, faded underwear for her. She gives all her intimate garments regular LUX care herself after each wearing and knows that this will keep them sweet, spotless and as good as new.



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Lux...the Beauty Toilet for intimate clothes

LX 15-172

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but just right

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SOUND, restful sleep is a paramount factor in maintaining everyday good health. Body, nerves and brain rely upon sleep for to-morrow's fresh supply of vigour. 'Ovaltine' is particularly valuable for promoting sound natural sleep. It ensures that perfect, physical and nervous composure which is a necessary prelude to quiet slumber. And while you sleep 'Ovaltine' helps to create new strength and



abundant vitality for the coming day. Prepared from Nature's finest tonic foods—ripe barley malt and fresh, creamy cow's milk, together with valuable natural phosphates and vitamins—'Ovaltine' is the world's Best Night-Cap. Try a cup of this supreme and delicious beverage just before going to bed and see how well you sleep, how refreshed you feel in the morning. Avoid substitutes.

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Lustrous and abundant hair is a sign of health and vitality. Use Evening in Paris Hair Cream and Brilliantine to keep your hair well groomed and smart with the softly gleaming sheen and attractiveness that come only with vigorous natural growth. Exquisitely perfumed.

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THE ONLOOKER

Annual 1947

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WOMEN don't like having something in a jeweller's shop, not if they have any specimens of the best stones that ever came down since the days of the pharaohs. It is a fascinating study and stone jewellery, being completely as well as experts, will probably be pleased to show you specimens they may have and to tell you a little about them.

Few women know, for instance, that diamonds are not always pure white. They are sometimes found in various vivid tints—in sapphire, in a silver

"Mongrel" Diamonds

By James Sheppard

Diamond was discovered by a digger near Kimberley. It was a magnificent specimen and sold for Rs 42,000. Such coloured stones are known as the "mongrels" as "mongrels".

Most famous of them is probably the Ram's Head, which has a red tint and was found at the Golconda Mine in

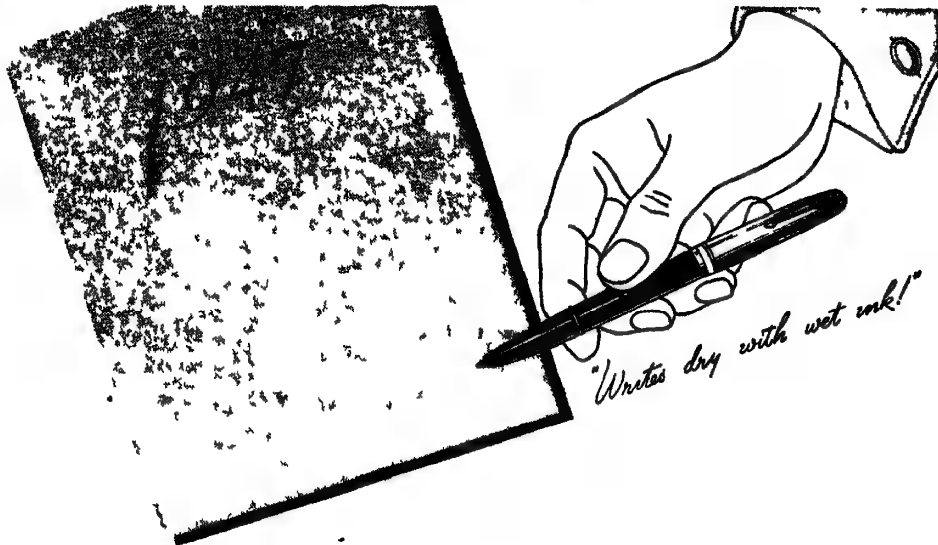
India. It once formed part of the Russian Crown Jewels. One of the reasons for its high valuation—Rs 250,000—is that red is the rarest of the mongrel diamond colours.

Next comes blue and then green. But there are sometimes catch. With green stones the color

may be only an outer covering, then the diamond has nothing like the value it would possess if it cut green right through. A diamond of true emerald green is extremely valuable.

Occasionally also a beautiful amber stone is unearthed and it a good specimen may fetch a high price. One might think that the value of colored diamonds would bring untold joy to their lucky finders. Actually however they are not greatly favoured by

(Continued on page 18)



For the New Year

IN THIS friendly season, multifoldly dedicated to future hopes and plans, our thoughts turn naturally to our many friends throughout the world.

We realize that many of you have long wanted to purchase a Parker "51" pen. Yet, the demand for this fine writing instrument has thus far exceeded the available supply because we do not want to manufacture them hastily.

We greatly appreciate your patience and understanding.

In 1947, it is our sincere hope and expectation that, as con-

ditions become more settled we shall be able to send your dealer increasing numbers of Parker 51's. And we promise that these pens will continue to be created in the finest Parker tradition of precision craftsmanship—never hurried out.

The year ahead will call for fresh effort on the part of all of us. May the duties of many of you be lightened—and your accomplishments inspired—by the acquisition of the pen for which you have waited so long.

The Parker Pen Company, Jenneville, Wisconsin, U. S. A.

Parker "51"

RETAIL PRICES

		Pens	Pencils
Parker	51	Gold cap	Rs. 65
Parker	51	Silver cap	Rs. 55
Parker	51	Chrome cap	Rs. 50
Parker	51	Chrome cap	Rs. 45
Parker	51	Chrome cap	Rs. 40
Parker	51	Chrome cap	Rs. 35

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"Mongrel" Diamonds

(Continued from page 17)

the "diggers" because—like a fisherman in a good catching day—the diamond hunters always have the uncomfortable feeling that a "bigger one may have got away," that is, similar stones may have been discarded as mere coloured quartz, escaping their vigilant eyes.

Blue "mongrel" diamonds have a superstition attached to them. They are unpopular because they are supposed to bring bad luck, especially if found on a Friday. When this happens, it is believed that no more diamonds of any kind will be found on the claim—a frequently disproved belief that dies hard.

What is the origin of the various colours? It is thought to be an impurity in the crystal. But, whatever its cause, the result very considerably increases a diamond's worth, a "fault" being rated more valuable than a perfect specimen.

Whispering Dress

*Its colour it gets from the Rainbow's bow,
It's smart, it's unusual,—becoming to you,
It has an enchantment entirely its own,
For it whispers to me in a low undertone;
Let's be beautiful—in it's the sweet?
The world should love her—fall at her feet.
In this sentiment we three agree—
Your whispering dress, the moonlight and Me.*

M. Cameron-Clarke

Water Wisdom



★ Immerse with your 'Viyella' garments yourself or have them washed under your supervision. They should never be boiled.

★ Do not mix coloured and white garments when washing unless you are sure that, like 'Viyella', they are colour-fast.

★ Use good quality soap flakes and soft hot water, and when thoroughly dissolved to a good lather, reduce the temperature by adding cold water until you can freely immerse your hands.

★ Press and squeeze garments in the water and wash as quickly as possible; don't rub them clean.

★ Rinse in several lots of clear warm water and be sure that every trace of soap is removed.

★ After the final rinse, squeeze and shake the garments as dry as possible; do not wring them.

★ Dry as quickly and as warmly as possible, but never in the sun.

★ Press with a moderately hot iron and slightly stretch the cloth to shape as you iron.

★ In accordance with our customary guarantee if 'Viyella' or 'Cydella' shrink when washed as above, we will gladly replace the cloth or garment free of charge if you will return the article and invoice to the shop from which it was bought.



WILLIAM HOLLINS & CO. LTD., NOTTINGHAM, ENGLAND

Prolonged immersion in water may do positive harm, even to fabrics like 'Viyella'. Take note of this and all the other washday hints given here. Then all your 'Viyella' garments will enjoy the long gay life which is their birthright.

Viyella

*rewards
washday care
with longer wear*

If you are fortunate enough to be offered 'Viyella' fabric in the shops, be sure it is genuine. See the famous registered "Day & Night" sign on the end of every piece and the manufacturer's name printed on the selvedge.

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This Six Valve Bush Set has the power to range the world. On the shortwave bands — there are six of them — a special Radio Frequency Valve is fitted to boost weak signals to clear audibility. And "band-spread" calibration enables you to obtain station after station with ease, certainty and precision. This handsome Bush set in a large, highly-finished walnut cabinet — wonderful value for money.

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KUMAR BROS.,
The Mall, LAHORE.

EMOTIONAL weakness since it is difficult to recognise in ourselves, is probably responsible for more rash decisions, folly, and unhappiness than any other human failing. The over-emotional woman can make blunders both in her own life and in those of other people with a tragically clear conscience since the cause is not a vice, merely a deficiency. But, it is a deficiency that can be remedied if the fault is recognised and cured by will power, clear thinking, and the acquisition of a critical faculty.

Those Symptoms

Are you over emotional? Perhaps you are and don't know. Here are a few simple questions which you can ask yourself and answer honestly —

Are you affected almost, or completely, to the verge of tears by theatrical

Are You Over-Emotional?

By A Psychologist

situations, either on the stage itself, in the cinema or in real life? Can such a situation produce both tears and laughter simultaneously? If the answer is "Yes," you are highly emotional.

Are you sufficient unto yourself, not bored with your own company, content, calm and without any restlessness when alone? Do you get on really well with your family, and never long to escape from it? Again you are emotional, if you have to answer "no" to both these questions.

Are you influenced by the latest book you have been reading, the latest play you have seen? And do you forget these upon reading, hearing, or seeing the same? Yes? Then you are over-emotional. Do certain passages of music affect you in such a way that you lose all sense of proportion, forget everything, feel reckless, wildly happy, powerful? Look to your emotional control if the answer is "yes."

Do you lose your temper easily, and do you say things which you know you

will regret later? Then you are over-emotional. And, lastly, do you although you estimate yourself better than an opponent, shrink in your position if they stubbornly refuse to be convinced? This is a sign of extreme emotional weakness, and should be diagnosed.

Thinking It Over

Should you decide that you are an over-emotional person, long no time in setting yourself to work. It is difficult, but it can be done. It is all a question of disciplining yourself to a detached attitude and not allowing yourself to be submerged in any of those situations, based on such and such a situation.

Our emotions, though they give us a great deal of pleasure, are our worst enemies. Emotions can colour up ordinary human problems, produce grotesque and gaudy violence, and make us figuratively tear ourselves to ribbons over it, probably to no effect save a delectable one to ourselves.

The emotional person is in constant danger of living with make-believes and thinking them real—the craving for social relationships, the magnifying of commonplace feelings to superhuman ones, the denigrations over small disappointments, the love of drama in life that makes one give a false twist to everyday situations because one fancies oneself the centre-piece of grand tragedy or comedy.

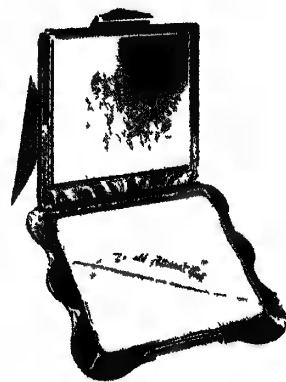
Never make quick, emotional decisions. They seem effective, wonderful at the time, but it is ten to one that they lead down a blind alley. Live slowly and thoughtfully, weighing remarks, considering situations, taking a firm grip on yourself when emotions begin to make you sink or soar. The thoughtful not the emotional, way will bring happiness.



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...When they see you with the pert new Ziegfeld Petticoat Girl Compact—in tortoise plastic with a frilly scallop, trim and light as a cloud. Also available in the glamorous Ziegfeld compacts parade—the Ziegfeld Girl and Pony Girl... and the smart and streamlined Ziegfeld Cigarette Case. Make your selection SOON to avoid disappointment. It's the present everyone of your friends will appreciate.

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HELP THEM TO VICTORY— VICTORY OVER BLINDNESS

ST. DUNSTON'S

appeals to the British community for funds for the training and after-care of U. K. soldiers, sailors and airmen and women of the services who were blinded in the course of their duty.

That they should be useful and happy is the greatest gift the public can make them.

Contributions may be sent direct to St. Dunstan's, 9 Park Crescent Regent's Park, London, W. 1.

Information may be had from Lieut.-Colonel Sir Clithra Maden-zie, St. Dunstan's Hostel for Indian War-Blinded, Dabra Dun, U. P.

PLEASE REMEMBER ST. DUNSTON'S IN YOUR WILL

St. Dunstan's is registered under the Blind Persons Act, 1920.

THAT day that he was only about 18, he had adopted into full membership in his community until he had been accorded the honour of a nickname.

If this for true, young Andrew Anderson—first of the post-war vintage to arrive in our district—certainly achieved the distinction in recent time, which, after all, was only what he deserved, for Andy was a likable lad.

All the same, to nickname him the "Blond Beast" was, to say the least, audacious. To begin with, Andy is no blond. Look at the back of his neck and you see a fiery red glow emerge from beneath the collar and develop as it surges over the crest of his head into a conflagration that is only checked by the fringe of his forehead. Nor could one find vestige of the mark of the beast in his eager, young face. Still, though the lapse of kindly time has abbreviated it into "B.B.", the name has stuck. And this was the manner of its acquisition:—

When Andy came out he found himself posted as assistant to Bob Lennox, then when few planters held comparable record with gun or rifle, while several none could better garnish a dinner story; add to this the fact that the jungles

meeting with the estate's northern boundary still held abundant game. Wherefore, it was not surprising that Andy should be fired with ambition to secure a brace of tiger, a half-dozen leopards (or so), with a buffalo and a suiker or two thrown in for fair measure—all in his first season, and all with the ancient fowling piece he had managed his future earnings to purchase.

Fortune favours the brave—and the beginner: Inside three weeks of Andy's arrival a kill was reported within a mile of his bungalow. And as Bob Lennox was that evening entertaining a Very Important Person, no less than the Senior Director of the firm holding the garden's Managing Agency, Andy would have it all to himself. But before Bob left for his calihedd rendezvous with the Very Important Person, he found time to visit

the spot, establish that the kill was the handiwork of a leopard, and give Andy the benefit of his experience.

"Leopards show up dimly white against the ground on a dark night," he said. "Don't hurry your shot. Let him get well tucked into his meal first. And, remember, if you put him down, not to leave the machan for 15 minutes or so—this to make certain he is dead."

Andy spent the rest of the afternoon contriving a shooting-light out of an ordinary flash-lamp. Shortly before dusk, full of excitement, he climbed into the machan to begin that vigil which every sportsman knows (and Andy was soon to find out) opens in fair comfort but soon degenerates into extreme discomfort when to the tribulations of cramp are added the pestilential attentions of gnat and mosquito.

First alert came in the half-light following sunset, when there was much rustling in the tall grass and a jackal's eerie cry broke the silence, to be followed by one, then another, then more of the pack, before they broke cover to commence an ill-tempered meal. Dusk had given place to darkness before they scattered quite suddenly. Andy, coached to read this jungle sign, tensed for the big moment of his life. Nur had he long to wait. There was little finesse about the newcomer's approach. He seemingly had but one thought in mind. Overcoming a tendency to come over all of a tremble, Andy watched the dimly visible white shape make straight for the kill. Faithfully he curbed his impatience until a tearing and crumpling revealed that the intruder was well settled for his banquet.

"Now, now, at last," thought Andy and pressed the switch which should have set his shooting-light to work. Alas, as hasty improvisations have a habit of doing (after acting efficiently enough during rehearsals), this was a case of the "light that failed." Nothing daunted, however, Andy took even more deliberate aim, even remembered not to smother at the trigger.

Cutting out of a still night, the shot was distinctly heard in the Manager's bungalow.

"One shot, begad! Wonder whether the lad has had beginner's luck," speculated Bob Lennox.

"Let's take a look," suggested the Very Important Person.

Andy saw the car's headlights groping towards him along garden roads; he heard it stop; he watched while the two men vaulted a stile and came single file, flash-lamps busily working, along the path into the clearing. When they came within halting distance Bob Lennox called:

"Got him, Andy?"

"Too true I have!" exclaimed the boy from his perch. "Dead as mutton, first shot."

"Well, anyway, keep him covered until we get there," cautioned Lennox. The beams from their torches groped for and found the kill. Then illuminated what lay beyond. From his high perch Andy, all eager to get his first real glimpse of his victim, peered into the night. There was a momentary hush. Then the hoarse, shocked voice of the Very Important Person broke the stillness:

"My dog, by God!" came his pained exclamation.

Stretched beside the now thoroughly odouriferous kill was a Harlequin Great Dane with a pedigree who knows how long, and which even Heaven alone could tell how many hundreds of rupees.

To appreciate what followed, you have to hear Bob Lennox tell it, with garish-ness, in the Club. His imitation of Andy, mortified, contrite as well as an impatient stutter when the enormity of the sacrilege he had committed broke upon him, gains with every repetition. So also does his "take-off" of the Very Important Person, now also a Very Angry Person.

First (according to Bob) came Andy's halting explanation: "My t-t-t-torch t-t-t-t-failed. Aw-aw-aw-aw I could s-s-s-see was a b-b-b-big b-b-b-blond b-b-b-beast. So I s-s-s-shot it."

And then that angry fellow: "Blond Beast be blasted. Can't you tell the difference between a prize dog and a lousy leopard?"

The Torch That Failed

By "Ben"

THE
Skin Loveliness
THAT MAKES
DREAMS COME TRUE



There is enchantment in true skin loveliness, a spell to win the heart of a man, to make your dreams of happiness

come true. And there surely must be magic in Ven-Yusa, the cream that creates such loveliness.

Ven-Yusa brings to the complexion, even in this trying climate, the bloom and freshness of youth. It gives your skin the softness of a flower petal, the smoothness of fine silk. Any tendency to roughness or soreness disappears as you gently massage Ven-Yusa into your skin.

Fragrant, refreshing and non-greasy, Ven-Yusa can be used to freshen and beautify at all times of the day or evening. Never did science and research combine more surely, more effectively, to produce an aid to lasting beauty.

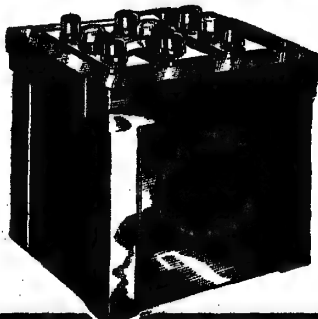


Ven-Yusa
THE Superior NON-GREASY
BEAUTY CREAM
SUPPLIES HAVE NOW ARRIVED

Shikar Stories

THE Editor will be very pleased to receive for consideration shikar stories and photographs as well as news of the activities of Hunts from Hunt Secretaries. Any contributions sent by Hunt Secretaries on the season's Hunt activities will be most welcome.

LUCAS BATTERIES



STURDY EFFICIENT IRREPLACEABLE

"These busy days I'm doubly thankful
that I know this simple way
to keep skin smooth"

says

LADY DIANA STUART-WORTLEY

CHARMING daughter of the
East and Countess of
Wharfedale, Lady Diana is a
true "English" beauty, with
her exquisitely fair skin, blue
eyes and light-brown hair.
Of Pond's Creams she says:
"They are a wonderful help
to any woman because they
make it so easy to keep skin
smooth, to ward off ugly blem-
ishes and to have a fresh,
healthy complexion....no
matter how busy one is!"



Analysis of LADY DIANA STUART-WORTLEY'S features

- (1) **Shape of Face:** Round, with a slightly pointed chin and broad, smooth brow.
- (2) **Eyes:** Large, almond-shaped, deep blue in colour—the skin round them strikingly smooth and supple.
- (3) **Nose:** Straight and charmingly formed, the skin very white and free from blackheads and coarse pores.



(4) **Mouth:** Not large but gracefully curved, with an attractively short upper lip.

- (5) **Chin:** Clean-cut and short, with delicate, unblemished ivory skin.
- (6) **Hair:** Sleek, brown, with golden lights, worn in a long "bob."

Like so many lovely young Society women, Lady Diana Stuart-Wortley knows the necessity for regular complexion care—yet has little time to spend on it these days. "That is why I like Pond's Creams so very much," she says. "They keep my skin marvellously smooth and yet are so quick and easy to use!"

They can do as much for your complexion! Used regularly, Pond's Creams will keep your skin free from roughness, blemishes or sallowness—all those faults that destroy charm! For Pond's

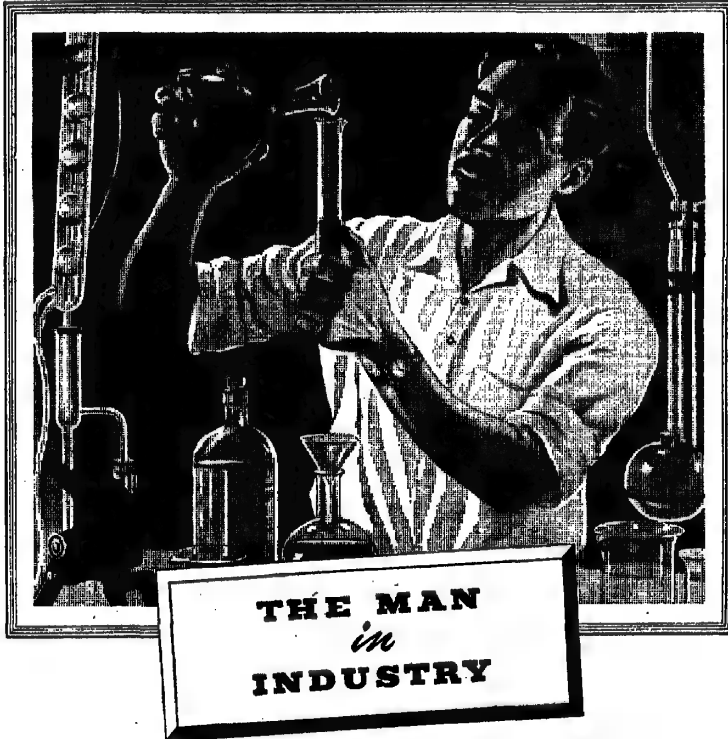
Creams fulfil all your skin's needs! They cleanse and lubricate it, they protect and stimulate it. Almost the first time you use them you can see the difference in your skin. Little by little your skin becomes softer, smoother; coarse pores close; tiny lines are smoothed away.

Use Pond's Cold Cream every night to cleanse your skin and, if it is dry and parched from exposure to the wind, use it as a lubricant as well. To work wonders! Every morning use Pond's Vanishing Cream before you powder. It protects your skin and forms a smooth, even foundation over which your powder will go on smoothly and cling for hours. Pond's Creams are sold in handy tubes as well as in the usual jar.

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THE Editor of *The Onlooker* invites authors and writers to submit short stories, articles of a "Hunting, Shooting and Fishing" nature, articles on women's subjects, and humorous articles and verse. He will also be glad to consider photographs of a social nature, such as appear in *The Onlooker* month by month. Payment will be made at the usual rates. Stamped envelopes should be enclosed with MSS and photographs if they are to be returned. Engagement and similar photographs will not be paid for.

Photographs should be accompanied by descriptions typed separately. If written on the back names must be clear and distinct.

"THE ONLOOKER"

United India Building,
Sir Phiroozshah Mehta Road,
BOMBAY.

The ONLOOKER

Vol. IX

January 1947

No. 1

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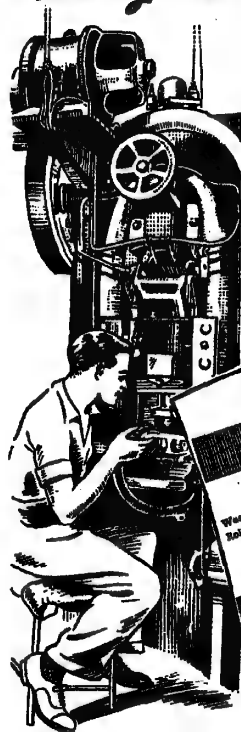
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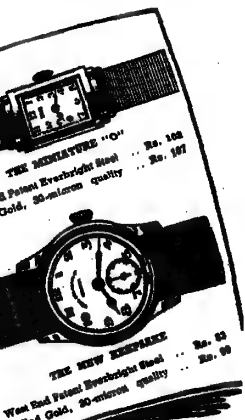
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Vol. IX.

JANUARY 1947

No. 1



**Prince Of Berar
And His Two Sons**

His Highness the Prince of Berar, G.C.I.E., G.B.E., Honorary-Apprentice of Hyderabad and Commander-in-Chief of the State Forces with his two sons, Prince Nawab Mukarram Jah Bahadur (RIGHT) and Prince Nawab Mufakham Jah Bahadur (LEFT) who are Colonels-in-Chief of the 1st Hyderabad Lancers and the 3rd Golkonda Lancers respectively.

Looking On!

Our Faith— Peace And Goodwill

BOMBAY, December 20.

THERE will be few to mourn the passing of 1946. While not suffering the ravages of war, India during that year has been sadly pummelled and battered. We have all suffered the repercussions in one way or another. We turn, therefore, to the year 1947 in the hope that the slogan coined by the then Sheriff of Bombay, "Peace and Goodwill is our Faith," will come to mean something both in our own country and in world affairs generally. The latest news from U.N.O. is such that one can be optimistic, at least, for the future of the most important move which has been made in history in the lives of nations. As we write this, the news in Indian circles compels us to take a much brighter view of the future here than we have done.

The *Onlooker* is today satisfied that the peace and goodwill for which we are all looking will become in 1947 a reality and with that in view we have been making preparations for development during the year which will, of course, be dependent very largely on affairs outside of India, namely, peace, both actual and economic, between the paper pulp producing countries, the shipping situation and such factors. Only when something near normality is reached there, is it likely that the present controls imposed by the Government of India will be relaxed.

As a beginning, however, readers will already have noticed that we have been successful in securing a new type of paper to



A recent photograph of Mr. T. A. Shane, C.M.G., the first High Commissioner for the United Kingdom in India, and Mrs. Shane. Mr. Shane's primary function is maintenance of economic and financial relations between the two countries. He was born in Simla and is a son of the late Lt.-General Sir William Shane, K.C.B., D.S.O. and Lady Shane, and left India when he was just over a year old. During World War I, he served with the 10th Battalion, Hampshire Regiment, and later entered the Foreign Service, his last appointment being that of British Minister at Beirut. Mrs. Shane, whom he married in 1927, is the second daughter of Mr. Herman Andrae of Kleinwort Sons and Company, London, and sister of Lady Mallet, wife of Sir Victor Mallet, British Ambassador in Madrid. They have a son who is now in Oxford.

replace the newsprint which has appeared in portion of the magazine for some years now. This new paper is white and reproduces text and advertising matter better than the newsprint. We have also been able slightly to increase the number of pages and it is hoped that before long we will be in a position to commence certain new features which have long been demanded by readers.

The value of the *Onlooker* as an advertising medium has not been questioned for years now. It has become thoroughly established in the advertising world and the ordinary reader will be interested to know that almost the entire space available throughout 1947 has been booked and a great deal of space has already also been taken up as far ahead as the year 1948.

Distributing agents will find the situation somewhat easier and they have been invited to apply to us for an increase in the monthly allocation of copies so that it should be less difficult than it has been for some years to purchase the magazine as and when it is required.

justified by ordinary postal risk. The *Onlooker* is an attractive magazine and research in many cases where copies have been lost has indicated that these copies have reached their postal destination but have disappeared before reaching the actual subscriber. Subscribers who receive their copies through their offices should bear this in mind.

Before very long, as we have already stated, we hope to increase the number of pages and this means that the market for contributions in the way of short stories, articles, verses and photographs will be considerably widened. In fact, we are now appealing for such contributions but we would remind writers that their work should have a background in India, and both writers and photographers that the light, informal touch of the *Onlooker* should be cultivated.

The Editor



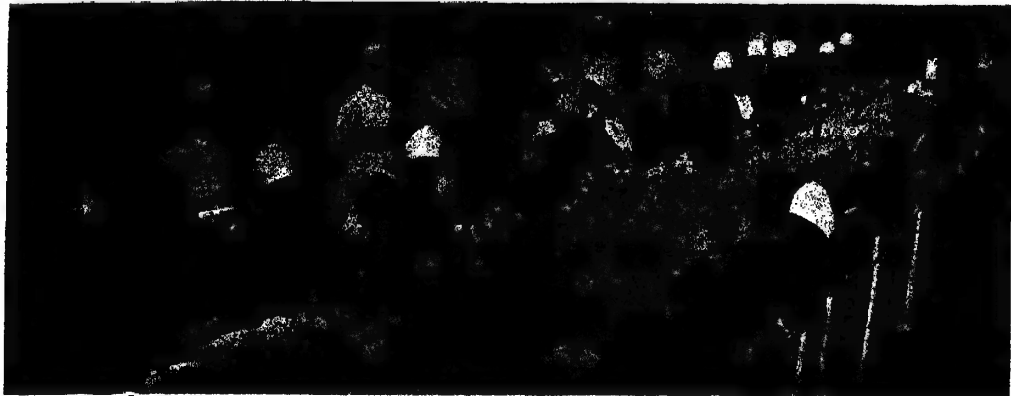
Their Highnesses the Maharajahs of Bundi and Kotah chatting after a conference of Princes in Bombay.



Rajkumar Sahab Mudhav Singhji, who recently returned from the U. S. after specialising in railway administration, has been reappointed Traffic Superintendent, Jamnagar and Dwarka Railway. He is a cousin of H. H. the Jam Sahab of Navanagar.



Taken during the visit of Field-Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck, C.-in-C., to Orissa. He is seen arriving at Government House, Cuttack, accompanied by H.E. Sir Chaudhrai Triwadi, Governor of Orissa, and Lady Triwadi, for the garden party given in his honour.



H. E. H. the Nizam of Hyderabad entertaining the Hon'ble Sir Arthur Lothian, Resident at Hyderabad, and Lady Lothian on the eve of Sir Arthur's relinquishment of his office. On the right of H. E. H. the Nizam are Lady Lothian, H. H. the Prince of Berar and Princess Niloufer; on his left, Sir Arthur Lothian, H. H. the Princess of Berar and Prince Masazai Jah Bahadur.

THE neighbours listened avidly to the sounds coming from No. 8. Distance and the closed door made it impossible for anyone outside the flat to know what had caused the excitement. It was, however, quite plain that one of the heated arguments had broken out again between John Tribe and his hearer. Ever since Mrs. Tribe had gone on leave three months earlier John's friends had noticed that his temper had grown shorter, and all were agreed that the sooner he could follow her for a complete rest the better.

Inside No. 8 John Tribe was propped on his elbow in bed. Mattie, his hearer, stood as near the door as possible ready to dodge anything, from a pillow to a full tumbler, which the sahib might select as a suitable missile.

"Do you suggest that I'm lying, you villain?" John shouted, anger making his Hindustani unusually fluent.

"The sahib always speaks truth,"



Major Ashton-Rose, M.B.E., I.M.S., who will be remembered by many prisoners of war in the Shamshui prisoner-of-war camp in Hong-Kong for the devotion and care he gave them. He was Senior Medical Officer of the camp, and he not only administered the hospital but carried out all the major operations and bacteriological work. He learned the Japanese language which gave him a great deal of authority and control over the camp guards. Major Ashton-Rose was awarded the M.B.E. for his work while a prisoner of war.

A Matter Of Business

By "Claudius"

Mattie muttered respectfully. "I was only surprised that such a thing could happen here."

"Well, it did happen. Just you understand that," John was slightly mollified now. "And I'll see that you are the one who will be surprised if it happens again!"

"But what can a poor man like me do, sahib? If the sahib himself cannot prevent these things, how can his servant ..."

"You blockhead, son of a blockhead and father of imbeciles," John interrupted. "This morning, while I slave in my office to earn the money to pay your exorbitant wages and to permit the cook to fatten himself by his overcharging, you will bring an expert. You may tell him that he shall receive a rupee for every one which he knows me alive. Now go. Is my bath ready?"

Mattie disappeared hurriedly and, while John whistled tunelessly in his bath, he and Hari, the cook, discussed the position.

"The sahib says a rat ran across his face while he slept last night," Mattie said, drawing in a long puff of one of John's "State Express" cigarettes.

Hari laughed. "Who has ever heard of a rat in a new block of flats? And on the fourth floor, too?" He grinned derisively. "The sahib was late for his dinner last night, and then said that the mutton was good. Beyond doubt this story of rats has come out of a bottle. I once worked for a sahib who saw many strange animals in his bed-room."

"If it were not that the memsahib will soon be returning and the house will be once more a house, I think my poor wife would be taken ill again. As it is, I will try to stay, but I keep the telegram ready always, in case he abuses me beyond endurance." Mattie put his hand into his pocket as he spoke to make sure that his passport for leave was still safely there.

"I too have thought that urgent affairs might call me to my native place," Hari said as he threw away an egg whose yolk he had carelessly torn open.

Both started as a shout came echoing down to the kitchen.

"Give me the coffee," Mattie said hurriedly as he carefully pushed his cigarette butt deep into the garbage pail by the sink.

When John had safely left the flat,

Mattie settled down to plan the arrangements to be made in the nine hours of freedom now before him. Later that morning he began an earnest conversation with a lean, rather tanned, individual in a ramshackle corner of the bazaar.

"I know there are no rats," he was saying, "and you know there are no rats. But the sahib says there are rats, and so there must be rats. Moreover, he has agreed to pay eight annas for each one that you catch. Doubtless, you will permit me to retain four annas as my commission, but the rest is yours."

After considerable argument, the rat-catcher agreed to start that night, but he was adamant that two annas per rat would be the highest rate that he could allow. Although Mattie several times got up to go he could get no better terms, so finally agreed with a bad grace.

Before John returned the large wire basket with its spring trapdoor was baited and set.

Mattie explained his achievements proudly.

"The very fine rat-catcher, sahib," he said. "If the trap does not catch the rats, this man will sing to them so that they will come to him. He will catch all the rats in the flat, sahib."

John granted, but was evidently satisfied so Mattie continued.

"This man so famous, sahib, that he not coming unless I promise him three rupees advance and six annas bus hire. I very poor servant, sahib, and this end of month. Will sahib please give me Rs. 4-6?"

Mattie had chosen his time well and he was given the money almost without protest.

Next morning Mattie brought in the trap with John's *chale keri*. Inside, a large grey rat sat morosely blinking through the wire.

John was delighted and triumphant.

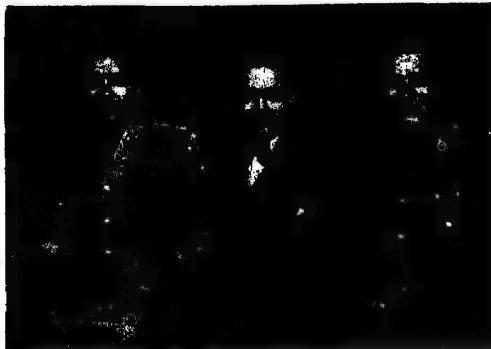
(Continued on page 62)



A bilateral air transport agreement between India and the U.S.A., providing for categories of traffic which may be carried, the use of airports, control of rates for carriage, customs duties and exchange of information and statistics, was signed in New Delhi. The Hon'ble Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru and the Hon'ble Sardar Abdur Rab Nishtar signed on behalf of the Government of India. The American signatories were the Hon'ble Mr. George Mervill, Charge d'Affaires of the American Embassy, and General George A. Brownell, Personal Representative of the President of the U.S.A.



Surgeon/Lt. K. S. Isar, R.I.N.V.R., Capt. A. D. Saluhudin and F/Lt. J. K. Sekgal while at Lahore. These three friends graduated together, joined the forces together and now they are with the Navy, Army and Air Force.



Meeting again after a separation of four years, while on leave in Murree, are Mr. B. S. Kapoor, I.A.O.C., Planning Officer, Ordnance Depot, Rawalpindi, and his two brothers, (LEFT) Major Sagur Kapoor, 7/1st Punjab Regt., and (RIGHT) Major Kanwar Kapoor, Indian Signals.



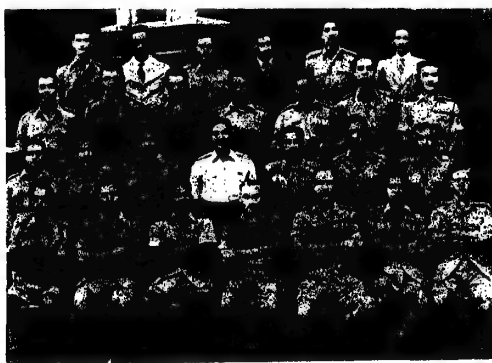
Major P. Krishen, R.I.A.S.C., who was until recently commanding a G. T. Coy. in Chittagong, is now in Delhi Dun. During the war Major Krishen was with the 14th Army for over two years on the Assam-Burma Front.



Officers of the 5th Bn., the Madras Regt., at Uruli, near Poona. From L. to R.: (STANDING) Lt. K. C. Joshi, Lt. I. H. Miller, Lt. A. G. Robertson, Capt. R. M. Taylor, Lt. C. B. Allen, Capt. M. N. Dharmapalan, Lt. H. M. Marshall, Capt. P. R. Saranjame and 2/Lt. K. T. Philip; (MIDDLE ROW) Lt. H. Cox, Major H. E. S. Daveenport, Major H. G. Rue, Major K. S. Moghe, Lt.-Col. W. F. H. Pottle, Major K. Tanningsingh, Major P. C. Rajaratnam, Capt. Parkash Chand and Capt. M. S. Raghavan; (IN FRONT) Capt. Mumtaz Manzoor, Capt. A. A. Cunliffe and Lt. A. L. Soni, I.A.M.C.



Three officers of the Razmak Brigade, taken on the Brigade Headquarters Mess lawn, Razmak. They are from L. to R.: Capt. C. D. Geach, Staff Captain, Capt. Sir Norman D. F. Echlin, Bt. Adj., 14/1st Punjab Regt., and Capt. P. Stutlard, Station Staff Officer, Razmak.



The staff and students of the 18th Inspecting Ordnance Officers' (Abridged) Course at the I.A.O.C. Centre, Jubbulpore. From L. to R.: (SEATED) Capt. S. N. Rizvi, Capt. W. McKaye-French, Major C. L. Barve, Col. A. J. Tyacke, Lt.-Col. K. G. Anson, Capt. B. Singh and Capt. E. H. Evans; (SECOND ROW) Capt. A. Niyogi, Lt. G. Mastafa, Lt. Harbhaksh Singh, Lt. All Gauder, Lt. Sant Kumar, Lt. Bashir Ahmed and Lt. Charanjit Singh Ahlawalla; (THIRD ROW) 2/Lt. S. Bhattacharya, Lt. J. D. Stepiyan-Smith, 2/Lt. M. K. Chaudhuri, 2/Lt. S. K. Ramanaathan, 2/Lt. David Anthony, Lt. L. A. Dyer and Lt. I. G. Philippowsky; (BACK ROW) Lt. D. G. Ward, N. K. Chakraverty, Lt. H. L. Nanda, W. B. Mathews, Lt. B. R. Poley and M. Syed Ali.



Lt. Kumar G. S. Moral, 226 Coy, R.I.A.S.C., has been appointed a member of I.U.J.C. Executive Committee by H.Q., Karachi Sub-Area, and is at present busy organising and directing a concert of classical dances, including some of the songs he has composed. He is a keen scholar of music and dancing, and is a Member of the International Arts Corporation and Academy, Vienna. During the war, he took a prominent part in organising entertainments for British and Indian troops overseas.



S/Ldr. C. L. Mehta, who is the first R.I.A.F. officer to be appointed Senior Administrative Officer at the R. A. F. Station, Kohat.



Members of the Managing Committee of the Farmers' Day held at Ferozpur Cantonment by the 14th Punjab Regimental Centre, Ferozpur. In the centre of the group is Brigadier Lowther, on his right Major C. J. Bartlett, Commandant of the 14th Punjab Regimental Centre, Ferozpur, and on the left Mr. S. B. Sajon, Regional Engineer of C.A.I., Lahore Branch. On the extreme right is Mrs. Bartlett, and others in the group include Mrs. Lowther, Capt. A. Q. Khan of the 14th Punjab Regimental Centre and the Dy. Director of Agriculture, the Punjab.



Poppy Day in Lahore. An unusual display of poppies in caps and turbans! From L. to R.: Lt. Shabeg Singh, Capt. Luthra, Major Khan and Capt. Balwant Singh.



Some of the officers of the Razmak Brigade enjoying a Sunday morning on the lawns of the Gymkhana Club, Razmak. From L. to R.: Major H. C. Taylor, Capt. J. S. Pania, Capt. B. D. Kaushal, Capt. T. R. S. Sodhi, Capt. F. S. Sandhu, Major Bhupindra Singh, Capt. Gopal Singh, Lt. J. Z. Ahmed and Capt. H. W. Skellon.

RIGHT:

Officers of the 1st Bn., The Bihar Regt., now serving in Bangkok. The Battalion at one time formed a part of the well-known Lushai Brigade, the special force of the 14th Army, during the advance on Tiddim Road. From L. to R. (SEATED) Capt. N. N. Singh, Major B. P. Singh, Major G. J. Cruickshank, Lt.-Col. M. Habibullah Khan, Major Kuldip Singh Sidhu, Capt. G. Rabbani and Capt. J. L. Taylor; (STANDING) Lt. R. J. Middleton, Capt. H. J. Malik, Lt. J. D. Carter, Lt. R. J. Rogers, Lt. S.A.E. Platts and Lt. W. G. Allen.

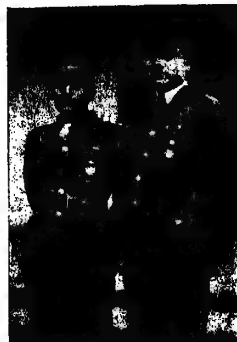


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Officers and hon. officers of the 2nd Royal Lancers (GH) who were present in Rawalpindi for the Regimental Reunion. From L. to R.: (SEATED) Capt. Brj Lall, Brigadier J. H. Wilkinson, R.M. and Hony. Capt. Abdul Rauf Khan, Major-General T. A. A. Wilson, Lt.-Col. P. L. A. Hill, Brigadier E. W. D. Vaseghan, R.M. Udo Singh, Major D. Choudhuri and R.M. and Hony. Capt. Krishna Chandra Singh; (SECOND ROW) Major R. A. S. Newall, Rite, and Hony. Lt. Pooan Singh, Major D. Mc. V. Reynolds, R.M. and Hony. Lt. Ahmad Ali Khan, Major E. A. J. R. Dorman, R.M. and Hony. Capt. Sis Ram, Major H. B. Dowson, Hony. R.M. and Hony. Lt. Lall Chand, Capt. Nihal Singh and Major J. L. G. Jones; (BACK ROW) 2/Lt. G. M. Bridger, Lt. A. M. Forscutt, Lt. Mohinder Singh Sandhu, Lt. L. R. H. Doaka, Capt. M. J. Debu, Capt. Bashir Ahmad Khan, Lt. K. K. Khanna, Lt. Bishan Singh, Lt. J. C. Scrimgeour, Lt. W. A. Hiley, Capt. Brj Basi and Capt. A. C. Corrier.



Capt. M. D. Ramaswami and Capt. Nuruddin of the I.M.S., I.A.M.C., who met again recently in Lucknow after their visit to Kathmandu over a year ago, when they were awarded the insignia of "Manya Nepal Tara" by H.H. the Maharaja of Nepal.



Shooting recently in the Tral Rakh in Kashmir, H. H. the Maharaja Sir Hari Singhji of Kashmir and his party set up an unusual series of family records. His Highness bagged two panthers in one day. Her Highness the Maharani got two "barasinghs" at one shoot and the Yuvraj Karna Singhji shot his first stag. His Highness has also had good sport with small game. In one day, during the season, he picked up 422 ducks and beat previous records in Kashmir with 140 driven snipe at his Anchar Rakh. In the picture are His Highness with the two panthers measuring 7' 1 1/2" and 6' 7", Her Highness with the two stags, 41" and 39 1/2", and the Yuvraj with his stag measuring 42".

A Tiger-Beat In Kanara

By A. W.

IT was a Sunday morning in the hot weather and we were resting in long chairs on the verandah when the old shikari brought in news of a tiger. "Bura bagh hi wadi hai, zabih," he announced with salams to my uncle. "Will the sahib go and shoot it, as it has killed one of the villagers' cattle last night and has done other damage?" he asked. To give credence to his tale he produced a stick with which he had measured the tiger's footprints.

We sat up eagerly. Good! The shikari was ordered to make *bundhauri*. This would consist of rounding up about two villagers for the beat, procuring ladders, and deciding upon the plan of campaign.

After a tiger has killed and partially fed, it generally lies up near water close to the hill until evening. At sunset, when all is quiet, it ventures forth either to come on the hill again or to find a fresh victim. A beat does not always produce a tiger. Roughly speaking, only about one in seven beats is successful. A tiger may have become suspicious and left the vicinity, or he may be caught early in the beat and later break out sideways. It is the uncertainty of the result which adds to the excitement.

Organization

However, we had lunch and about half-past one, full of optimism, with rifles, tea and cameras, we set off in the car. Five miles along the dusty road brought us to where a crowd of scantily-clad beaters were collected. Here the Forest Ranger handed out to each man a slip of paper which would entitle him afterwards to collect his 25 or 14 annas, depending upon the success of the beat or otherwise. Although to us it would appear to be a small sum for what might be a dangerous task, it represented a fair day's pay to the poor villager.

Leaving the beaters who had some distance to go before they could form their line, we set off by a circuitous

route through the thickly-wooded jungle. The shikari led the way and some men trudged behind with the ladders. These ladders are constructed of heavy bamboo poles, bound with thick rope with a platform at the top which provides a seat. Sometimes the ladders have two seats, one on top of the other. We had four single ones.

The path was narrow, and as we walked silently along in single file the bamboo branches on either side whipped across our faces and caught at our clothes. We proceeded in this manner for some two miles when a halt was called.

Waiting

The ladders were now fastened securely to four trees, each about 30 yards apart. On this occasion there was only one gun and consequently he was placed slightly in front of the rest. Of the three of us behind, my brother on the left was to shoot only if necessity arose.

After ascertaining that all was in order we clambered up our respective ladders, and settling ourselves, prepared



Mr. W. J. Borrowman of Bombay with Monsieur Barnes, the Swiss Amateur Golf Champion, at Crans-sur-Sierre, where Mr. and Mrs. Borrowman were spending a golfing holiday.

Hunter's Prayer

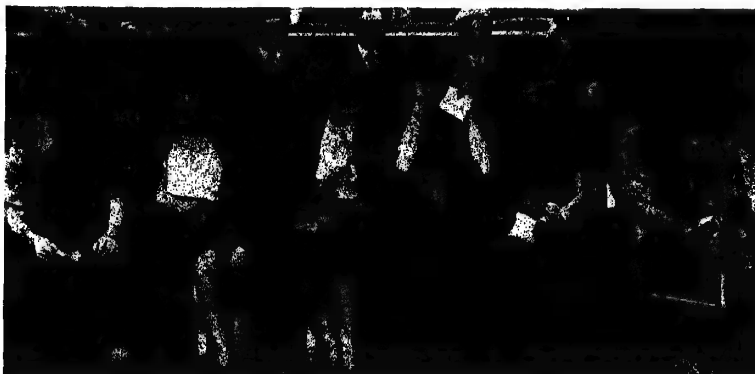
Give me a dawn wind, bracing, chill,
And the scent of dew-drenched grass,
A game path leading up a hill
To a distant, lonely pass.

Give me a tracker, nimble, sure,
Who knows the lie of the land,
The monkey's bark, the tiger's roar,
And a rifle in my hand.

Give me the nightfall, silent, swift,
And a horned owl's strident call,
Bright moonlight shining through a rift
And the wonder of it all.

Give me, O Lord, the strength to roam
The forest's uttermost end,
And I'll not sigh for hearth or home
Or the company of friends.

T. B. Adcock



Enthusiastic racers in Rawalpindi. From l. to r.: Capt. D. Mitchell, Miss Joan Johnstone, Miss Lee Sullivan, Capt. Michael Wehrube, Miss Virginia Clay and Capt. R. T. Edgson. Miss Clay and Miss Sullivan are two popular stage and cabaret artists who have been touring India and are now on their way back to the U. K.



The Tollygunge Autumn Meeting, which finished at the beginning of November 1946, provided six days' racing. The late rains made the going somewhat heavy for that time of the year. The principal race was that for the Governor's Cup, and was won by Messrs. C. H. Heape and P. J. P. Thomas' Knock Out, ridden and trained by Mr. F. D. Farmer. The drawing shows the field for the Governor's Cup—a nine-furlong race—"in the country" passing the Club House, having covered about two furlongs of the distance. Mapara is in the lead followed by Knock Out.

Equitation In India

Schooling For Horse And Rider

By "Laddie"

ALL horses and riders are improved by schooling. Of course, it must be carried out systematically and one lesson completely learned before proceeding with the next. The ultimate aim of schooling is to make the horse pleasant to ride and to make riding a pleasure for the rider. This is achieved through the development of the mental and physical abilities of the horse and the capabilities of the rider. It has been stated that the mentality of a horse is equal to that of a two-year-old child and this should be borne in mind when trying to convey your intentions, during a new lesson, to the horse.

This article is not intended as a treatise on breaking and making a colt, but for the improvement of the average horseman, or horsewoman, who owns a hack, which is used for any purpose it may be required. So many potentially good horses have been badly trained and ridden that it is advisable to start the new schooling right at the beginning.

Short And Long Reins

The first lessons should be on a longe line, which may be a rein or thin rope about 30 feet long. No elaborate equipment is necessary and a military head collar, with the joint piece let down and running free on the back stay, will be found suitable for attaching the longe line. The horse should be taught to walk, trot and canter at the word of command. Care should be taken that the horse circles as many times to the right as to the left.



Mr. G. T. Watt of Cawnpore, who is an Instructor of the Institute of the Horse, London, and who writes the series of articles, "Equitation in India," for the "Onlooker" under the pen-name of "Laddie," is seen here riding his mare, Straven Lata, at Tollygunge, Calcutta.



Watching the horses in the paddock at the Lahore Autumn Races Meeting are from L. to R.: Miss McRae, Miss Rosemeyer, Capt. Smith, Mrs. Miller and Major Lyons.

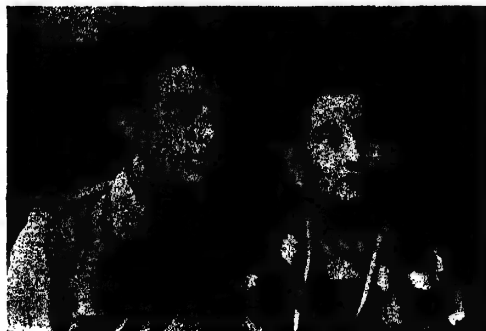
When reasonable command has been obtained with the voice, two reins similar to the longe line may be attached, one to either side of the snaffle, and the horse driven in a circle. The trainer stands in the centre with the direct reins leading from the horse's mouth to his hand and the indirect rein passing round just above the horse's hocks to his other hand. An even tension is maintained in both reins and they should be held low. To change the direction from a left circle the trainer shortens up his right rein (indirect rein) and takes a pace to his right front, at the same time giving the horse the command "Steady—Change." As the horse swings to the right the left rein is allowed to slip through the hand until the horse is on the new track.

After a little practice the horse will be able to change at all paces, including the canter. (Any tendency to canter on the wrong leg, or disunited, should be instantly checked.) The horse should also be taught to rein back with the long reins by standing behind him and applying an even pressure to both reins, at the same time giving the word of command. Each step backwards should be rewarded by removing the tension from the reins. Advance lessons with the long reins may include passing to the right and left. Horses which have been well schooled in long reins will be found to be more tractable when mounted and the trainer will also have a better understanding with his mount.

Aids By Signal

For mounted lessons a double bridle or Pelham is recommended to start with and when the aids have been thoroughly learned a snaffle bridle can be resorted to. The aids are the signals by means of which the rider conveys his intentions to the horse and which the horse learns to understand and obey. The natural aids are the hands, body, voice and legs. The artificial aids are the whip, spurs, martingale and any other special appliance. The lateral aids are applied by the hand and the leg of the rider on the same side of the horse. The diagonal aids are applied by the hand and leg of the rider on opposite sides of the horse, such as right rein and left leg, or left rein and right leg. It is not within the scope

(Continued on page 51)



Krishnaswamy-Durai

F/Lt. A. Krishnaswamy, R.I.A.F., and Miss Indrani Durai, daughter of Mr. K. Durai, M.B.E., Director of the Railway Board, and Mrs. Durai, were married at Allahabad.



Rashid-Sadik

Capt. Muzaffar Rashid, 16th Light Cavalry, son of Sir Abdul Rashid, Chief Justice of the Lahore High Court, and Santa Sultana, daughter of Mr. H. G. Sadik, Cane Commissioner, the Punjab, and Mrs. Sadik, were married at Lahore.



Keatley-Birkett

Lt. James Patterson Andrew Keatley, The Black Watch, son of Col. and Mrs. Keatley of St. Helena, Isle of Wight, and Miss Norma Theresia Amelia Birkett, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Birkett of Sukkur, were married at St. Mary's Church, Sukkur.



Dolezal-Brown

Mr. Augustin Dolezal, General Manager of Bata Shoe Company, Batapur (Lahore), and Miss Harriet Lucy Brown, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brown, were married at St. Anthony's Church, Lahore. At left is Mr. George Smid (bestman).



Cane-Spence

Lt.-Col. P. G. Cane, M.C., 9th Gurkha Rifles, and Miss Isabel Spence, elder daughter of Sir George and Lady Spence of New Delhi, were married at New Delhi.



Hodgman-Sundius Smith

After the wedding at Delhi of Major H. M. R. Hodgman, Royal Signals, and Mrs. Celia Sundius Smith, W. V. S. (J). From L. to R.: Col. J. H. Souter, the bridegroom and the bride and Major George Nickson.



Battrill-Mackeown

Taken after the wedding of Mr. M. E. Battrill, Manager of Grindlay and Company, Simla, and Miss M. G. Mackeown at the Scottish Church, Simla. From L. to R.: Mrs. Kennan, the bridegroom and the bride, and Mr. J. I. Kennan, Manager of Lloyds Bank, Simla.



Akbar—Ghori

Mr. Sajdar Ali Akbar, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Tyeb Ali Akbar of Nasik and Bombay, and Khursheed Jabeen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Zakur Khan Ghori of Lahore, were married at Lahore.



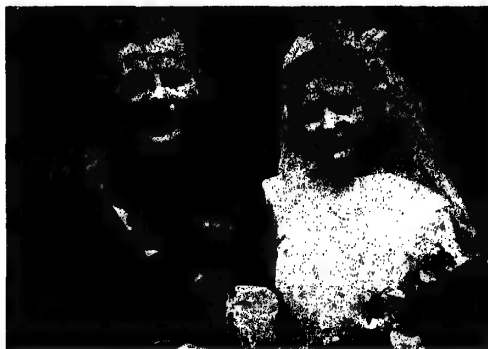
Blackburne-Kane-Summer

After the wedding at All Saints' Church, Shillong, of Major J. L. Blackburne-Kane, 3rd Q.A.O. Gurkha Rifles, son of Lt.-Col. G. Blackburne-Kane, Military Secretary to H.E. the Governor of Assam, and Mrs. Blackburne-Kane, and Miss V. G. Summer. From L. to R. : (STANDING) The Rev. Canon W. Boulton, Col. L. Montier-Williams, A.D.C., the bridegroom, Capt. R. C. N. Clapham, A.D.C. (bestman), Mrs. Boulton and Brigadier M. R. Roberts, D.S.O., Comd., Shillong Sub Area ; (SITTING) Mrs. Roberts, H.E. Sir Henry F. Knight, Governor of Assam, the bride, Lt.-Col. G. Blackburne-Kane and Mrs. Blackburne-Kane ; (IN FRONT) Heather Coverhill (flower girl).



Kagal—Kulkarni

The wedding took place at Bagalkot of Mr. E. A. Kagal, I.A.O.C., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Kagal of Ahmedabad, and Miss Lalita Devi Kulkarni, daughter of Mr. R. N. Kulkarni, Civil Judge, Bagalkot, and Mrs. Kulkarni.



Holmes—Clarke

Capt. Floyd Frank Holmes, 1st K.G.V.'s O. Gurkha Rifles, only son of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Holmes of Wore, England, and Miss Ruby Irene Maud Clarke, eldest daughter of Capt. and Mrs. C. R. Clarke of Yol, Kangra Valley, were married at the Church of St. John in the Wilderness, Dharmasai, Kangra Valley.



Hakim—Koreishi

Lt. M. H. Hakim of the Baroda State Army, son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Hakim of Baroda, and Miss Rafat Jehan Begum Koreishi, daughter of the late Mr. A. O. Koreishi and Mrs. Koreishi, were married at Ahmedabad.



Mandeville—Chardon

After the wedding at Rawalpindi of Lt.-Col. Conrad Mandeville, R.I.A.S.C., son of Mr. M. Mandeville of Mallow, Eire, and Mrs. Mary Charlton, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Stephen, Montrose, Scotland. From L. to R. : Mr. K. Henderson, O.B.E., I.C.S., Mrs. Wright and the bride and the bridegroom.

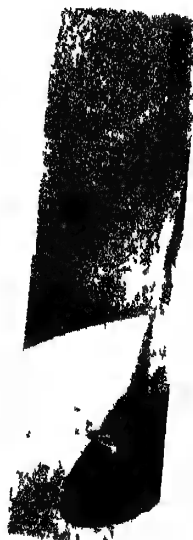


Bruen—Lewis

The wedding took place at Rawalpindi of Major E. J. D. Bruen, The Rajputana Rifles, and Miss Mary Lewis. From L. to R. : Major P. M. Kent, Miss C. B. Mackerron, the bridegroom and the bride, Miss J. MacLaughlin and Brigadier W. G. H. Gough, M.C.

London Ideas For 1947 Society

THE OWL OKL





D. G. Fashions and Fabrics Parade, London.

After a severe austerity period British fashion has taken the lead again as evidenced by the trend in the latest shows and parades. To suit modern taste for simplicity the evening dress (right) is on classical lines. On the left is a picturesque white dinner gown in heavy crepe. The whole of the bodice and sleeves are elaborately beaded in diamonds and emeralds and the intricate draping of the tulip skirt falls into a slight train at the back. The spectacular is provided by the white picture frock in screened slipper satin. The future in dress shoes is in suede with paste ornament and an unusually wide ankle-strap.



Taken at Aurangabad (Deccan) on the occasion of the christening of Joan Susan, daughter of Lt. Jackman, I.G.S.C., Aurangabad, and Mrs. Jackman. In the group can be seen Brigadier Bowtell Harris, O.B.E., M.C., and Mrs. Bowtell Harris, and Mrs. Gill and Mrs. Mitchell (godmothers), Mr. Mitchell (godfather) Lt.-Col. Fisher, Lt.-Col. Drake Brockman, Lt.-Col. Thompson, Major and Mrs. Marshall, Major and Mrs. Khan Mohamed Eshai, Miss Eshai, Major Ghulam Khan, Major Mohammed Khan, Major and Mrs. Boswell, Major Sykes and Major Harwood.



Roomey, 11-months-old son of Pilot Officer F. J. Balaporia, Bombay Port Trust, and Mrs. Balaporia, while at the home of his grandparents in Bombay.



Mr. Abdul K. Mehta, Managing Director of Marks Brothers, Limited, with his wife and son before they sailed for the U.S.A.



Paddy, son of Mr. and Mrs. Rawcliffe of Peshawar, who seems to have overcome camera-consciousness quite early in life.



Mrs. Mainprize-King, wife of Col. T. Mainprize-King of H. Q., Alsea 2nd Echelon, with their second daughter, Diane Susan, whose christening took place recently in Jhanai.



After the christening at the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, Lahore, of David Roland, infant son of Major Ian Aers of the 8th Punjab Regt., and Mrs. Ian Aers. From l. to r.: Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Aers, Mrs. Ian Aers with David Roland, Major Ian Aers, Col. A. G. Scotland, M.C., and Miss Joan Aers.

Have you any good snaps of your family? If so, send them along to the Editor who will be glad to consider them for publication in the Outlooker.



Hasan Imam, young son of Capt. Syed Imam Shah and grandson of Sir Syed Maratib Ali of Lahore.

Sleeping Hours

By "Virginia"

A SIMPLE calculation is enough to show how much of our life we have already spent in bed and what proportion of the future we are likely to spend there. Probably, in all, at least a third of our lives, longer than we devote to earning a living, four or five times as long as the greatest of us take to eat our meals. And yet, how much we neglect our beds and bed-rooms!

Comfort First

For, perhaps, a hundredth part of the thought and money we willingly spend on our stomachs, what a transformation we could effect in the conditions under which we pass eight hours out of every 24. In India one big decision must be taken—to air-condition or to trust to less artificial means. Now that equipment is gradually becoming available again the question is more than an academic one. If air-conditioning it is to be, then we have solved the problems of windows, fans and mosquitoes at a single blow. Otherwise, you should choose a room with opposing windows to encourage the feeblest breath of wind. Site the fan



Joy and Pat, children of Mr. and Mrs. Morgans, in the garden of their home in Surrey, England. They are the granddaughters of Mr. H. H. Lilley of Calcutta.

so that it is not directly over the bed as you don't get the best movement of air under the centre. Mosquitoes and similar winged pests can be excluded by proofing the room, which inevitably keeps out a good deal of the fresh air as well. Probably a net, though old-fashioned, is better. If you have to use one a great deal, it is well worth having the biggest size, which forms a sort of room within a room and encloses the fan as well.

Now to consider the bed itself. Besides being much cooler, a fairly hard mattress is much healthier. The swans-down bed into which one sank like a foam bath is unhygienic and very bad for your posture. Choose a really good spring or spongy rubber pattern; if the latter, make sure there is an

absorbent blanket under the bottom sheet. Your pillow should be as flat as you feel you can comfortably use—many people find that, like babies, no pillow at all is best once you are used to it.

Good linen sheets are the pride of a bride's bottom drawer in Europe, but in India light cotton are really better in every way. They weigh less and so are cooler, they can be frequently washed, being cheap to replace, and they will save you many pangs of anxiety which would otherwise be wrung from you by the thought of your best linen being pounded by the dhobi. When you are lucky enough to be able to use blankets, you must confess to a preference for the cellular pattern, but fleecy wool is a favourite with many. Whichever



Brigid Anne, 21-year-old daughter of Col. S. G. Gardiner, D.S.O., 15th Punjab Regt., Ambala, and Mrs. Gardiner.

you choose, remember that weight does not mean warmth.

Cool Colours

The walls and ceilings of your bedroom are the last things you see at night and, as you also see them when you open your eyes in the morning, they have quite a powerful effect on your whole day. In India a white ceiling is almost always best. Light blue and light green are cool and either is recommended for walls. Avoid orange, red or any dark colour—they are hot and tend to be temperamentally irritating.

Now we have almost done. Buy rugs or carpets for your bed-room which are softly coloured and have a short pile but not a harsh one. Finally, even if you don't read in bed, do make sure the light switch is near your bed so that it is easily reached. Apart from scorpions and other creepy-crawlies of the night you can stub your toe abominably fumbling round the room when half asleep.

Don't Throw Away . . .

Scraps of Knitting Yarn

Instead . . .

As they accumulate, knit them up into small squares (about 6" x 6") on outside knitting pins. Collect them until you have enough to join together into a cot, pram or rickshaw blanket as colourfully varied as Joseph's coat.



Hari and Gita, children of P/Lt. Dharan, R.I.A.F., and Mrs. Sushila Dharan of Cannanore.



Anthony D'Angibus and April Livingstone on their morning stroll. They are the children of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. D'Angibus and Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Livingstone of Hatikihra Tea Estate, Chandkhira, Sylhet.



Mrs. Dorothy Atkins, wife of Capt. James G. Atkins, U.S. Naval Attache in New Delhi. She spent most of the summer at Mussoorie with her 15-year-old daughter, Betty-Jo, who is attending Woodstock.

Ideal Woman Or Ideal Wife

By Jean Murray

AS every girl approaches marriage there is one very important question she should ask herself—What do I intend to be, the ideal wife or the ideal woman? It happens to be a truism that the two are not consistently synonymous. The ideal wife in the accepted sense is seldom the ideal woman—she is too busy doing a job of work. On the other hand, the ideal woman is generally a good wife, though she may have no time for conventional wifeliness.

The Inconsistent Male

You will find that most men before marriage crave for the ideal wife. "A woman," they chant, "who can sew, and cook, and manage, and mother my children, and keep my home beautiful—that is what I want." Then, after they have lived with this paragon of automation for a year or two you will find that she has become a creature to whom they can only refer with honesty as "the wife."

And what does a man really seek in his married life—"togetherness" with someone known as "the wife" or a life with the woman with whom he fell in love and married? Surely the latter.

So think well about those good and wifely intentions and do not be too easily influenced by your elders, who lay down for you rules for housewifery as old as the hills. True, there are certain mechanic advantages which you should acquire. By being an ideal woman one does not mean an indolently decorative figurehead with the clever tongue, an attractive presence, and a charming manner. But, just as truly, one should not point out as the ideal wife, one of those industrious domestic whole-timers who, though her home, her dinners, and her husband's socks may be impeccable, is, in herself, no more than an instrument for gaining this end.



A striking portrait of Mrs. Vilaya Lakshmi Pandit, who has just returned from America where she represented India at the United Nations Assembly.

As Any Other Business

No, make up your mind to it—compromise and watch the result. Certainly study the mechanics of a home, know how to cook, how to mend, how to manage. These attainments must be part of the pattern; it is when you make them the pattern itself that people point to you as the ideal wife, and your husband thinks of you as the ideal bore.

These are part of the business of wifeliness, just as your husband's knowledge of stock markets is part of his business as a stockbroker. You would soon resent it if he "stockbroke" at the expense of being your friend, lover and companion, just as you find dreary should you be an ideal wife at the expense of everything else.

Remember, then, that in the making of a good relationship out of marriage it is this fact of relationship which must come first—the relationship of a man and a woman. It is not the relationship of a stockbroker and a housewife. Just as most men put their work second, so should you be in your efforts to remain in your husband's eyes the ideal woman he married. Be the woman you were, guard against turning into the wife you may become.

(Continued on page 53)



Mrs. Jennie Falkner Conolly, eldest daughter of the late Mr. R. S. Falkner and the late Mrs. Graham Falkner of Melbourne, Australia. She has recently announced her engagement to Mr. Frank W. Goldie of the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada, youngest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. James Goldie of Milngavie, Scotland. Mr. Goldie served in the R.N.V.R. during the war, and was latterly at the War Department, New Delhi. The marriage was expected to take place at Melbourne in December 1946 and Mr. Goldie hopes to return to Bombay with his wife in June.

Possession

Must you possess my every mood,
Moods that I cannot share with you?
My loving duty to you I give,
All that affection has taught me to.
But you desire to follow blind,
Down all the alleys of my mind.
Make, where imagination reigns,
A willing captive in your chains!
All day I'll answer to your call,
Do what you wish, live in your home.
At night when sleep has closed our eyes,
I must escape and be alone
In my dream country, where I meet
Others who know the way to it.
There are the birds that sweetest sing,
And flowers whose hues and perfumes bring
Memories of sunny places where
Music and laughter fill the air.
I cannot take you where I go,
You would not know a bird or flower,
The laughter would be muted low,
The music would have lost its power.
The faces would be changed and grey,
Contentment would have flown away.
And then you'd turn and question me,
As if you held my soul in fee!

S. D.



Louisa, wife of Mr. S. M. Burke, I.C.S., of Lahore.

Sira Says

The Chaps Will Avoid You . . . !

If, when he hasn't phoned you up for a few days, you give him a ring about nothing in particular.

If you engineer being just behind, or just in front, or next to him, at every social gathering.

If you are too managing, or the reverse—a helpless clinging little thing, lisping affected baby-talk.

If you slap on your make-up inches thick when preparing for a date, but when surprised at home your skin looks shiny and unkept.

If you insist on being so much the life and soul of the party that it makes your escort feel conspicuous.

If you repeat all his sweet nothings, embellished with giggles, to the girl friend next morning. Eavesdroppers on the telephone are very prevalent.

If you are all smiles and acquiescence when he proposes an expensive evening, but sulk if it is just a drive in his car to look at the moon.

If he finds out that you have broken a date, or even a waltz, with him for something better.

If, when he has dated you up once, you take it for granted that he'll do so every time.

BUT . . .

behave naturally. Think of his and other people's reactions to your conduct, and of their enjoyment rather than your own, and your cup will be full—of dates!

The Burkes Come To Stay

By "Rosemary"

"IT'S part of the campaign," said Angela gazing enthralled at the luscious illustration for tomatoes in a seed catalogue.

"Why his sudden preoccupation with 'Grow More Food'?" I asked, flipping over the colourful pages.

"The Burkes are coming to stay with us, on leave for a month," said Angela as if that explained everything.

"So what?"

"Vegetarians . . ." said Angela briefly, absorbed once more in a luxuriant growth of lettuce. I waited.

" . . . Alice demurred at first. Said it would be too much trouble. But I haven't seen them since the babe arrived, and I insisted. I talked it over with Cook, and he thinks if we get a small parcel of fresh fruits and vegetables from the hills each week we'll manage beautifully. Anyway . . . it's given me ideas for the kitchen garden this winter."

"What does one give them to eat?" I asked. "Nuts and so forth?"

"Darling, this isn't turning into a menagerie! I've dug up some delicious recipes. Like to look at them?"

I said I would, and she produced an old note-book. While she went back to

her seed catalogue I borrowed a pencil and made good use of it . . .

Cherry Soup

1½ lbs. cherries; ½ lb. brown sugar; 4 oz. fried bread squares; 1 quart water. Wipe and stone the cherries and stew gently in the water with the sugar, a pinch of salt and half a teaspoonful of cinnamon. Have the bread fried and hot in the soup tureen and pour the cherry mixture on it.

Apple And Potato Stew

2 lbs. potatoes; 1½ lbs. apples; 1 onion; 1 oz. butter.

Peel the potatoes, cut into dice, just cover with water and simmer for ten minutes. Then add the apples peeled and cut into dice and simmer until all can be mashed. Stew the sliced onion in butter. Mash the apples and potatoes with a little salt and a teaspoonful of sugar. Just before serving cover with the onion butter. Serve with oatcakes or wholemeal biscuits.

Polenta With Onions

½ lb. Indian corn meal; 3 pts. milk; ½ pt. water; 2 chopped onions; 4 tablespoons grated cheese; salt and pepper. Pour the boiling water over the corn meal. Let it stand to swell. Heat the milk, add the swollen meal and cook for half an hour, stirring from time to time. Add the cheese and put in a buttered pie-dish. Bake in the oven until brown. Fry the onion in butter and just before serving cover the top of the polenta with the browned onion.

(Continued on page 64)



Karuna, charming daughter of Dewan Bahadur and Mrs. Mathra Das of Jullundur.

Looking-Glass Edition

By H. M.

WHO is the woman who confronts you each day in your mirror?

There she sits, the glorious creature, prinking and preening, quailing, smirking and languishing before you.

Tell me, gentle reader, is that you . . . the YOU that others see, or merely your looking-glass edition of yourself?

Most of us go to our mirrors prepared to see only the best, with middles pulled in, chins held up and smiles curving our lips as we peer in the glass. We go to be reassured, and we make quite certain beforehand that we shall come away satisfied.

Next time you go to your looking-glass go prepared to see the worst, which doesn't mean a detailed scrutiny for unlikely spots, discoloured teeth, increasing chins or imagined blackheads, but an honest assessment of yourself as others see you.

Take a piece of toast with you and survey yourself from all angles as you munch and gulp and chew. Not pretty, is it? But it isn't the worst.

Come hot-foot to your mirror from heated words with the cook. Are you surprised that he's just given you notice?

Prop a mirror in front of you to reflect your face when HE comes home late from the club. You'll wonder he ever comes home at all.

Try to recapture your expression when the girl who served you with those stockings was so snappily dense. You'll be ashamed to go into the shop again.

Consider the contortions that confront you in the glass next time you are powdering your nose in public. Do you wonder your escort turns his eyes from you as he would from the Gorgon's head?



"Gill," daughter of Mr. C. Gregory-Jones, General Manager of the Jodhpur Railway, and Mrs. Gregory-Jones, who with her parents will shortly be leaving India for the U.K.

Take a peep at your reflection when you are discussing an absent friend. You will be forced to admit all that she has said about you is deservedly true.

And now go and put on your most becoming gown, make yourself as charming as possible, and come and look in the mirror at your glowing, alluring reflection.

Tell me, gentle reader, do you know which is the real YOU?

The last one . . . if you'll let her be.



Pamela (LEFT) and Sheila (RIGHT), daughters of Mr. S. M. Burke, I.C.S., and Mrs. Burke of Lahore. Sheila plans to make dentistry her career.



Mr. H. S. Malik, Premier of Patala and former Indian Trade Commissioner in New York, who has been appointed Chairman of the new Committee on Industrial Development of the International Trade and Employment Preparatory Commission. During the First World War, Mr. Malik was a pilot of the Royal Flying Corps.

Calcutta Causerie

By "Kim"

CALCUTTA now appears to be determined to enjoy her second peace-time winter season, restrictions and curfew notwithstanding, and with new faces to be seen everywhere and many old friends returning from the U.K., the shops full of attractive... but expensive... goods, parties and functions in full swing, the Turf Club looking smart, all newly painted up, and the races drawing crowds each week-end, life really seems to be returning rapidly to its normal tenor and even way.

So many people have come back from leave in the past few weeks that it is difficult to keep track of them all. Among some well-known faces to be seen thronging the shopping centre, are the



Rayner-Gray

Major Eric Herbert Manser Rayner, Royal Signals, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Rayner, Sevenoaks, Kent, and Miss Margaret Gray, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gray of London, were married at Cuttack.



Mrs. Shirinagesh, wife of Col. Shirinagesh, photographed at Dalhousie, where she spent the summer with her children. She is the daughter of Col. Kochhar of Lahore.

attractive countenances of Mrs. Stanley Nairn and Mrs. Melys MacMillan, Mrs. Long and Mrs. Knott, the latter accompanied by her grown-up daughter, Elizabeth. Mrs. Townsend has returned after more than a year's absence and the Galloways are back, together with Mrs. Garth Wilkinson with small daughter and Mrs. Neil Bourke with small son. (The latter's grandfather, General Wood, was in Calcutta recently and received congratulations everywhere on his new appointment as Q.M.G. in New Delhi.) Mrs. Frank McKay is back from a summer in Kashmir with her two now-very-large youngsters, Jennifer and Jeremy; and Mrs. Orr Deas and her son, David, have come out for the cold weather. Attractive newcomers include Mrs. Richard Major, tall and lovely, the Hon. Mrs. Duncan, Lord Dunboyne's daughter, very fair with a real Irish complexion, Mrs. Tony McCaw, petite and blonde and of great charm, and Diana Humphrys (whose brother-in-law is in Burma-Shell) out for the cold weather.

Mrs. Charles Ormunde is back and installed in her Alipore flat once more, as well as Mrs. Ursula Gentle, as smart as ever and bringing with her an assortment of delightfully chic hats to grace the seasonable occasions ahead. Mrs. "Patsy" Warren and Mrs. Chiswell Jones are both down from a holiday in Kalimpong and already talking of their plans for spending the coming summer in England.

The Calcutta bachelors are not to be ignored amongst all this galaxy of femininity and, after many years, are staging a come-back at the "Ving-et-Un." They are giving a fancy dress ball at Tollygunge Club late in January to which everyone is greatly looking forward.

Congratulations have been showered on the Peter Banyards on the arrival of their second son and also on the Charles Thomases who have had a daughter born in November. Jim and Joan Glover had a daughter in December which pleased them mightily as also did the Umfrevilles and the Hamers earlier in the autumn, both in England.



Sir Arthur Trevor Harries, formerly Chief Justice of the Patna High Court, has succeeded Sir Harold Derbyshire, as Chief Justice in Calcutta.

"I WILL"

Two weddings of note took place recently, the first, which was largely attended at the ceremony at a party at the Calcutta Club, being that of Arnold Davidson of Burma-Shell and Geraldine Kirby of Darjeeling. The wedding was held quietly at the Catholic Church in Middleton Row and, at the party afterwards, I saw two of our most attractive younger hostesses, Mrs. Bapat and Mrs. Auden, talking together, and a host of others, most of whom were also at the Stuart-Williams-Haskell wedding two weeks later at the Cathedral. At this wedding the Metropolitan officiated and Mr. and Mrs. Orr Deas lent their lovely garden at 12, Lord Sinha Road, for the reception. The bride, who had arrived out from the U.K. a bare week earlier, was given away by Mr. Orr Deas and the wedding was ably supported by Mr. Bernard Greer of Turner, Morrison, as bestman.

The matron of honour was Mrs. Tony (Bubbles) Stuart-Williams who looked very decorative in a honey-coloured crepe gown and a little gold-trimmed cap and who carried bronze chrysanthemums to



Major Rab Nawaz, M.B.E., and Mrs. Nawaz, photographed before Major Nawaz left for the U.K. to attend the Senior Officers' Course at Devizes. Mrs. Nawaz is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. N. B. Abdullah of Ipoh, Malaya.

tone. The bride looked, as all the best brides should, most serene and happy and her fair colouring was well set off by her exquisitely-cut silk wedding dress with its swinging fringe on the shoulders and her lovely bouquet of cerise orchids which matched her eyes. The honeymoon was spent in North India sight-seeing, while the young Davidsons, in their case, chose to go to Ranikhet and Delhi.

At The Play

Since the closing of Bess and the winding up of Enns, Calcutta has been devoid of stage entertainments; so, all the more welcome was the reappearance of the Amateur Dramatic Club which opened its season at the New Empire with four performances of Terence Rattigan's light comedy, "Love in Idleness," in aid of the Indian Red Cross. The play was well produced by Ian Vallentine and stage-managed by A.

(Continued on page 60)



Mr. Henry Born of the Publicity Department of the Shell Petroleum Company was General Secretary of the Art-in-Industry Exhibition in Calcutta. As Chairman of the Indian Institute of Art-in-Industry, he built up the Institute and made it into a nationwide body. During the war he was the Chairman of the Indian Red Cross Appeal (Bengal) Publicity Committee.



Mr. Sahrab K. Khan, who is well-known in the textile industry of Bombay and Ahmedabad, left by air on a business trip to the United Kingdom, France, Holland, and Switzerland. Mr. Khan will also visit Germany where he will inspect industrial plants.



Lord Inchcape (LEFT), Senior Partner of Messrs. Mackinnon, Mackenzie and Company, chatting with Mr. I. H. Anderson (CENTRE) and Mr. A. H. Ford, Partners of the same firm, on his arrival in Bombay by the S. S. "Strathnaver". After a week in Bombay, Lord Inchcape went to New Delhi, where he stayed at the Viceroy's House, and then to Calcutta and is likely to be there for some time.



Alan H. Macdonald, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Macdonald of Bombay, who has been in South Africa completing his education, has distinguished himself on the running track. Besides representing Eastern Province in the South African Junior Athletic Championship held in Kimberley in the half-mile and mile, he broke the Eastern Province/Border High School Championships mile record of 1918. Alan will shortly be returning to his parents in Bombay.

Gateway Gossip

By "The Gleaner"

SIR Andrew Clow and Lady Clow received, what under less pleasant circumstances might be characterized, a "reprieve" when Sir John Colville, Governor of Bombay, was routed to Delhi on his return from leave at home, to act as Viceroy during the absence in England of Field-Marshal Lord Wavell. He and Lady Colville are expected back in Bombay soon after we go to press. They have left Mary Colville at home this time and it is rumoured that she has taken up a flat in London and is going to write a book about India. Rosemary has come out with her father and mother and if she can work up real enthusiasm in sailing two very sailing-minded A.D.C.s are awaiting with two trim little yachts (Gashdies) to break her in.

The Scots in Bombay held their annual celebration of St. Andrew's Day on November 30 and were fortunate in having Sir Andrew Clow with them. Although not a Scot, Lady Clow also



A fine portrait of Major Y. F. Noel-Paton, E.D., by Professor W. Langhamer. It was presented to Major Noel-Paton on his retirement by the members of the Bombay Light Horse/Bombay Light Patrol, A. F. (I), in which he served from 1921 to 1946.

came along and appeared to enjoy herself thoroughly. Our own Governor, of course, is also very much a Scot and it is quite possible that the party would have broken into Scottish dancing had he been there.

On this occasion the celebration took the form of a cocktail party in Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Low's flat and General Goddard and quite a number of other important people in the city were present to celebrate. Mrs. Fraser-Duff, elegant in black, and her husband, who is Secretary of the Caledonian Society and makes a very good job of it, Mr. Victor Noel-Paton, even more cheerful than usual, and Mrs. Win Rohan did their share of entertaining, while Willie Petrie, complete with monocle and cigar, presided, as they say, at the piano. Many of us met for the first time the new Chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Patterson, and his wife. Shipping was well represented by both Mr. and Mrs. Ford and Mr. Mrs. Anderson. Alastair MacMillan, now head of Glenfield and Kennedy, Sir Thomas and Lady Kennedy having gone to London to an even more senior appointment, was in good form. The I.C.I. was there in strength represented by the Stuart Fergusons, Sybil in white and sporting a very gay tartan sash, and a new couple, the Fletts, who at the moment are living at Pall Hill with the Fergusons. The honours of the night were most efficiently performed by Mr. Watt who acted in place of the President of the Society, Mr. Macnabb. But for a mishap to the "Strathnaver" and her consequent delay, he himself would have been present. He along with Mrs.

Macnabb arrived a few days later in company with a strong contingent of Bombay people returning from leave.

Australians Entertained

The last of the long series of parties given in honour of the Australian Trade Delegation took place after the *Onlooker* had gone to press last month. From a business point of view, the outstanding one was that given by Mr. Roy Gollan, the Australian Trade Commissioner, at the Willingdon Club at which only mere males were present and then only the most senior and most important. The Australians could certainly not complain of not having met the best people from a business point of view in Bombay. The following night they were again feted at the Willingdon but this time it was a gay party as the ladies were invited, the party being given by Mr. and Mrs. M. Raebid.

About the same time Bombay had a visit from two delightful Americans, Mr. Richard Hedke and his wife. He came to India as the head of Rotary International paying an official visit. The District Rotary Governor, Mr. P. P. Pocha, and other Rotarians met the visitors at the airport and from then on they scarcely had a moment to themselves. Mr. Pocha gave a very pleasant little party at the Taj in order to give visiting Rotarians from other parts of the Province an opportunity of meeting the President of Rotary. For the rest of the time the visitors were in the capable hands of Mr. Merwanji Patel who is the President of the Bombay Rotary Club. (Of a series of functions, perhaps the most pleasant was that held at the Willingdon Club when Sir Andrew Clow and Lady Clow and the Prime Minister, Mr. B. G. Kher,

were present to meet the visitors. The Hedkes were thrilled by their visit to this city but one of their most pleasant memories will be a function arranged by the Rotary Club of Ahmedabad to welcome them into that city when Mrs. Hedke was the recipient of a beautiful sari, the gift of the Rotary Club of Indore. The gift was handed over by Mr. A. S. Judge and Mr. C. F. Wast. Mrs. Hedke immediately retired and, donning the sari, rejoined the party to the great delight of everybody.

Joint Exhibitions

Sir Homi Mehta, not long back from England where he was personally decorated in Buckingham Palace with the K.C.I.E. by His Majesty the King, excelled himself when he declared open in the University Convocation Hall, this year's exhibition of paintings by K. Nison and D. Newcome. Sir Homi seems to grow younger with the arrival of each grandchild; he now has 10.

But to return to the exhibition, one of the most charming displays I have yet seen in Bombay was that, tucked away in the corner, by Mrs. Hundell (K. Nison) of a dozen "Bird Decorations." These perfect little studies attracted universal attention and I heard that they have all been purchased by that fur-

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Mr. Denis Stevens, an Oxford scholar of music and a violinist, who has lately returned to England. While in the *Arakan* he arranged Viard's "Chaconne," which was one of the principal features at a recent choral and orchestral concert of the Bombay Choral and Philharmonic Society. Mr. Stevens also gave the first public recital at the Rangoon Town Hall after the occupation of that city.



Taken at a reception given by the Rotary Club of Bombay for Mr. Richard C. Hadke, President of Rotary International, during his recent tour of India and Ceylon. From L. to R. are: Mr. N. N. Ghose, Hon. Secretary of the Club, Mr. Merwanji Patel, President of the Club, Mr. Hedke and Mr. A. A. Fyfe.

Poona Prattle

By O. P. Goshal

THOUGHTS of pre-war social India were in everyone's mind when Brigadier McNeill, the Sub Area Commander, gave a house-warming party to which literally hundreds of his friends came in their freshly-dubbed khaki or muffi bringing their wives attired, as Patrick O'Hara says, "to bear the hand!" Heavy storms of most unseasonal rain just cleared off to allow the large party to overflow from Flagstaff House into the gaily-lighted garden.

Sir Rob and Lady Lockhart arrived that very day from Bangalore, and Mrs. Gillespie came with her husband from Dehu, where he is the Administrative Commandant. Mrs. Collett was in blue; Mrs. Bates, whose husband helps Sir William Jenkins, had on a dainty blue blouse; Mrs. Clark-Dudds, the S.A.A. P.A. representative who does so much to help the troops' families, wore red; Mrs. Wolfe was in a becoming black velvet dress and Mrs. Rees was another wearer of velvet. Mrs. Riggs-Stansfield brought her two pretty daughters; it is a refreshing change to see so many young people about, though there are not as many children as in other years.

At The Turf Club

At a large party at the Turf Club, given by Khan Sahib Abdullah, the lovely lawns looking their best and the vivid, coloured fountains vying with the lovely hues of the women's dresses, I saw Lady Lockhart in a smart tailored gown of pink, her husband looking tall and soldierly in blue patrol, a welcome change from the interminable khaki. Col. Phelps was also in patrol and his wife in cyclamen pink. Mrs. Sturt, wife of the Chief Engineer, Southern Command, wore a striking black frock with a dazzling pattern of red velvet leaves down one side. Major Gardiner, the popular Garrison Engineer, now in Kirkee, brought his wife who was wearing a white chiffon frock; they were with Major and Mrs. Jackson, the latter in a white blouse with dark skirt.

Miss Newman looked distinguished and handsome in a bluish grey frock; Dr. Hayden Guest, the well-known M.P. from the United Kingdom, and Mrs. Hayden Guest were there. Mrs. Smithwick and her sister, Mrs. Dawson, both wore pastel shades of yellow; Miss Seervai, in scarlet sari, was with Mrs. Heerey who is the new Secretary of the W.V.S.; Mrs. Stephenson, who was in a



Apte-Blhde

Major M. R. Apte, R.I.A., son of Mr. R. K. Apte of Bombay, and Vimala, daughter of Mr. V. S. Blhde, C.I.E., I.C.S., Commissioner of Belgaum, and Mrs. Blhde, were married at Belgaum.

pretty flowered frock trimmed with green bands, is the wife of Brigadier Stephenson and recently came from Bangalore. The Bledons were also there with their pretty young daughter, Audrey, in black. Col. and Mrs. Daulat Singh, a charming good-looking couple, were with Col. and Mrs. Wells, the latter in a striking black and white ensemble; Mrs. Board looked lovely in emerald-green. General Snelling and General Amott were moving about meeting various people.

The Poona Amateur Dramatic Society is busy rehearsing "Hay-Fever." Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Sampay are the ringleaders, and we are looking forward to seeing a first-class show.

The Officers' Leave Hostel, in Queen's Gardens, has, I hear, been doing a remarkably good job of work during the war in giving young officers, in on leave from the various camps, a really good holiday. Mrs. Holmwood, who runs it extremely well, is now able to take in married couples in addition to officers on leave. The Hostel makes an ideal setting for weddings and for big dances. The Queen's Regiment gave one (a dance, not a wedding!) there recently, and their big and heavy C.O., Lt.-Col. Watson, was in magnificent form looking after his guests. The latter included Major-General Rees, Mrs. Rees, and their popular daughter, Ronnie.

"At Home" At Command House

Among distinguished visitors to Poona during the month was Field-Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck. He was accompanied by the Military Secretary, Major-



On their return to Lahore from leave, the Rt. Rev. G. D. Barnes, Bishop of Lahore, and Mrs. Barnes were given a reception at the Lahore Railway Station by representatives of the churches in Lahore, the Youth Welfare Association and the Y.M.C.A. On the left of the Bishop is Mrs. Tamworth, sister of Mrs. Barnes.

General Swinburn, Major-General Hawthorn, Director of Military Training, and by the Engineer-in-Chief, Major-General Hastad.

Lt.-General Sir Rob and Lady Lockhart gave a most enjoyable "at home" on the occasion of his visit and most people seemed to be there. Lady Jenkins, vivacious as ever, was in black, trimmed with gold embroidery. Mrs. McNamara also in black, as was Mrs. Beeson whose daughter wore a flowered dress. Mrs. Sturt was wearing a pink and black dinner frock. Mrs. Richards, who took the W.A.C.(I) contingent to the U.K. for the Victory Parade, also wore black with a square neck-line. Mrs. Rees was in becoming powder-blue with sleeves of dark, fur and Miss Rees in red velvet with the new cap sleeves. Nell Lockhart, Seaforth Highlanders, and Mark Gairdner, Irish Guards, whose father was Resident of Mysore, were the busy A.D.C.s.

Also seen at the party were Mrs. Dinwiddie, wife of Brigadier Dinwiddie, R.G.S., Southern Command, Mrs. Walters in black and gold, Mrs. Wells looking soignée in a pale blue draped gown. Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Wolfe Barry up from Bombay, Brigadier and Mrs. Stephenson, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Daulat Singh, Major Rajinder Singh and his wife, Gr. Capt. Hamilton, Lt.-Col. Watson, Queen's Regiment, Major-General Chambers, Mrs. Gounell, smart in black with green epaulettes, Brigadier and Mrs. Hungerford, the latter often wears a chiffon turban on her hair, Lt.-Col. Woolridge and Lt.-Col. Tucker.

The Commander-in-Chief had a busy time in Poona, and wet weather in which to inspect a large number of units, many of them belonging to the famous 4th Indian Division. After inspecting the guard of honour provided by the 1st Indian Grenadiers of which Sir Claude Auchinleck is the Colonel-in-Chief, His Excellency presented Colours to the Boys' Battalion of the R.B.R.C., R.I.E.

Arrivals And Departures

Mrs. Pickett, who for a long time has been the hard working Secretary of the W.V.S., has gone to Iraq to join her husband, who is on the staff there. Mrs. Barre has recently arrived from the U.K. to join her husband who is in the Police. Mrs. Walters, whose husband, Col. Walters, is at Sub Area Headquarters, has also arrived, as has Mrs. Dinwiddie. Mrs. Labouchardiere, wife of the D.I.G. (C.I.D.), has returned to Poona having been in England for some time.

Lt.-Col. Claude Crichton, A.M.S., Southern Command, has left for the U.K. For many years he commanded the Governor's Bodyguard, so he had a busy time saying good-bye to his innumerable friends. Mrs. Roberts, a keen tennis player, has gone to Kodaikanal where her children are at school, and her

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Mr. J. M. Shringesh, C.I.E., I.C.S., who has recently been appointed Provincial Commissioner for Excise and Taxation, the Punjab, on return from the Government of India, where he served during the war.



Parkash-Thapar

The wedding took place at Lucknow of Mr. Kuldip Parkash, son of the late Rai Bahadur Lala Benarsi Dass of Ambala, and Miss Seta Thapar, daughter of Professor and Mrs. G. S. Thapar of Lucknow.



Major Atab Singh, the Sikh Regt., who has recently returned to India from Malaya, where he was Chief Instructor at the Malaya Command Training Centre. He is now posted to New Delhi with his Unit.



Mr. Akhtar Hussain, Secretary, Post-War Planning Department, Government of the Punjab, has been appointed Chief Secretary in place of Mr. H. D. Bhargava who has been appointed Financial Commissioner to the Punjab Government.

The Voice Of Delhi

By "Mrs. Hanksbee"

WITH the coming of the cold weather and the return of those who took refuge in the hills from the onslaught of the heat of the plains, Delhi has been satiric a great deal and parties and functions have again become evident everywhere.

There have been dances at the Imperial, the Piccadilly, Maidens and the I.D.G. and a swimming gala at the Chelmsford. At the Imperial, the Hamiltons, just recently back from a long trek through the forests of the Simla Hills, were entertaining a large and very cheerful party. At Maidens, we saw the Maharani of Jaipur looking very lovely in the midst of many guests; André Lavare and his attractive American wife were there too, for a short time detached from their usual preoccupation of producing the most fascinating Technicolor films.

At the Piccadilly, Hamil Jung and his wife were hosts to a very large party which included the Chief Commissioner and Donald Fraser. In other parties we saw the Viceroy's daughter, Diana Humphrys, the Raja of Bundi and the Rev. and Mrs. Tytler. The gathering at the I.D.G. was most representative. There were many large parties and that of Sir Conrad Cunliffe was particularly noticeable for he won an incredible number of the "liquid"



MacGregor Grier-Spens

Mr. Anthony MacGregor Grier, eldest son of the late Very Rev. Roy MacGregor Grier, and Mrs. MacGregor Grier, and Miss Patricia Mary Spens, elder daughter of the Hon'ble Sir Patrick Spens, O.B.E., Chief Justice of India, and Lady Spens, were married at the Church of the Redemption, New Delhi, the Rev. J. D. Tytler officiating. The bride wore a single ornament, a family heirloom, in the shape of a blue enamel and diamond cross, which has been worn by four generations of brides in Lady Spens' family. A reception was held later at 19, Akbar Road, Her Excellency Lady Wavell being among the guests. The photograph shows from L. to R. - (STANDING) The Rev. J. D. Tytler, the bridegroom and the bride, and Sir Patrick Spens; (SEATED) Lt.-Col. S. Radcliffe (bestman), Mrs. Carlisle Taylor, Miss Susan Spens (bridesmaid) and Lady Spens.



Col. "Jimmy" Green, D.S.O., M.B.E., and his wife snapped while on leave in Kashmir. Col. Green was Second in Command of the Indian Victory Contingent to England, and as Brigadier Chaudhuri flew to England for the Victory Parade, he took the whole Contingent to England and brought it back again.

prizes and rounded off his hospitality in fine style. In General Jones' party we spotted Janet Corwin who is working so hard these days to ensure the success of Delhi's College of Nursing. The swimming gala at the Chelmsford brought

out a lot of aspiring talent. We took a great deal of pleasure watching Mr. and Mrs. Habibullah who were very excited at the success of their son in an event when they had no idea he was even competing. Lady Bhuta Singh,

down from Amritsar for a few days, gave away the prizes. Sir Subha Singh and Rameshwar Dyal worked hard to ensure the financial and sporting success of the gala.

Here And There

Sir Maurice Gwyer is back at last from the hills and already deeply immersed in his Delhi University schemes. Mr. and Mrs. Shone are very busy making these contacts so necessary to a High Commissioner. George and Ruth Merrill have excited all the green-eyed gods of jealousy by gaining that great privilege of a trip into Nepal. We hear that they were thrilled with all they saw and were literally overwhelmed with the Nepalese hospitality.

Phil Sutherland's eldest daughter, Sue, is out for a short stay. The astonishing similarity to her mother in good looks, appearance, voice and ways brings comment everywhere. Jim Michael, the former stalwart of the Railway Board, and his wife have been up from Gorakhpur and thoroughly enjoying themselves renewing old acquaintances. Recently we heard of a friendly raffle for an odd bottle and we are assured that it took the combined efforts of Col. and Mrs. Rodwell to

(Continued on page 61)



Lt. R. N. Batra, R.F.N., seen talking to Miss Rashid at a race meeting at Lahore. Lt. Batra is at present in Bombay with H.M.I.S. "Sutlej."



Snapped while trekking in the Kulu Valley, Major and Mrs. Raffey. Major Raffey is Military Secretary to H. E. Sir Evan Jenkins, Governor of the Punjab.



Sipany-Lalbhai

The wedding took place at Mount Abu of Mr. Fathesingh A. Sipany of Calcutta and Anjani Devi, eldest daughter of Seth Chinabhai Lalbhai and Mrs. Shanta Lalbhai of Ahmedabad.



Sinha-Ray Chowdhury

The wedding took place in Calcutta of Capt. Kamal N. Sinha, youngest son of Rai Bahadur Ranajit Sinha and Mrs. Sinha of Raipur, and Rajkumari Bani, eldest daughter of Raja B. N. Ray Chowdhury and Rani Lelia Ray Chowdhury of Santosh.



Rawley-Khanna

Major N. C. Rawley, M.C., 912th Frontier Force Regt., son of Dr. R. C. Rawley and Mrs. Rawley, and Miss Sita Khanna were married at Lahore.



Advani-Sadarangani

Capt. G. S. Advani, 1st Baluch Regt., son of Diwan Sahibsingh Advani of Sukkur, and Miss Mohini N. Sadarangani were married at Hyderabad (Sind).



Macarthur-Morgan

Mr. Hamish Macarthur of Mrenglas Tea Estate, Douars, and Miss Helen Twent Morgan of Barleymull, Breidis, Morayshire, Scotland, were married at the Scots' Kirk, Bombay.



Handa-Kaura

1. P. L. Handa, the Baluch Regt., and Miss Rani Kaura, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Kaura, were married at Gujranwala, the Punjab.



Ansari-Hussamuddin

Major M. S. Ansari, M.B.E., son of Alhaj M. Naim Ansari and Mrs. Ansari of Aligarh, and Tatyaba Hussam, daughter of Khan Bahadur M. Hussamuddin of Jabulpore, were married at Jabulpore.

is in A Tarradiddle!

"Life!" said the judge. A
ort word, but a long sentence.

ed This A Tale:

George: "When I was out with
a wife last night, a pretty girl
saw me a glance."

Dick: "And what happened?"

George: "I caught it!"

ist Of View:

Doctor: "I have just seen
ur husband. He is in splendid
dition for his age."

Frivolous Wife: "Yes, doctor,
it not for mine."

edicality:

He: "I'm a bill-collector,
ly..."

Mrs. Nurwedd: "Just a mo-
ent and I'll give you the biggest
sortment of bills you ever saw!"

so Much!

Wife: "So Mrs. Smith had a
vorce and then went back to
re with her husband again."

Husband: "Yes, she couldn't
ar to see him having such a good
ne."

ught Him Bawling:

It was early morning stable-time
r a certain mounted regiment in
dia. The drivers were indus-
ously grooming their horses,
d silence reigned supreme.

Suddenly a piercing shriek broke
s silence. Everyone ran towards
e direction of the cry. A native
iver lay on the ground informing
s world at large that he was
ing, at the same time vigorously
bng the back of his pants.

Asked what was wrong, he said,
inting to his horse, "Sahib,
s horse, he bite me with his
ot."

CLUES ACROSS

1. Place of confinement (4)
2. Efficiency (10)
3. Bad songs (7)
4. Haunt (7)
5. Interloper (4)
6. Thin cloth of wood (4)
7. Ache (4)
8. Stores (7)
9. Waste away (7)
10. Confusion (7)
11. Distinctive (7)
12. Not used (6)
13. Child (4)
14. Seemingly (4)
15. Dusty (7)
16. Change (7)
17. Dismal (10)
18. Pals (4)



"Freddie's hangover from New Year's Eve?"

Getting Back:

"When I flirted with you, I
thought I was picking up a
chicken."

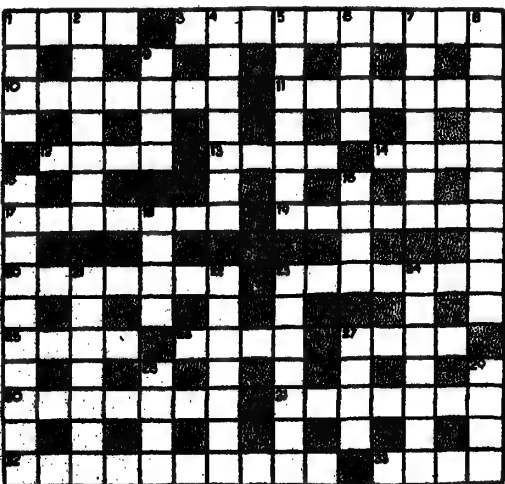
"Well, I must have been a
chicken 'cause when I flirted
with you, I picked up a worm."

Misfortune:

"What kind of woman did you
marry?"

"She's an angel—that's what
she is."
"You sure are lucky. Mine's
still livin'."

"Onlooker" Crossword



(Solution on page 63)

They Say:

"A pretty girl is as good as a
tonic," says a writer. Well, the
chemist makes them both up.

"It is always the serious-minded
girl who gets on," says a psycho-
logist. But the other kind gets off.

"A certain thrill comes to every
man when he has a definite grasp
of his subject," says a writer.
Especially if his subject happens
to be electric cables!

When a man asks for a girl's
hand he doesn't realise that it
includes the thumb under which he
will ultimately be.

No Matter:

He was looking for a quiet spot
to park his car, and, seeing a side-
street, turned into it, drew up,
put the brake on, and was walking
off when a P.C. appeared.

"You can't leave your car
there."

"Why not, it's a quiet spot!"

"I tell you you can't leave it
there."

"But, officer, it's a cul-de-sac."

"I don't care if it's a Rolls-
Royce; bring it out!"

A Sure Thing:

A Chinaman, finding himself
charged with conducting games of
chance, put up a novel defence.

"Now, Ah Sin," said the magis-
trate, "you are charged with
conducting games of chance.
Have you anything to say for
yourself?"

"Yes, your Honour," he replied.
"Me no play no game of chance.
Cards all marked and dice loaded.
Me win every time -- no chance at
all."

CLUES DOWN

1. Vase (4)
2. Painted in imitation of wood (7)
3. Terminates (7)
4. Loop (7)
5. Bird (4)
6. Mince (7)
7. In an enlarged manner (10)
8. Tie together (4)
9. Premature (10)
10. Married woman (4)
11. Separate portions (4)
12. Open (7)
13. Girl's name (7)
14. Pattern (7)
15. Dismal (10)
16. Needle-case (4)
17. Remain (4)

Looking At Britain

By "Onlooker" In London

H. M. the King has received in audience, lately, two of India's distinguished Governors, Sir Bertrand Glancy, upon relinquishing his appointment as Governor of the Punjab, when His Majesty invested him with the insignia of a Knight Grand Commander of the Most Illustrious Order of the Indian Empire, and Colonel the Right Hon'ble Mr. John Colville, who, after the audience, had, with Lady Colville, the honour of luncheon with Their Majesties.

H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth, who is developing more and more her royal mother's charm of manner, recently made a gracious figure at the Royal College of Music, when she presented, among other awards, the Tugore Gold Medal, for the most deserving student of the Royal College, to Miss Tina King of Hitchin. The Princess had chosen a light-blue coat with wide cuffs, and a smart, deeply-plaited hat with an original brim. Hatsford H.R.H. one of the few excursions into new fashions, which clothes rationing allow.

Nevertheless, a wanderer recently returned to London after a short absence, says it strikes her Londoners have wandered up considerably in three or four months. Certainly the Lady Joan Hope was wearing a notable and up-to-the-moment scarlet coat when, at a committee meeting, she spoke at the bazaar at the Mayfair Hotel in aid of the National Association of Girls' Clubs and Mixed Clubs.

Interesting Weddings

Viscountess Mountbatten looked as well as I have ever seen her at the wedding of Myra, younger daughter of Major-General Sir Harcourt and Lady Julia Werner at St. Mark's. Her only coat had wide sleeves, she carried a commodious handbag, and her hat was adorned with a chieftain's of omphalos. I also saw Lady Lindhurst give one of her most charming smiles as she wished the bride and bridegroom all happiness. Her daughter-in-law, the lovely Countess of Hopetoun, and her husband attended another fashionable London wedding

at St. George's, Hanover Square, when Sandy, daughter of the late W. Cndr. Sir William Leslie, was married to Major Gerard Leigh of the Life Guards. Miss Leigh's little cousin, Amanda Sewell, one of the five children who formed the bridal retinue, is the daughter of that well-known novelist, Mary Laytons, and granddaughter of Sir Edwin Laytons who designed the Vicerey's House in New Delhi.

Two other recent society weddings have been of special interest to India. Mrs. Cechan, daughter of H.H. the Governor of the C.P. and Lady Twynham, who when in England lives in Hampshire, is now the wife of Major T. A. Kingsley Howe, Royal Signals, eldest son of Canon and Mrs. Howe of Co. Kerry. At the wedding the bride looked radiant, wearing a closely fitting corage, cut with a slight halter neck gathered into



David Perry, eight-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Perry of Bagbrook, Mansfield, Northamptonshire. David's father has been D.A.A.G. in the 4th Indian Division and has now gone back to civilian life. The lovely Perry estate near Dehra Dun, which has been a Tactical Training Centre during the war, is now promised to the Indian Public Schools Society for an up-to-date school for girls which is to be a sister foundation to the Doon School for Boys. (When Mr. Perry left India last May the Vicerey was President of this Society and Sir Akbar Hydari, Chairman of the Governing Body.) David is now in England at Stubbington House, Fareham.

a clip. A frothy "nonsense" framed her dark hair, and she carried carnations. The other wedding was between Mr. Mark Frederic Strutt, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Strutt of The Wick, Hatfield, Hertfordshire, and Mrs. Estelle Elaine Bolt. The wedding was at St. Andrew's, Bournemouth, near Chelmsford, and Elaine looked as lovely as one would expect her to, in a softly gathered gown. She carried a chic little snuff that toned with her halo hat.

In The Social Throng

Several receptions held by H.M. Government point to the fact that the war really is over. Lancaster House, St. James's, was the scene of a party in honour of General de L'Arna de Latour de Tassigny. Among the throng were General Sir Moseley and Lady Mayne, General Sir William Slim and Air Vice-Marshal and Mrs. T. M. Williams. "Bill" Williams was also present at the 3rd dinner of the British-American Dining Club at the English-Speaking



England's most popular jockey, Mr. Gordon Richards (right), examines the inscriptions on one of the 33 cups won for riding by 18-year-old Ann Lally (centre), daughter of his friend, Mr. Harry Lally, whom he visited at Buxton, Cornwall, before going to Switzerland for Christmas. Ann started riding when she was four and her sister, 12-year-old Mary (left), is also an enthusiastic rider. Gordon Richards hopes to realise his greatest ambition and win the Derby this year on Mr. J. A. Dewar's Tudor Mustang.

Union. Others there were Brigadier E. L. Bolls, A.C. the Earl of Bandon, who has just been awarded the American D.F.C. and Bronze Star for his work as Air O.C., 224 Group in Burma, and Major-General Clayton Bissell. General Bissell represented the U.S. War Department at an unusual ceremony at the Tower of London, when the Dickin Medal for Gallantry was presented to an American bombing pigeon, named, "G.J. Joe."

At a party given by the Afghan Minister in celebration of the birthday of the King of Afghanistan, General Sir John Sheen, his breast covered with post-war medals was chatting with Lt. Col. Sir Francis Humphrys. Sir John accepted the keys of Jerusalem when the city fell in the first world war, and Sir Francis, who is linked by marriage with Lord Wavell's family, was High Commissioner to Iraq.

H.R. the Turkish Ambassador and Mme. Cevat Atiklia gave a wonderful reception to celebrate the anniversary of the Turkish Republic. Dozen Lady Bournemouth was there, enthusiastically telling her friends about her son's recent wedding to Patricia Mountbatten. Sir Frederick and Lady Sykes, Marie Lady Willington and Lord and Lady Willington were also present. At a reception at Simpson's Services Club, to say farewell to Lady Welch on her retirement from the post of Director of W.A.A.F., were Air Marshal Sir Norman and Lady Bottomley, Air Vice-Marshal and Mrs. Baker, and Group-Officer Campbell, all returned India-ites. The Society of Yorkshiermen, which keeps its head well up in India also held the 54th annual dinner at the Dorchester, with the Duke of Devonshire in the chair. Among those present were the Earl and Countess of Halifax and General Sir Philip and Lady Christlan. The annual dinners of the Himalayan Club, suspended for the war, have been resumed. Fifty members and their guests dined at the Dorchester with Dr. T. H. Somervell, the Everest climber, in the chair.

Field-Marshal Lord Birdwood, one of India's "grand old men," spry as ever, attended a luncheon at the Dorchester in honour of the Egyptian Foreign Secretary, Ibrahim El-Hady. He was also present at another luncheon given in honour of that really good man, Commissioner David Lamb of the Salvation Army. Another picturesque figure who has fitted periodically across India, and who seems, with his empty sleeve and a black eye-patch, to personify adventure, is Lt. General Sir Adrian Carton de Wiart, who has returned from China, this time, it seems, for retirement.

A family reunion took place in London recently, when Princess Nakkhatta and her children arrived to rejoin her husband, Prince Nakkhatta, the Siamese Minister. They have two nice-looking boys, the eldest aged 16, and two daughters, Sitikid and Mushba, aged 14 and 12. Princess Nakkhatta achieves the aim of so many mothers—to dress her daughters alike.

At The Ivy

A celebrity who has happy childhood memories of India is the opera singer, Miss Josephine Wray. Her father made his career as an engineer in India. Miss Wray, who has a striking profile and "Tyrian hair," last appeared at Good Queen Bess in Noel Coward's latest revue, "Sigh no More." She was present among the audience, instead of behind the footlights, at Covent Garden at the premiere of the delightfully funny new ballet composed by Lord Berners and devised by Frederick Ashton, and she was greeting such celebrities as Elizabeth Welch, Denise Ome (Lady Churston), the Duchess of Westminster, and that exponent of ballet, Joan Lawton. Later

(Continued on next page)



Manby-Bromham

The wedding took place at St. Augustine's Church, Thirbridge, Wells, Kent. Major Guy Manby, only son of the late Mr. H. F. G. Manby and Mrs. Manby of Curslinton, Surrey, and Joan, only daughter of the late Mr. W. A. C. Bromham, O.B.E., J.P., and Mrs. Bromham of Bombay and Ashford, Kent.



Sardar Bahadur Raghib Singh, adviser to the Indian delegation at the International Industrial Committee, in Brussels, Belgium, is a delegate from the Indian States.

Looking At Britain

(Continued from page 46)

at the Ivy Restaurant I met Beatrice Lillie, who looks as charming off the stage as on (wearing one of the only three silver milk coats in the world); Terrence Rattigan; Mary Martin who sported the loveliest bronze feather hat, and who is even prettier in the flesh than on the screen; and Humphrey Bogart, who has just been burgled for the third time (burglars are very fashionable this season!) but who was wearing pale blue and a soft snow leopard coat.

At the "World Whirlwind" in America, that is, the United Nations Assembly, one of the outstanding picturesque figures is that of Miss Rebore of New Delhi, her hair demurely parted in the centre, her printed skirt gathered cleverly over her shoulder. She is among the delegates, led by Mrs. Vilaya Laxmi Pandit, who represent India.

Great Educationist

Others of India's intelligentsia are well portrayed in a recently published list of those called to the bar. Those to be congratulated include S. D. Vohra, K. Ahmad of the Allahabad University, A. N. Sen, A. K. Basu, S. P. Wickramasingha, I. P. Saldanha of the Bombay University, S. K. R. Chowdhury of the Calcutta University, S. Palasthira of Bangkok, and G. N. Mitra of the Calcutta University. Talking of education, Dr. Maria Montessori, the great 76-year-old pioneer in child education, has just terminated a visit to England. The other day, wearing a smart turban and a fox fur, she announced her hopes of founding in India a university of education for the fuller study of child development.

An unusual sight struck the eye of the cameraman the other day—a girl in a pretty cone-patterned sari handling a heavy farm tractor in a muddy field. Six of these girls have come from Ceylon to study methods of training agricultural students at the Uak Institute of Agriculture in Monmouthshire. Mentioning sars, that great article, Lily Pons, returned from India the other for a dozen gorgeous sars and a beautiful saru tan. Miss Pons, now 42, has returned to America to resume singing at the Metropolitan.

Here And There

Ran into Mrs. Betty McNulty in Hatteries Park one Sunday morning—



Mr. Bhagwat Dayal, who has been appointed the first Indian consular representative in Siam, will also represent India on the Combined Rice Commission and the British Commonwealth Siamese Claims Committee, Siam. Mr. Dayal, formerly Professor of English in the Allahabad University, was appointed Special Officer in the Food Department in 1945.

she on her way home to cope with the chores of her little riverside flat, and longing to be back in India's welcoming sun. Also saw Col. and Mrs. Denzil Holder, he complete with bowler hat, and the in a smart fur coat, strolling along Bond Street one cold Saturday morning.

Major—now happily, he says, reverted to Mr.—Aristides Eumetopoulos has been on leave, after "demob." in England. He is a better pianist than many who term themselves professional, and he indulged in such a glut of concerts, that even he admitted to musical indigestion! He recently flew back to India to make his headquarters in Bombay. Gt/Capt. A. P. Baidit, an Australian serving with the R.A.F., hopes for permission to travel into Tibet for a new Mount Everest expedition. He has just left Lympne for Australia and hopes to equip his Everest expedition, which is being financed by a Scot, to be ready in two years. The climbers will use much new equipment, including oxygen, in their attempt to conquer the peak.

Mr. Tilak Raj Oberoi has added colour to London's night life of recent weeks, for he wears diamond buttons nearly as large as a rupee piece. Mr. Oberoi, who is in his early twenties, belongs to the big hotel-owning family who number among their possessions 13 of India's largest hotels. On his recent visit to the United States, Mr. Oberoi's diamonds earned him the nickname "Dutton."

About People

A Supper, Brigadier Cardew (brother of the famous band leader, Phil Cardew) is back from India, stationed at Winchester and fully occupied with his growing family and his fleet of Rolls Royces and other exotic cars. Another Supper, Col. Maurice Coghlan, now stationed in England, is trying, like everybody else, to find somewhere to house his family. Jenny Gauld, who commanded the Willington Nursing Home in New Delhi, is seeking pictures new. She has been staying at one of London's smartest hotels prior to escorting a patient to South Africa. Major John Wilder is serving in Europe; the Rev's Graham have rented a shoot in Scotland, where Mr. Grosvenor, also well known in Karachi, joined them; the Hon. Annabel Hawke, one of the four little daughters of Lord and Lady Hawke (they built the first hut at Hawke's Bay, New Zealand, made a sweet picture as one of the bride's retinue at the marriage of her uncle, Mr. R. M. Faure-Walker, to the Hon. Angela Mary Chaloner. Annabel wore a white organdie dress with a cherry-red velvet sash and a little gold



Major A. D. Marshall and his son, Capt. N. B. Marshall, while at Calcutta, prior to Major Marshall's departure for Japan. Capt. Marshall will shortly be leaving India for the U.K. to be released.



Major Derek W. James, R.I.E., who is now in England on release leave, was in business before the war. He is returning to India this winter as an independent manufacturers' representative.

sequin cap. The Hon. William Buchan, son of the late Lord Tweedsmuir, who was a young-man-about-India some months ago, was bestman. He himself is to be married shortly at St. Columba's, S.W.2, to Miss Barbara Howard Ennos.

Sue Morgan and Joan Richmond attended the ball at the Dorchester Hotel in aid of St. George's Hospital, Sue displaying lovely shoulders framed in black velvet; Mrs. Madge Pinhorn, energetic and capable as ever, has been taking a library course prior to an interesting job in that sphere in Suffolk; Ailsa Corbett-Winder (formerly Ailsa Taitish) and husband with high Rosemary have a flat not far from Kensington Gardens. Ailsa has been busy helping her father to prepare for a last-minute passage to India, where he will stay with his son and daughter-in-law in Calcutta.

Happy Events

There is a long birthday list this month, and first congratulations go to Sir Atul Chatterjee who has just celebrated his 75th anniversary. New arrivals include a son to Elizabeth and Ivor Edwards-Stuart; a daughter, to be named Audrey Margaret, to Penelope, wife of Major Jethro of the Sikh Regiment; the wife of Edgar Hyde, I.C.S., has had a daughter; Jean Jack, whose husband is with the Chatterjee Bank, has presented her husband with a son; Margaret McMillan, formerly of Karachi, has a daughter; Major P. Ralston, R.A., is now the proud father of a daughter, named Jill, while Mrs. Kichey, whose husband, Paul, is the gallant author of that exciting book, "Fighter Pilot," has had a

(Continued on page 55)

Two Letters In Rhyme

By "Esa"

His, To Her

Sweetest, were I as rich as sin
God knows I'd give you all the "tin"
Your woman's soul could will.
But though not rich, I'm always willing
To part with my last humble shilling
To meet the grocer's bill.
When ships come home, of which I dream,
I swear you'll live on nought but cream
If such be your desire;
Meanwhile, my dear, pray cease to scold,
Remember when we're really old
We'll need cash to retire!
This evening will I bring ten bob
And you can then with me hob-nob
To buy yourself a hat.
I'll bring five quid to pay small debts,
And some tithings for all our pets,
And get me a cravat.

Here, To Him

My Man, I do not want you rich as sin;
God knows I want not all your "tin";
But what I ask is this:
Give me each month a small amount
To meet the bread and milk account
And pay the grocer's bill.
Then your wee wife will understand,
Nor quibble, fret, nor repine
Or think you an old miser.
She will restrict the "spend" each day,
Save something from the monthly pay—
Don't you think that far wiser?
If you do this, I'll not buy trash,
But carefully will hoard the cash
I daily save on messing;
And this, in time, will be enough
To buy your cravat and my muff
And all my bills for dressing.

About Films Of The Month

Brickbats And Bouquets

By "Candida"

SINGERS and Secret Service, musicians and Mercy Sisters, dual personalities and devoted horses—these have been the widely different characters of film fare in the past month. And, personally, I have preferred the devoted horse ("Smoky" in Technicolor). There is something about an animal on the screen that is beyond criticism. He may have mannerisms that are influenced, only up to a point by a clever director. But, his natural animal personality always shines through. And, besides, he can neither talk nor sing, and that is an enormous advantage on the screen these days.

"Smoky" pretends to be nothing but what it is: a picture about a most intelligent and lovable stallion, made for horse lovers, and wrapped around with a lot of warm-hearted American National Park scenery and seasoned with the minimum of human element.

So unlike "Libson Story," yet another example of a stage play that has been shockingly handled for the screen, and as stupidly pretentious a film as I have seen in years. Admittedly this picture brings back Richard Tauber again, and his rollicking rendering of the charming "Pedro the Viscount" is well worth listening to—if you close your eyes and shut out the cardboard background of the wharf on which he sits, surrounded by dummy-like deck characters, utterly unred in conception.

Poor Production

"Libson Story" made a very entertaining and highly-coloured musical play when it ran at the Hippodrome in

London, with Patricia Burke in the lead. But, on the screen it is neither one thing nor another. Its tempo is far too slow for musical comedy; its song-and-dance effects are very badly photographed and presented, while as a straight play it is riddled with inaccuracies.

Why, for one thing, did the producers pretend that the story centres round a French musical comedy favourite (Patricia Burke), use Paris and Lisbon as the backgrounds, and then omit to introduce even one phrase of French or Portuguese in the dialogue, not an accent anywhere; no atmosphere whatsoever of the foreign capitals round which the story centres? The Nazi overlords were grotesquely accented in dress, behaviour and voice, but the Allied characters—French in the main—spoke correct B.B.C. English, and neither looked nor behaved like the French. This I found most irritating.

Patricia Burke is extremely pretty in this film, as always, and very beautifully dressed in the Parisian manner, but her voice and her personality came over disappointingly flat. David Farrar, as her English sweetheart, on a British intelligence job on the Continent, seemed to give all his secrets away to everyone, and it amazed me how he emerged with his life from the impossible intrigue which he wove round himself.

No, British National fell down very badly over "Libson Story," but (calm-roughs) have redeemed the reputation for English studios with "The Magic Bow."

Menubin's "Magic Bow"

Stewart Granger, who intimated to me recently in London that he could



Looking more glamorous than ever, is Loretta Young, co-star in International's "The Stranger," with Edward G. Robinson and Orson Welles. Released by R.K.O. Radio, this exciting mystery drama of the emotional upheaval of a young girl whose husband is a hunted war criminal, was directed by Orson Welles and produced by S. P. Eagle.



An amusing scene from Metro-Goldwyn Mayer's "Little Mister Jim" featuring the inimitable "Butch" Jenkins, Frances Gifford and James Craig.

rattle any screen pan, from an African Boer to a Prime Minister, huris himself into the role of Nicolo Paganini, the distinguished Italian violinist, with all the confidence and aplomb that Mr. Granger possesses. The fact that he did not even know how to hold a fiddle before he was cast for Paganini in "The Magic Bow" did not deter him one bit. In his dressing-room on the set he took daily lessons from a *maestro* on handling and bowing a Stradivarius, and I must admit that he gives a most convincing mime performance of a great violinist, the while Yehudi Menuhin brings tears to one's eyes with his magnificent playing off-screen. Yehudi himself uses only his valuable Strad, for all his concertos, and from this instrument, with his particular genius, there flows the full range of an orchestra, and singers, too.

But, while Granger mastered the technicalities of mutely playing a violin, he was not so successful in interpreting the character of the fiery, tempestuous Italian musical genius ("they say he is inspired by the devil").

He is Stewart Granger all the way through, with a faintly American accent, a great deal of braggadochio, step-vauling and swashbuckling, and he bellows "SIUUR—KUPPI!" when he is frustrated just as he would in a technician on the studio set, instead of realising that the very word was alien to an Italian musician in the last century.

Somehow I feel that the screen story of the life and rise of Nicolo Paganini took a great deal of firm licence, but, nevertheless, it made a very entertaining picture. Briefly, it tells of how Nicolo, with his fiddle, does a great service for the beautiful daughter of a member of the French nobility on a visit to Milan. This gentle and lovely creature (Phylla

Calvert) plays the largest part in his recognition and success as a musician, the while they fall in love with each other.

The Emperor, however, commands that the girl marries his Commander in Italy (Dennis Price), and the tragic separation of the lovers results in all sorts of tangles, including a duel at dawn (how our Granger reveals in this).

The final scene takes place impressively in the Pope's Palace in Rome, where Paganini gives a command performance before the greatest heads in Europe, and his success is forever assured.

Phylla Calvert is utterly lovely in her beautiful period costumes, playing her part of the French Countess with serious charm. The peering-lipped Jean Kent is in the picture, too, following Paganini round on his concert tours as the singer and unfulfilled in her love for the violinist.

The British cast is a sound one, including Marie Lohr, Frank Celliers, Felix Aylmer, Henry Edwards and Cecil Parker.

And now, from this past-century musical atmosphere, we come to the robust American story of "A Stolen Life" (Warners), Bette Davis' new film in India.

A Tricky Business

Here is something to get your teeth into. It is Bette playing two parts—that of her sincere self, as a rather dreamy, idealistic American girl absorbed in her painting and that, also, of her sister (identical in looks, but completely different in character) who deals in stealing men from their women, and is utterly unscrupulous in most matters.

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Equitation In India

(Continued from page 31)

of this article to give all the aids for each movement, but it is recommended that diagonal aids should be used.

Movements

During every lesson practice in mounting and dismounting should be given, until the horse stands perfectly still under all conditions, not only until the rider is mounted, but until he is ready to move off. Early lessons should be given at the walk with the rider also concentrating on his position in the saddle. He should sit well down in the centre of the saddle, with his body from the hips, inclined to the front. This inclination should be more pronounced as the pace increases. The stirrup leathers should be vertical and the heels forced well down. The knee and upper portion of the calf should be resting snugly against the saddle. The point of the toe should be directly below the knee-cap. This position will be found to be most comfortable for the horse and with a little practice and concentration can be maintained by the rider. The ankle joints should be completely relaxed so that each movement forces the heels well down. This briefly describes the "Forward Seat" which has been evolved on scientific lines by generations of the world's finest horsemen and is now almost universally adopted.

The horse should be taught to stop, start, turn, circle and do a figure of eight at a walk until the aids are thoroughly understood. The same movements can be carried out at the trot and canter making the circle and figure smaller as the training progresses. Rein' back, passage and half-pass can now be introduced, also turning on the haunches and on the forehand. More advanced movements are half-pass at the trot and zigzag at the canter, changing legs at every second or third stride.

Fair Treatment

A well-trained horse is a pleasure to ride and with plenty of patience and tact, amazing results can be obtained with almost all horses. It is very often the rider who is at fault when a horse fails to obey and the motto, "Blame yourself before you blame the horse," should be emblazoned on every riding school. A horse has no powers of reasoning and his actions are controlled by the association of ideas, so great care should be taken to see that he understands that each aid is a definite signal meaning only one thing. Most punishments inflicted on a horse are cruel, but if he has definitely done wrong, through no fault of his, a sharp blow just behind the girth may be given, but it should be carried out during the wrongdoing or immediately after, otherwise the punishment may be associated with a perfectly innocent movement and spoil weeks of training. Similarly, a horse should be rewarded when he has done well and a few carrots will be found to be a great help during a difficult lesson.

Spurs may be worn and a whip carried by competent horsemen, but they should only be used to emphasise the aid when the horse has failed to respond to the pressure of the leg. Spurs on a novice are a danger to both horse and rider. A few minutes each day of riding without stirrups will help to strengthen the seat and develop the riding muscles, but should be introduced gradually. Horses are best schooled on their own, but it is advisable to have a friend along occasionally to criticise both horse and rider.



"And then, do you remember all that ridiculous talk about tandems being dangerous?"

A Tiger-Beat In Kanara

(Continued from page 30)

to wail. Silence reigned. The minutes passed slowly now. Any movement or sound in the surrounding bush, if only it was a large leaf falling, kept us on the alert.

We had been sitting like this for about 40 minutes before the cries of the beaters in the far distance began; they advanced yelling, screaming and halting one another, as with their *dhows* they cut their way towards us through the thick undergrowth. Every moment added to the excitement. A movement caused me to glance to the right where I beheld a fine sag *dhool* within 100 yards of me. I gazed, marvelling at its graceful form and beauty as it stood peering about with a look of mild interrogation.

The Kill

The beaters were now rapidly closing in, their cries becoming louder, and monkeys were chattering in the treetops as they do when a member of the feline tribe is about. Suddenly there was a challenging roar. The tiger was in the beat. Apparently, I had sighted one of the "stops" who had discreetly coughed and turned him in our direction. And then we saw his long lithe form gliding slowly behind the bamboo clumps with an air of tolerant disregard for those who had probably disturbed his siesta. He appeared an immense creature at that moment. Completely indifferent to human intruders close at hand, he emerged into the open. A shot rang out and the tiger, swinging rapidly round, leapt into the air; and, badly wounded, disappeared in the direction of the beaters. My uncle was about to blow his whistle to warn the beaters to climb trees, when the tiger suddenly changed its course, and with speed that seemed incredible for a wounded animal he made a dash towards my tree. For one second I imagined him climbing my ladder and

wondered vaguely what I should do. Then I realised his one idea was to escape. Now a shot from my brother rang out and the tiger, sniggering against my ladder, fell and rolled down the slope behind. He lay there exhausted

and struggling in agony.

It was not till my uncle had descended and, with rifle cocked as he cautiously approached the scene, had satisfied himself that the tiger was dead that we were allowed to set foot on the ground.

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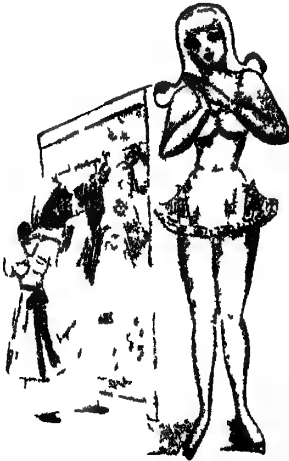
1

Oh Ayah P and bring to me
The latest dress I own
I have it this afternoon
It t t v s me thrills unknown
My brand-new Beau - an Air For e lad
Will call for me at two
I w t t look my very best
on Ayat hurry ' Do '



2

Remove it Let me don the black
Sophistication's peak '
My hair piled up on top like this ?...
Ah ' no. I feel a freak
This checked affair, in red and white,
I used to love but now
Help me unhook it, Ayah, please,
It looks all wrong somehow



4

A little blouse and pinafore ?
So fetching and demure,
(I wonder if he likes girls
Who are simple, sweet and pure ?)
This long-sleeved gown from Parisette',
Soft pinky spots on grey ?
Oh, blast ! I simply loathe the cut,
I'll pitch the thing away.



3

My sweet green ? Yes, what looks good,
I'll try it on and see,
N ' It won't do, the colour green
Might bring no luck to me
The blue one, now, is smart I know,
It fits me like a glove,
But pilots see too much of blue,
Up in the skies above

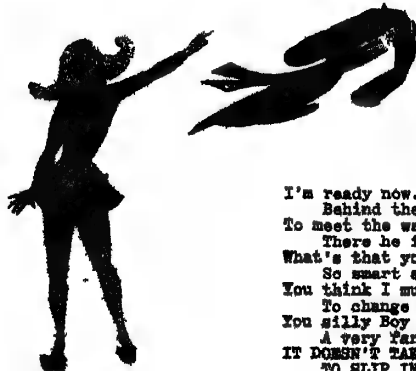
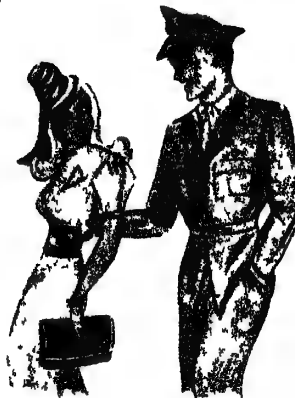
J. M. BOW



What's this ? My good old sharkskin dress,
In lovely dazzling white ?
Yes, Ayah, give me that at once.
I'm sure it is just right.
...Ten minutes more to do my face....
My Hair !... My Nails !... My Shoes !
And find a hand-bag for me, please,
There is no time to lose.

Let's have the floral morocaine..
Heavens ! it's got no style.
This spotted silk is far too tight,
I'll have to slim awhile.
A linen suit ?... It's on !... It's OFF !
Enough to make one swear
To find one truly hasn't got
A SINGLE THING TO WEAR !

I'm getting hot and slightly cross
And honestly quite FRED !
With garments strewn around me,
On the floor and chairs and bed.
Oh ! WHICH of all this raiment fair
Would make his heart rejoice ?
I've never, NEVER, had before
So difficult a choice.



I'm ready now... A dash of scent
Behind the ear... I go
To meet the waiting Air Force...
There he is ! " Hey, Bill, Hello,"
What's that you say ? I look
So smart and absolutely great,
You think I must have taken HOURS
To change and titivate.
You silly Boy ! that really is
A very far wrong guess,
IT DOESN'T TAKE ME HALF A JIFF
TO SLIP INTO A DRESS ! ! ! !



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properties, and because it is
so economical in use. Make
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buy a tube of Macleans
to-day !



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all Chemists
and Stores

Poona Prattle

(Continued from page 42)

husband, Lt.-Col. Roberts, hopes to join her there later on.

How nice it was to see Mrs. Caffin here on a short visit, looking so well after her trip to South Africa. She was the pioneer of the Rest Haven Canteen,

and it was largely due to her untiring work and devotion that it became such a cosy and happy "home from home" for thousands of troops during the war years; it proved so popular that it is still able to carry on. Mr. Caffin has taken over from Mr. Farnant in Ahmedabad as D.I.G., Northern Range.

The Russell-Wells have been transferred to Karachi, but he managed to get back to Poona to collect his daughter, Mary, from school.

The Clubs

Poona's several clubs are going strong.

The C.W.I. with its lovely lawns always seems to be full. Run by Mr. and Mrs. Grant, the dances, which are now held regularly, always give the impression of selectiveness, good music, and good dancing on an excellent floor.

The Poona Club, with Sir Maneckji Mehta as President and Major Parrott as Secretary, is as popular as ever. Many people think that the temporary buildings put up when fire burnt the Club down in 1945, are gayer than the former rather old-fashioned building. The priceless United Services Library, which was lost in the fire, is gradually

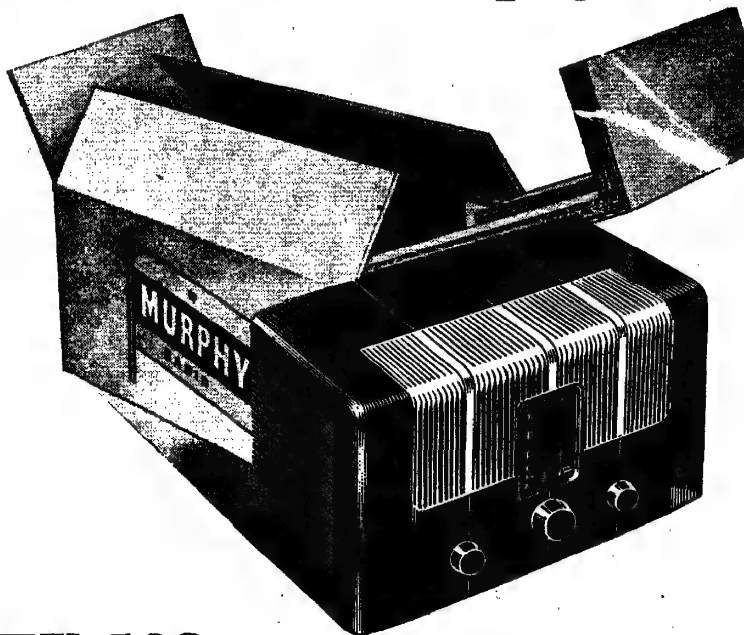
being replaced, and the new library building is nearing completion.

Several very successful swimming galas have been held at the Club's offshoot at the "Lloyd," where squash rackets, swimming and tennis are the chief attractions. Miss Joy Riggs-Standford seemed to be beating the men and winning most of the prizes in one of the swimming galas.

The Turf Club has remained open to help house a number of families from Bangalore.

The Royal Cornsnotch Boat Club has one of the finest settings for a club in India. Rowing is at the Kirkee end (the main club), and sailing at the Poona end of the river. Their dances in aid of Poppy Day Funds was held on a chilly night but, nevertheless, it was a cheery affair. Mrs. Whittington looked svelte in a long-sleeved black frock, Mrs. Smithwick was in a warm red velvet, also with long sleeves; Mrs. Lucas was in white, and Miss House in black with white spots.

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Colman's Mustard

Looking At Britain

(Continued from page 47)

son. David Somerville, late of the H.L.I., and 14th Punjab Regiment, has got a son; ex-Q.A.I.M.N.S. Eileen (nee Mobbe) Scott, wife of Major Rex Scott, formerly of the R.I.A.S.C., has had a son, named Robert Peter; Elizabeth Vernon-Jones, who was the daughter of the Ambassador to Iraq, Sir Kinahan Cornwallis, has had a second daughter in London; the wife of H.M.L. Williams of Calcutta has had a son; so have the A. C. Wilsons. Lt.-Col. Wilson is in the 14th Punjab Regiment. A very recent arrival is that of a son to Meoza and Ronald Bainbridge of Singapore.

Can you cast your mind back as far as 1846? If so, perhaps you will remember what has just been celebrated as a golden wedding—when, at Roorkee, Theodore Alban Way, I.C.S., married the daughter of Surgeon-Major Menzies, of the Bombay Medical Service. They now live at Compton Cottage, Canford Cliffs, Bournemouth.

If you can't remember 1846, what about 1921? Towards the end of that year two couples were married, at St. Thomas's Cathedral, Bombay, and at St. Paul's Cathedral, Calcutta. They have just celebrated silver weddings, and they are Capt. William Charter, M.C., 40th Pathans, and Miss Watson, as they then were, and Alan Lancelot Brovye Tucker to Nora Gwendoline Davies.

Let us hope that some of the weddings of today will celebrate 25 and 30 years hence. Among the starters during the past month have been Evelyn Bunting, elder son of the late Mr. and Mrs. S. A. S. Bunting of Bombay, and Margaret Blewett; John Dredge, third son of the late Capt. A. A. Dredge, I.M.S., and of Mrs. Dredge of Boscombe, and Betty McGregor, whose father was in Malaya.

St. Peter's, Baton Square, saw the wedding of James Fairburn to Helen Clelland, late of Ootacamund; Major I. D. M. Finlayson, Punjab Regiment, was married to the elder daughter of Major and Mrs. Whately of Virginia Water; Mr. Ewan Moore Gavine, C.S.I., C.I.E., I.C.S., is married to Muriel Henderson; Cmdr. S. P. Gidman, late of the R.I.N.V.R., has been married in London to Audrey Joan Baker; Major Garghan Singh Guman, R.I.L. of Chamba State, the Punjab, was married to St. Columba's

Church of Scotland, Pont St., to Elizabeth Stevenson, eldest daughter of the late John Chisholm King; Capt. D. B. Harley, and R.L.O. Gurdas, is married to Jean Craigie Halkett; Lt.-Col. C. W. Pearson, M.C., 14th Frontier Force Regiment, is married to the only daughter of Mr. W. H. Nelson, C.S.I., and Lt.-Col. R. C. Scott, late of the Burma Rifles, has married Mary Elizabeth Kirk.

As for engagements, Lt.-Col. J. H. Carroll-Leahy is engaged to Nurah Helen, widow of Mr. E. M. Swift and daughter of the late J. W. Lowe of Calcutta; Lt.-Col. R. E. Coaker, M.C., Skinner's Horse, is engaged to Johanna Curzon; Robert Denis Devas is engaged to Ruth, younger daughter of the late Mr. H. E. Walker of Ceylon, and the engagement is announced of Lt.-Col. J. M. Grant, 14th Punjab Regiment, and Eithna Mary Hunt. Lt.-Col. A. F. Harper, D.S.O., 5/6th Gurkha Rifles, formerly Deccan Horse, is going to marry Rosemary Margaret Helen Hayward, whose parents live at Koonnagar, Calcutta, and Chillum, Kent; Capt. J. Keith Harwood, 21st Parachute Bn., and Punjab Regiment, and Nicolette Popplewell are engaged; so are Capt. Donald Haffill, 18th K.L.O. Cavalry, and Audrey Fullerlove; Aileen Gilpin, widow of John Percell-Gilpin, 15th Lancers, who was Aileen Clinton-Thomas, is going to marry Mr. R. G. Hopkins; "Penny" Hunkin, M.B.E., Q.A.I.M.N.S., has announced her engagement to Capt. Patrick Kilvington, K.S. I.L.I.; A. V. Lindon and S/Cmdr. Veronica Constance Corwell are engaged (she comes from Trichinopoly); Capt. P. I. R. MacLaren, R.I.A.S.C., and Margaret Sylvia de Hamel are to be married; so



Capt. Sardar Abdul Hameed Khan, cousin of the Nawab of Hyderabad-Basoda, has returned after three years' service in the Middle East.

are Lt.-Col. G. D. B. McKean, Royal Signals, and Miss V. M. Gordon, Q.A.I.M.N.S.; and last but not least, Capt. F. P. T. Nelson, M.C., 19th K.G.V's O. Lancers and Lorna Barr Sandeman.



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(c) Billy Boy; Out where the Big ships go DB 30274

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Strange Music
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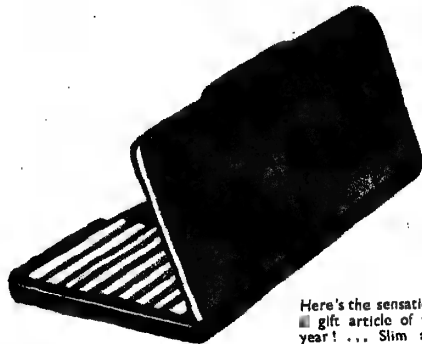
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Gay Gossip

(A strand from page 48)

children. The success and popularity of the gala was self-evident, for the entrées were many. The laurels however went deservedly to 11-year-old Diana Spencer, the star performer of the day. Diana with her easy graceful style, won four prizes and demonstrated in the process that she is a born swimmer, with a lovely style and astounding stamina. Habib Rashid and Gavrang Yodh (son of the well-known Dr. Yodh of Bombay) displayed some excellent diving. Little Archie Munro only six amazed everyone by his magnificent performance he walked away with the Two Lengths Free Style events for boys under ten and for boys under 14. A bright future is in store for little Archie in the swimming pool, or I am much mistaken.

Among the enthusiastic spectators I saw Sir Hanilal J. Kania, who has now left us for New Delhi, and Lady Kania, who

gave away the prizes, she is a single soul white sari, with her daughters, Rakmini, Sir Leonard and Lady Scott, and Princess Kamala Raja of Baroda, looking as charming as ever in the palest of pale rose. Very busy arranging the various events were Mrs A. F. Johnson, the capable swimming and diving coach, and Mr J. F. Wallace Chairman of the Committee.

News From "Anchor Line"

An enthusiastic *Onlooker* reader who came back by the Anchor Line Ship "Castalia," has sent me the following news:

"It was a very happy ship and all enjoyed themselves. Patterson, Gaydon and I, all had slight accidents at deck games, to our legs or feet! Otherwise all was well with most people. We had excellent church services on board on Amnesia Sunday and there was a big collection for Seamen's Charities. The Lord Bishop of Lahore and the Rev Mr Anderson took the services which were most impressive. In addition to these

people, the following are some of the others who were with us: Mrs. Baines (the Bishop's wife), Mrs. Tutworth (the Bishop's sister-in-law), Lady Holland, Dr. and Mrs. Holland, Mr. and Mrs. Phelon, Lady Manley, Mr. Best Wren, Lady Austin, Mr. and Mrs. Burgess, Mrs. Maude Hall (who played the piano at the concert), Mr. Thompson, Mrs. Hood (G.I.F.), Mrs. Marston (Alameda bad), Mr. Arthur Perry, Mr. Bob Pinner, Mr. and Mrs. Patterson (these last four gave an excellent musical party), Mrs. Robson (Seamen) who won most of the prizes for deck games for the ladies, Mrs. Hopkinson (husband, L.C.S., Political), Mr. Barton (Asian tea planter) and daughter June, Mrs. Vardigton, Mr. Wallace (Cleopatra Bank going to Madras), Mrs. Guest (Lahore), Mrs. Thomson (Delhi), Mrs. Scott (Delhi), Mr. Brightman (Cawnpore)—he was President of the Sports Committee and did jolly well, Mr. Ben Burdett (Thomas Cooks, Delhi), Mrs. Hall (Lloyd Bank, Bombay), Mr. Wadia (Bombay) and Mr. Robertson (Anchor Line, Karachi). We had 24 passengers

Also, 14-month-old daughter of Mr. C. Russell Donald, 1st F.R.C.S. and Mrs. Donald. Wendy Ann is at present with her mother in Scotland.

all told. The Captain was Capt. Gibson and the Doctor Dr. MacGillivray (both first-class chaps and were very popular). The Bishop of Lahore gave away the prizes for sports and made an excellent speech. Mr. Brightman also made a good speech at the prize-giving."



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MELBOURNE

DECEMBER

1946

More About Poker

By "Leon"

THE article on poker in the *Onlooker Annual* prompts one to carry the story a bit further. Mr. Hall's views will be endorsed by all sensible poker-players. But there are some aspects of the game which he did not discuss and in which readers may be interested.

I have not played for many years now, but, when I did, we used to call it "a little game of skill or chance" and we played regularly with, as far as possible, the same players. In such circumstances poker can be the best card game in the world.

Right Number

An important point is the number of players. You must have enough to enable players to take advantage of their positions (either with good hands or for bluffing) and you must not have so many as to slow up the play unduly. A school of six is best. If six are not available, five will do quite nicely. Seven is really too many and four is too few, but both these numbers are "playable," if the choice is between one of them and no game at all.

Another point is connected with the "poker face." We used to have what might be called a "local" rule, which was to the effect that a player was allowed to make any remark he liked, knowing it to be untrue or otherwise, about his hand. It was up to the others to believe him or disbelieve him as they judged. That is to say, a player could, by word or gesture, try and build up a wrong assessment of his hand in the minds of his opponents and the fact that he might

not be adhering to the truth was not only permitted but expected. I have played poker where this was not quite the thing, but to my mind it both improves and brightens the game.

Then there is what is known as "straddling." This is, perhaps, a slightly confusing term, as it can be applied to the ordinary raising of the "ante" when players, having looked at their hands, decide whether to come in or not. It is also applied to what should more correctly be called "blind straddling." This means that the player on the left of the "ante" may double the latter before he has looked at his cards and the player on his left may double again and so on, with the result that merely entering the game can be very expensive. "Blind straddling" is, in my opinion, a most pernicious variation. It militates heavily against the proper play of a hand, because your stake may become so large that you are practically forced to go on at a time when you would normally throw in after drawing cards. This, of course, upsets the calculations of the player who has picked up a good hand at the start or who is in the right position to bluff.

I entirely agree with Mr. Hall that poker should never be played with a "blind" and I would add that "blind straddling" should be barred.

One of the great assets of poker is that you do not have a partner. You sink or swim by your own efforts and the calculations of the player who has picked up a good hand at the start or who is in the right position to bluff. It is a fine game and it is a pity that it is not more widely known and played.

Nursery Rhymes For Card Players

Humpty and Dumpty made a bad call,
Humpty and Dumpty had a great fall
And all their good cards and all their good play
Deserted them both on that dreadful day.

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AWT

BY making three No Trumps on the following deal, declarer won an important tournament, for the score enabled him to "pip" his nearest rival by a narrow margin. In a way, he was lucky to make his contract but he deserves full marks for his handling of the cards.

S A 6 6
H 7 7
D K J 7
C A 10 9 4 1

1 1 M M V 1
A A L A
S A M

S 1 7 5 4
H K 1 7 4
D Q 7
C A 8 5

S A 8 3
H A 10 4 8
C 7

A Matter Of Tactics

By "Mercurius"

There isn't any difficulty about the contract with all hands exposed. Sam simply wins the first Heart lead, runs his Diamonds right out and makes three Spade tricks. But it was not so easy with only dummy exposed. The four of Hearts was led and Sam won Jack's Queen with the Ace. He led a Diamond to dummy's King and finessed the return Diamond. He decided that even if Jill had the Queen, she had no way of knowing that Sam's Knave of Hearts was unguarded. Surely Jill would place him with the Knave because if Jack had held it he would have played it to the

first trick instead of the Queen. Sam's reasoning was sound. Jill tried to get her partner into the lead and underled the Ace of Clubs. But dummy's King was put up and the Diamonds played. In trying to retain the Spade guard, Jill threw her Ace of Clubs and Sam led the King of Spades on which he discarded dummy's nine and then led to the Spade Ace. Jill was now stripped to one Heart and the two Spades and Sam led a Heart from dummy to Jill's Ace and she was forced to lead up to Sam's Queen, eight of Spades for Sam to make 21 tricks.

"Onlooker" Proficiency

Sam had the contract at Ruff Slams against which the Onlooker Jack's bid by Jill. Plan the play?

S None
W A 8 5 3
D Q 5 2
C 8 7 6

DUMMY
J K 10 9 8
A 7 6 5 4
S A 10 9 8 7
H K 10 9 8 7
C Q 7 6

S K 7 5 3
H 8 4
D K 7 6 4

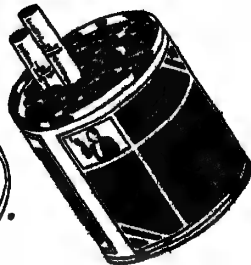
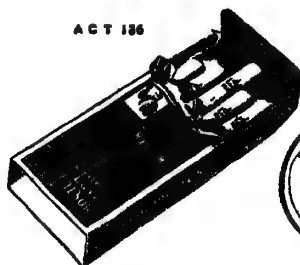
S A 8 3
H A 10 4 8
C 7

(Solution on page 64)

I like my *tenders*..



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WY... in fast-colorful deluged to...
...a...-colored advertisement for Schiaparelli's famous "Shocking Pink" perfume of previous days, Francis Ashcroft's new novel, "A Foolish Wink" (John Lane, The Bodley Head; 8/6), reads, I thought, rather fittingly reading for the after-lunch siesta.
You must remember the sensation caused by Schiaparelli's perfume bottle—modeled in the form of a dressmaker's drawing, with a pattern of brightly-colored glass flowers swirling the simple bottom of the bottle. Well, such is the illustration of the dust-cover of "A Foolish Wink," and never more did a cover design broadcast the reader of the pages behind it. I found this book, with its airy-fairy title, and its arid illustration quite one of the most tedious tales of the post-war novelist's art.

The story is set in one of those to-be-gotten-of little countries in Europe, overrun by the Germans, and rather fatuously named "Morcia." Into this politically volcanic country arrives Hugh Percheron, a rather dull, unattractive Englishman, with weak eyes, and of uncertain years, ostensibly to open an office for his Government. We never learn at any stage in the book just what

A False Facade And A Turgid Tale

functions this office is to serve, but Percheron himself naively tells the Morciaans he hopes that he has come to discover the antecedents of an obscure Morciaan poet.

Personally, I found this trivial quest so unconvincing in a country, which the author intimates as starving, under-clothed, disrupted and chaotic, that I rather lost patience with the book. However, this innocent quest leads Hugh Percheron into so many hotbeds of political intrigue, and into such muddy depths of sordid domestic lives in the unpleasant country of Morcia, that the theme merely makes the excuse for a picture of the country and its people.

One of Percheron's first acts of sight-seeing in the capital, Vorcia, is to pay a visit to the Palace, on the day that the country is declared a Republic, and an Army General is to take command. His guide on this trip is old Stepanik, one time valet to the exiled King, and caretaker of the Palace throughout the German occupation. These two ill-

assorted men strike up a friendship, and Stepanik invites the Englishman to take up residence at his own home. Here the odd twists of Percheron's days in Morcia have their beginning, for Madame Stepanik—an inflexible Frenchwoman of the lower middle classes—reigns as a type of evil taskmaster.

Before the occupation she was a Court dressmaker, but now the merely cut down and alters shabby clothes for her neighbors. In her employ is young Vera Valisno, pale, silent and shamefully overworked by her employer. Vera's one desire is to get her diploma as a dressmaker and leave Morcia. This unfortunate girl bears on her forehead the branded symbol of the enemy, who discovered her work for the Underground Movement.

Hugh Percheron occupies the room next door to the one in which Vera works from early morn until late at night, and he is enchanted by her. Soon he draws him into the sordid background of her home—a mother nearly mad,

a stream of a sister who bears an illegitimate child by one of the enemy, a British Army deserter, doing a thriving business on the black market, and various anarchists of the country who lodge in the Valisno household.

It is Vera, utterly unromantic and rather stupid with whom the withdrawn Englishman falls in love for the first time in his life, and their strange courtship has the same surreal quality as the shabby lives of most of the characters in the book.

But I cannot hope to convey the true literary style of the author, Francis Ashcroft, in the bare bones of the story which I have given. With great economy of words the writer creates an atmosphere which one can almost smell and touch. His characters are obviously some of the millions who are thrust their way through an existence of L'Utopie today futuristic hopeless and barren, and one feels a deep compassion for them all.

A Foolish Wink has no happy ending, not any measure of hope. As I said before, it is turgid. And it is better, too.

A Warning From The Past

Another example of extremely good writing—calm, clear-headed, reasoned and sincere—that has been published by John Lane, *The Book of Power*, is a slim volume of essays by Rex Warner entitled "The Cult of Power" (7/6). The subjects range from present day statesmanship through the reading of the Russian classics, notes on Greek philosophy and on Charles Dickens and yet, as widely different as they are, one theme runs through them all—the conflict between freedom and authority, between the individual and the State.

In his first essay, "The Cult of Power," which gives its name to the volume, Mr. Warner sums up the present world conflict thus:

"What in our present situation, would strike one as most remarkable if one had not observed much the same thing happening before in history is the rivalry with which generally accepted ideals of early twentieth century such as tolerance, kindness, objective truth, freedom, have been rejected in many people's minds by their exact opposites. More remarkable still is the enthusiasm with which people have accepted the situation. It is true that we are this process most clearly in fascism and, amongst fascist states, most clearly of all in Germany, but fascist ideals appear in the most unlikely places and, in England, are by no means confined to the followers of Sir Oswald Mosley."

From the development of this theme the author goes on to discuss the works of Charles Dickens and Dostoevsky, who, as writers, says Rex Warner, had much in common, both being almost morbidly attracted to crime and fascinated by scenes of poverty and squalor from which they both shrunk back in loathing. Perhaps these similarities are due to the fact that both the English novel and the Russian novel had insecure, childlike, with shillies fashers.

One of the most fascinating essays in this volume—for the layman at any rate—is that on "The Allegorical Method." According to the dictionary allegory is "other speaking" the describing of one thing under the guise of describing another.

"When we say that we are 'hid up' or 'humped up' when we describe a 'lightning attack' or a 'stone waller' in cricket, we are speaking allegorically," says the author. And then he goes on to state that the vulgarity of calumny is fast dying out, and that allegory in literature is returning "for it is one of our most natural and forcible methods of expressing truth."

And, finally, in his last essay, "The Study of the Classics," the author arrives at so convincingly that unless the world today takes heed of the ancient history and literature of Greece and Rome, where prophecies were seen to come true, and where the loss of respect for "gods and men" was attended by disruption and calamity, we shall lose everything, and fall likewise.

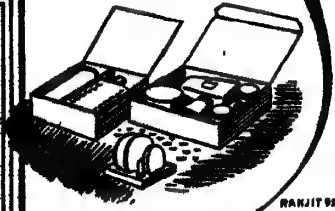
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MANITOW

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Calcutta Causerie

(Continued from page 40)

Elsden Smith and most competently supported by a well chosen cast. Mrs. Elsden Smith had a part as Olivia Brown after her own heart and gave us of her best, and that but is very good indeed. In a most exhausting character study she acted with charm and intelligence and from the first won the sympathy of the audience. I am sure that, playing opposite her, in the Affair of the Junt, is a find for the A.D.C. and his Sir John Barrow, first class, a well-modulated voice and easy manner making him every appearance attractive. We hope to see more of him in the future.

John Barrow in the third largest part as Michel, the tireless son from Canada, was very good and his scene in Act III with Sir John was one of the highlights of the show.

Greta Colman as Pol, a friend in a nicely finished performance and Mrs. Finch as Miss Dell was the last type of lady secretary we could wish to see. It was extremely easy in the role of Lady Fletcher while John Barrow as (Mrs. Wintworth) was a splendid gleam of light in her long, clinging, but still in skin and drawing, voice. David Glenn and Kathleen

Mahar had small walk-on parts and did well. The former also did a stalwart job behind the scenes as property master and chief electrician. Mr. Vallentine, in to be congratulated for the speed with which he collected his cast and put on the show in easy task in these troubled times. The Red Cross benefited the tune of Rs. 4,790 which was greatly appreciated.

Lady Barrows attended the fourth performance and brought a party but Mrs. Vallentine, was, unfortunately, detained at the last moment and was unable to be there.

His Field Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck visited Bengal recently and while in Calcutta spent a few days at the house of Lt. General Roy Bucher, the District Commander, and Mrs. Bucher, at Flagstaff House, in Fort William. (This is one daughter, Elizabeth now in an up, who helps to entertain her father's guests and is a popular person among the younger set.) The Chief had an extensive programme to get through whilst here, and on one occasion presented medals and awards to officers and N.C.O.s and others. One W.A.C. (I) was

decorated with the M.B.E., this being Mrs. P. R. L. Ranking, wife of the Area Commander, Major-General Ranking. Mrs. Ranking was a Senior Commander in the W.A.C. (I) and she received her medal for "outstanding services during three years as Assistant Director, 101 Area." Major-General Ballentine received the C.I.E., Lt. Col. H. B. Wormald, the 11/15th Hussars, the D.S.O. for gallantry in Normandy, and Lt. Col. Gregory of the Royal Gaskwal Rifles and Lt. Col. Phibbs, R.I., the O.B.E.

Among other V.I.P.s who have been visiting Calcutta lately, was Marshal of the Royal Air Force, Lord Tiddler with his attractive wife, they stopped off on their way through to the Far East and were entertained by Air Commodore Perry Koen and did a round of inspection of R.A.F. and R.I.A.F. units here.

W. V. N. To Stay

The W.V.S. Executive Committee met in the Council Chamber at Government House to discuss the future plans for the continuance of their peace time activities.

In the presence of Lady Barrows, their chairman 18 members sat round the table and discussed this knotty problem assisted by Lt. Col. Koch, Mr. R. L.

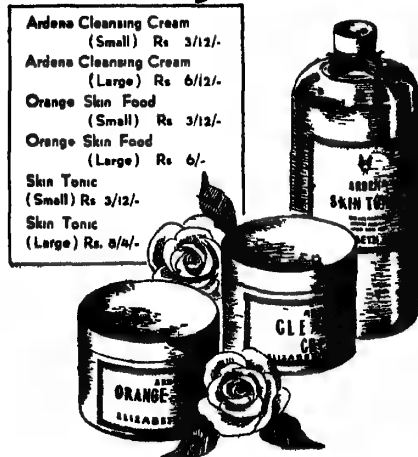
Oakley and Mr. Cross, the Secretary (Civil) of the Indian Red Cross. Among decisions taken was the plan that W.V.S., Bengal, will "feed" all women's activities, provide helpers and find committee members for various institutions if needed, and round up helpers for Flag days, run a general information Bureau, meet and send off school children at stations, keep an up to date register of much-needed accommodation and give help in private houses when sick W.V.S. members are away. In fact, do all types of necessary odd jobs for which there is an increasing demand in this large city.

Diversional Therapy will also carry on its excellent work in civil and military hospitals, and libraries will be kept up therein and also in homes for aged and poor people.

A small sub-committee has been formed of nine members and they are already exceedingly active in tackling the jobs on hand and are making considerable progress in arranging a concrete plan of campaign for the future. These energetic people are: Mrs. Ian Clark (returned from leave), Mrs. Grollidge, Mrs. Long and Mrs. Christensen also back from their holiday abroad. Mrs. Bucher, Mrs. Seeley, Mrs. Down, Mrs. Stanley and Mrs. Sark of the John Ambulance Brigade.

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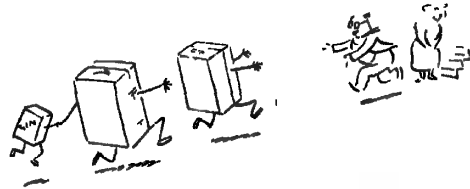
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Brickbats And Bouquets

(Continued from page 30)

These sisters seem to float from their large ivory house to a snug little cottage on a fog-hidden island somewhere on the United States coast, surrounded with great luxury, beautiful clothes, enormous artists' studios and many admirers.

But, it is the sedate one who falls generously in love with a lighthouse inspector (Glenn Ford), whom she meets on her island, while the gay one dines on fabulous yachts and has constant intrigues with married men.

Now, it is a tricky thing for one actress to double two characterisations — one picture, and an even trickier thing for the studio technicians to show the same star as herself and her sister in many camera shots. This was cleverly done by Bette Davis' "stand-in" actually being photographed with her as her sister, and then Bette's own head was somehow transposed on to the body

for close-up shots. The result was remarkably good, but I must admit that I found my attention wandering very often from the story and the action, while I tried to puzzle out the intricacies of this dual process.

Not So Young

The cameramen were never shy of showing the two sisters together—the one soberly dressed and rather shy, the other smartly turned out and sparkling. But, the similarity of their faces bewildered the young lighthouse inspector at first, until his affections were weaned from the quiet one to the giddy one, and he foolishly married her. On this mistake hinges the rather unusual story, a tragedy, and finally a happy ending.

I can't help thinking that Bette is getting a little old now for ingenue parts, dressed with little-girl hats at the back of her head, and tomboyish escapades in boats. She is such a grand character actress with such mature acting ability that I feel she has talent above a story such as "A Stolen Life." When will her producers realize this?

The Voice Of Delhi

(Continued from page 43)

carry their spoil away—a very cruise ■ bottles of brandy which, it was said, contained more than the country's entire stock a year ago. The Jan Sahab of Navanagar has been in town for a few days and was seen with "Tulip" (Duke Singhji) energetically discussing the Test team's failure against the Rest, while Col. Himmat Singhji listened in. There have been many changes ■ Air Headquarters, one of which has brought back Alan and Rette Perry-Kent. A distinguished newcomer is Air Vice-Marshal Buckle who, I am told, is the real pioneer of fog and that was more than ten years ago.

The Maharaja of Bharatpur has been celebrating his birthday in his inimitably charming and hospitable style and induced a major exodus from Delhi to enjoy that great privilege of the first duck shoot of the season over his famous flocks. There was a very large party at the Palace which included the Maharaja of Jaipur, the Maharaja and Maharani of Dewas Junior, the Duxwager Maharani of Couch-Bihar, the Raja Sahib of Dhau,



Robert David, eight-month-old son of Major Robert Wright of the Armoured Corps School, Ahmednagar, and Mrs. Wright.

Air Commodore and Mrs. Peter Bussell, Col. Richard George with his wife and daughter, D. P. Yeats, W/Omdr. Ranken, Major Leslie Sawney and a contingent of the C.I.I., including Ronnie Patterson and Major Edward Collins. The Resident, Major Pinbury, was entertaining the Weightlifters, the Burnetts and the Pattys.

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4x1 lb. pkts. Do. Do.	8 12 0
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A Matter Of Business

(Continued from page 27)

He insisted that the flat was infested and that no doubt this rat had a wife, perhaps several, and many children. He was not surprised, therefore, when Mattie showed him a total of 11 rats caught during the next week, two traps having been in use for the last four days.

That afternoon Mattie and the rat-

catcher held a conference.

"We have done well," Mattie said, as he handed over the 12 annas to his confederate in payment for the two latest captures. But now there must be no more rats or the sahib will suspect. Already my friend, Shanker, who works at the Club, tells me that my sahib

recounts the story of the rats as proudly as though he had been on a fishing expedition."

The rat-catcher nodded in sorrowful agreement. Six annas for a rat, for which the owner of the flour mill down the road had already paid him two annas, was the easiest money he had ever earned. Even he realised, however, that it would be unwise to do more.

Mattie saw his disappointment.

"In a few weeks I will tell the sahib there are traces of more rats," he said kindly. "Then I think we may safely show him another four, perhaps even six."

So for the next three days the traps were empty. John gave Mattie two rupees baksheesh for the rat-catcher, which had somehow become eight annas when it finally reached that individual. He began to talk about his new car instead of rats to the great relief of his friends at the Club.

Meanwhile, as the top of Mrs. Tribe's almirah, the little mouse, who had scurried over John's face in the darkness that night, prepared a nest in Mrs. Tribe's garden-party hat for the little strangers who were to soon to arrive.

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LAP 1077

Ideal Woman Or Ideal Wife

(Continued from page 38)

The Right Mixture

Womanliness is not a question of prinking, preening, idling, and delivering fetching *how now*. It is a question of keeping yourself in the world and not only in your home. Wifeiness purely and solely can be nothing but an intensely monotonous quality: womanliness is never humdrum for a moment. The deadly, dull state of affairs in which all the home-talk is of new curtains, the

children, and late meals is invariably the wife's fault.

A man, while theoretically he praises of efficient and perfect wives, does not really seek this to the exclusion of all else. If he finds it he accepts it and is dulled by it. If it is ill tempered with those qualities for which he married his wife he most certainly does not wish it to exceed them. In plain words, he married you for what you were, a woman

who appealed to him, not for what you may become, a wife whose domestic obsession hovers him stiff.

It is a sad paradox that all the young wifely eagerness and good intentions in the world, so often result in marriage failure because of their own success. So often husbands grow apathetic to their wives because they are good wives and for no other reason. Be sane, then: manage your home efficiently, but don't let it obsess you. By being a woman as well as a household expert you become the very best kind of wife.

Progress of chemistry ...

(5)



The Ayurvedic system of medicine is very ancient. It is most interesting to chemists as its great treatises, Charaka and Susruta, the former possibly 2500 years old, show evidence of considerable early chemical learning. Susruta describes in detail the manufacture of caustic alkali and its use in opening up septic foci and removing diseased tissues. Mild alkali, mainly carbonate of potash, was first made by extracting the ashes of selected trees with water. This was concentrated by boiling and then causticised by cooking with quicklime made by roasting limestone or shells. The resulting liquor was used for the more drastic treatments. The caustic application was often neutralised on the body with vegetable acids in finish the treatment and relieve the pain, this relationship of acids to alkalis being well understood. Here we have recorded a chemical operation which, regarded a few centuries ago as a modern invention, was being competently carried out by the ancient Hindus for a useful surgical purpose.

Ayurveda, the science of life, is an accumulation of the knowledge of the ages. Its mineral remedies, mainly compounds of the metals with sulphur and mercury, although reminiscent of European alchemy, date much further back and suggest an impressive record of ancient chemical achievement.



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Crossword Solution

Problem on page 45

- | | |
|----------------|---------------|
| 1. Cope | 1. Cops |
| 2. Prevalence | 2. Grained |
| 3. Plains | 3. Results |
| 4. Upright | 4. Vaulted |
| 5. Knot | 5. Lark |
| 6. Lash | 6. Niggard |
| 7. Pain | 7. Extendedly |
| 8. Riddle | 8. Kait |
| 9. Diddle | 9. Precarious |
| 10. Cluster | 10. Wife |
| 11. Special | 11. Lots |
| 12. Lock | 12. Unlucky |
| 13. Able | 13. Rebecca |
| 14. Salt | 14. Stencil |
| 15. Odontic | 15. Illness |
| 16. Convert | 16. Sink |
| 17. Scenically | 17. Basi |
| 18. Ashy | 18. May |

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The Burkes Come To Stay

(Continued from page 39)

Spinach Omelette

1 lb cooked spinach 3 eggs 1 pt milk 1 lb flour

Cook and mash the spinach with butter, salt and pepper. Make a batter with the eggs, flour and milk. Let it stand an hour before needed. Make

three pancakes at a time and spread the spinach between them. Sprinkle the top with grated cheese and brown in oven.

Wheat Cakes

1 cup crushed wheat 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon flour, two eggs, 1

cup mixed vegetables, salt and pepper

Soak the wheat in the milk for an hour, then work in the flour, seasoning and beaten eggs. The vegetables should be chopped finely and browned in butter. Add the vegetables to the mixture and then form into shapes with a spoon. Fry until brown and firm.

Raisin Fool

1 lb seedless raisins, 2 gills water, 2 eggs, 1 pt milk, 1 oz castor sugar, juice of a lime

Wash and clean raisins and soak in water for 24 hrs. Steam in a sauce or put with the water and lime juice until tender (about 1 1/2 hrs.). Drain a drained with the milk, eggs and sugar. Pass mixture through a sieve and mix carefully with the cold cream. Sprinkle a little nutmeg on top. (Any dried fruits may be served this way)

Cream Tuffi-Fruit

3 oranges, 3 bananas, 3 apples; 1 pt cream, 3 tablespoons sugar.

Peel and cut the fruit into slices, sprinkle with a little white wine. Whip the cream with the sugar and fold in the fruit. Serve in seed glass-dishes.

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"That will do!" said Angela, whisking the book away from me. "You're getting a reputation for appropriating recipes! Go away, and come back and have dinner with us when the Burkes get here."

I did as I was told. And two weeks later the Burkes came and had "lunch" with us. I have it from Alice Burke that it was one of the nicest she's had!

Bridge Solution

Problem on page 58

Jack wins the first trick and returns the suit. Sam discards two Clubs on the next two tricks and is "top weight." Jill also throws Clubs and when Sam ruffs the fourth Diamond with an honour Jill throws another Club. The Spade Queen is led and Jill covers (best defence) dummy ruffing. The next three tricks are made with the Ace of Clubs and two rounds of trumps ending in dummy. Then dummy leads the Knave of Trumps. Jack has two Spades, one Diamond and two Clubs, dummy two trumps, one Diamond and two Clubs and Sam three Spades and two trumps. Jack is squeezed in all three suits and whatever he discards, Sam makes the remainder.

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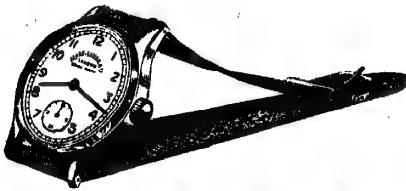
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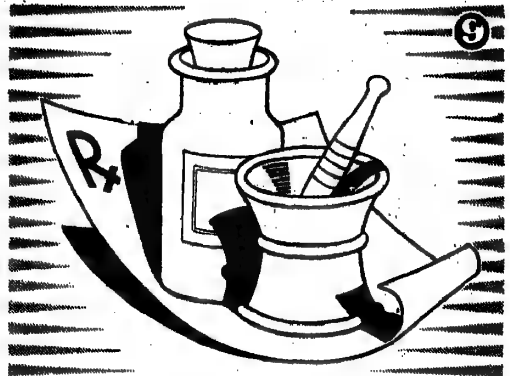


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Some of the early writers on chemical subjects claim to have traced the art back to Adam, others to Tubal Cain, and still others to Shem, the son of Noah, stating that his original name was "Chem" and reasoning therefrom that the word 'alchemy' was thus derived. Other writers did not fail to include Moses, for he proved his rank as an adept when he reduced the Golden Calf to a condition of potability and gave the children of Israel the first 'Gold Cure'.

Modern Physicians and Pharmacologists have advanced far beyond the days of superstition and mysticism. They are always unwilling to take things for granted and their never-ending search for truth and their far-sighted thinking is increasingly contributing to the advancement and growth of the human race.

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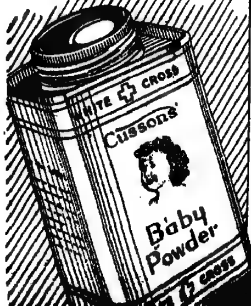


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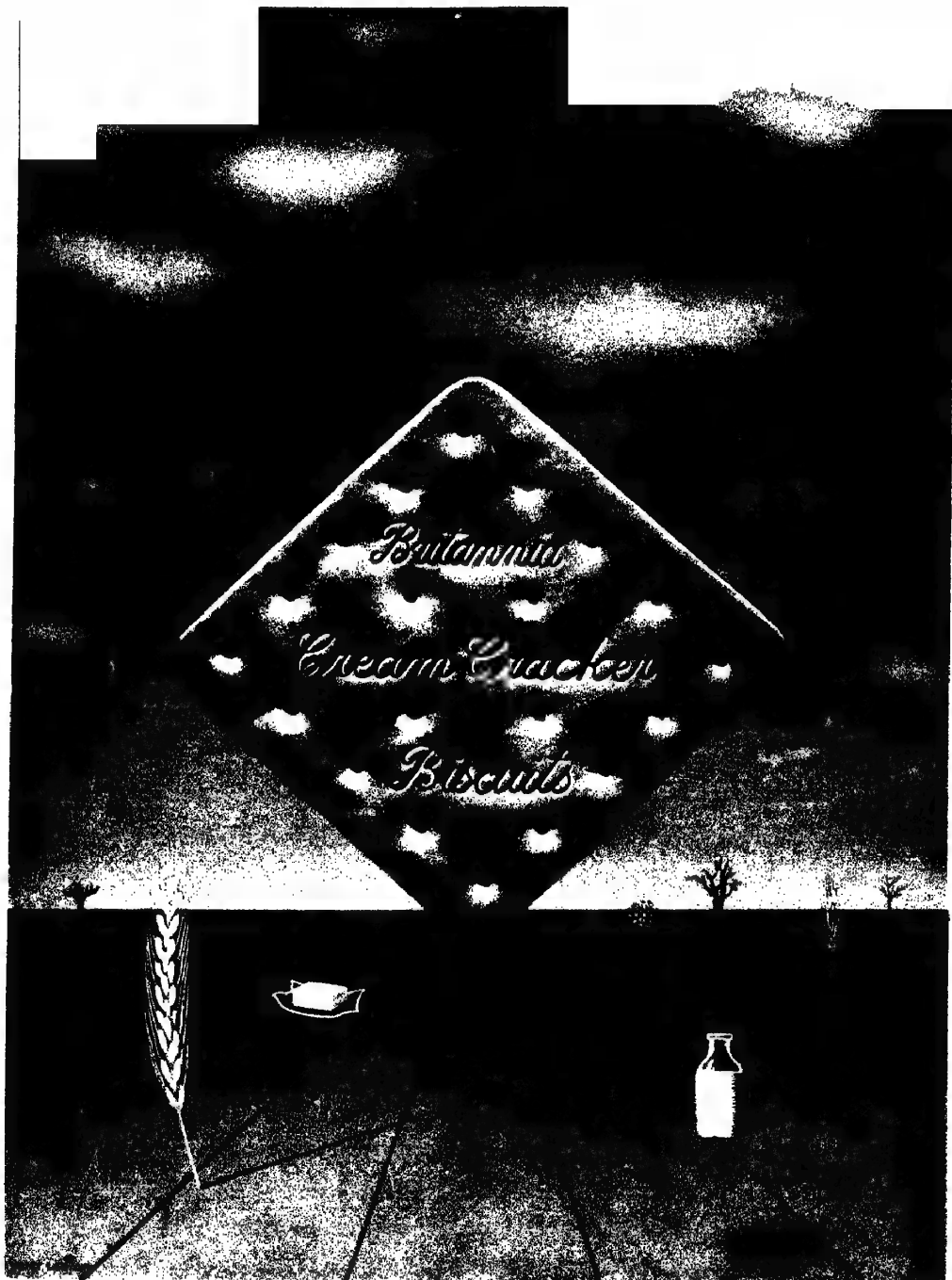
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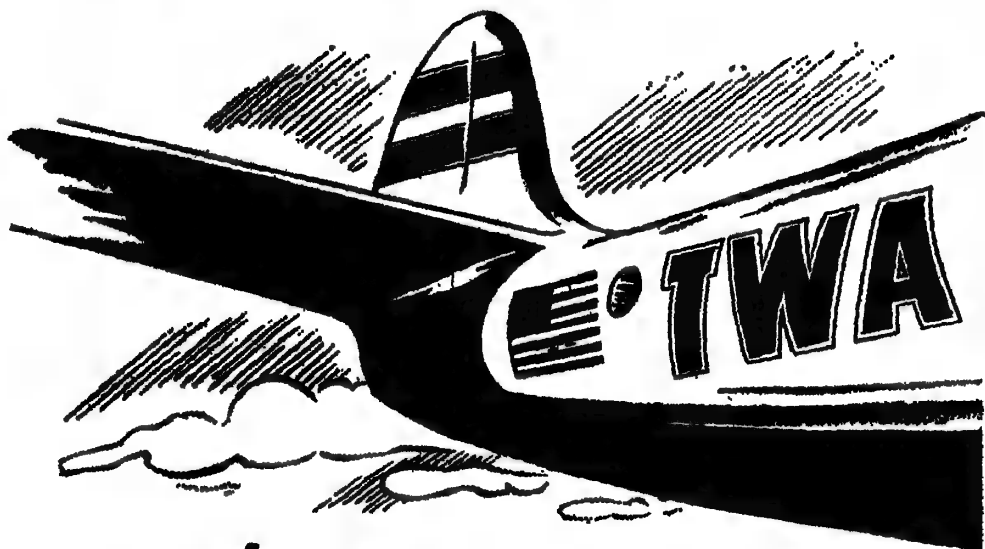
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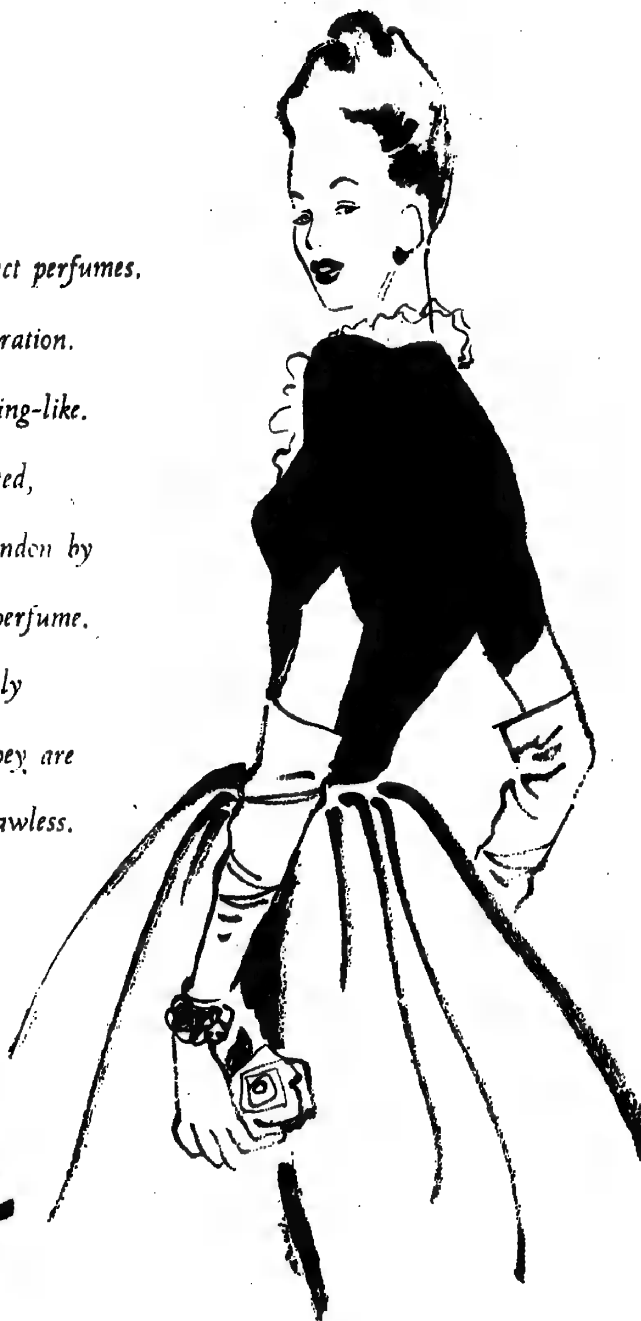
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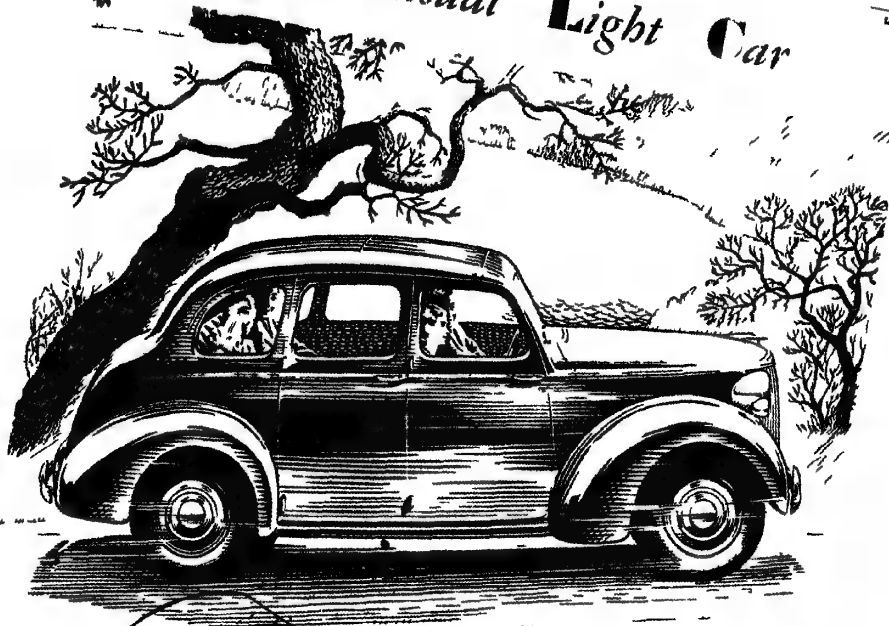
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"These busy days I'm doubly thankful that I know this simple way to keep skin smooth"

says

LADY DIANA STUART-WORTLEY



Analysis of LADY DIANA STUART-WORTLEY'S features

(5) **Shape of Face** Round, with a slightly pointed chin and broad, smooth brow.

(6) **Eyes** Large, almond-shaped, deep blue in colour—the skin round them strikingly smooth and supple.

(7) **Nose** Straight and charmingly refined, the skin very white and free from blackheads and coarse pores.



(4) **Mouth** Not large but quite attractively curved, with an attractively short upper lip.

(1) **Chin** Clean cut and short with delicate, unblemished ivory skin.

(2) **Hair** Sleek brown, with golden lights worn in a long "bob".

Like so many of the young society women Lady Diana Stuart-Wortley knows the necessity for regular complexion care—yet has little time to spend on it these days. "This is why I like Pond's Creams so very much," she says. "They keep my skin marvellously smooth and yet are so quick and easy to use!"

They can do as much for your complexion! Used regularly, Pond's Creams will keep your skin free from roughness, blemishes or sallowness—all those faults that destroy charm! For Pond's

Creams fulfil all your skin's needs! They cleanse and lubricate, they protect and stimulate. Almost the first time you use them you can see the difference in your skin. Little by little your skin becomes finer, smoother, clearer, pores close, fine lines are smoothed away.

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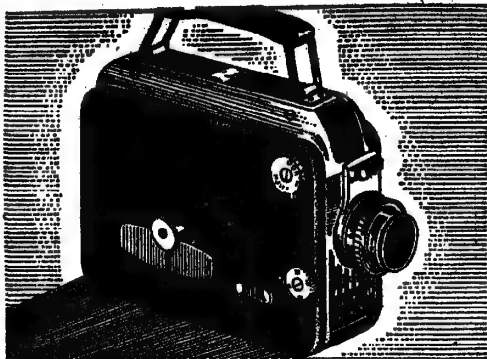
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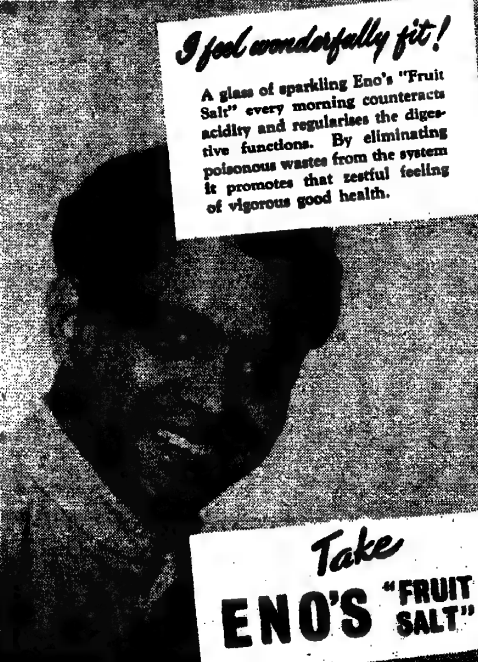


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The Hindu theory of compounds was systematic and constructive. In some experiments a reaction was repeated until the product remained unchanged in weight, this being taken as evidence of the completeness of the reaction. With this precision in their ideas the ancient Hindus came close to the modern systematic chemistry which developed much later on in the West.



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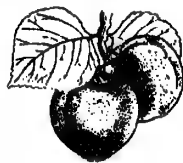
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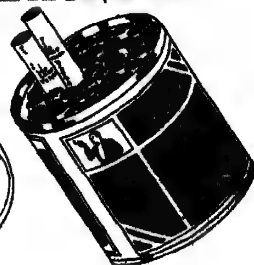
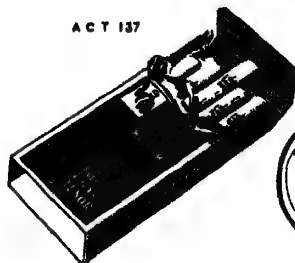
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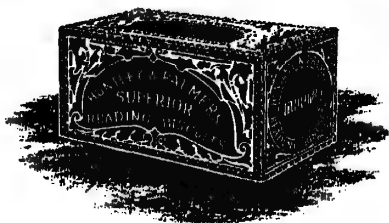
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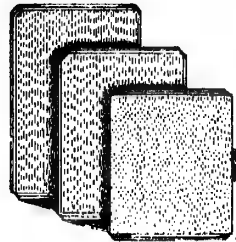
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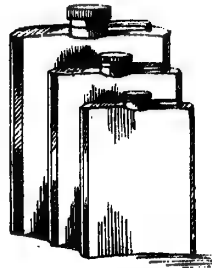
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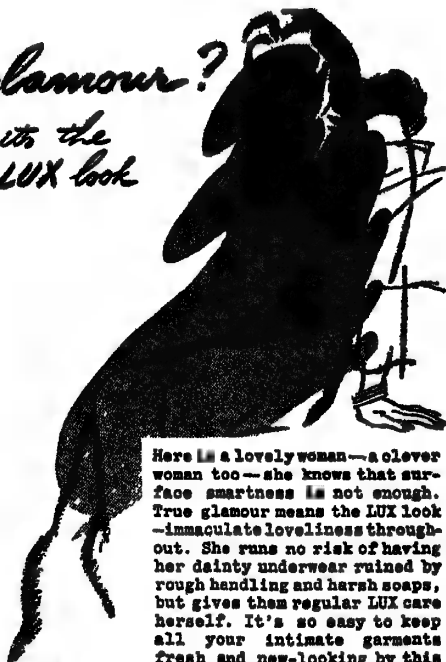
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London, sahib?"
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"Very brave man, my uncle
His beautiful house stop direct
wallop No uncle I have now
"Very sad!"
"Fikr nahi Sahib I have
many uncles My grandfather
very clever man Very wise
panthers!"

"I see!"
"You have the disease?
Pantari fix it You want lucky
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fix everything!"

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THE life of an artist's model, according to popular idea, is the height of romance, her days spent lounging in luxurious studios, her nights in hectic parties patronized by bearded men without socks and sandalled women with cropped hair.

How different is the real thing. After a year's work as a model—I was in the W.A.A.P. during the war—I have yet to discover this thrilling Bohemia of fiction. My life is as regular as that of any office or shop girl, without many of her relaxations.

I never drink, I rarely smoke and I go to bed early. My looks are my livelihood, and I can't afford to risk them. Besides this, my work is so exacting that I must be perfectly fit in cope with those long periods of posing in awkward, limb-aching attitudes. I don't even allow myself the luxury of high-heeled shoes, for my feet must be perfectly natural in appearance. I dare not risk cramping or distorting them in any way.

Dull Routine

As for my "thrilling" day's work, perhaps, I have my first sitting with an artist at 9-10 a.m. His studio is a bare room, with innumerable canvases piled against the wall, twisted paint tubes,

The Real Life Of An Artist's Model —Is Far From Romantic

By An Artist's Model

cases, brushes, bottles of oil and varnish. That is all—except for the dust, which, by the way, must not be swept up while a picture is being painted as it settles on the wet canvas and spoils the colour.

The artist arranges my pose and then may paint, almost without a word, for three solid hours. When he happens to remember my existence as a human being he gives me a rest. Then, "That'll be all for today, thank you," he says, and off I go to my next appointment.

This may be an anatomy class at an art school. Today, perhaps, they are studying the back. The lecturer takes blue chalk and, from time to time, draws lines on my back to show the contours of the various bones and muscles till I look like the original "Tattooed Lady."

If it is a clay-modelling class, students

approach me with great metal calipers, with which they measure my arms, legs or head. Some of them are very nervous and give me the impression that, at any moment, they may stick the calipers point in my eyes. But they never do, and it's all in the day's work.

Cold Summer

In summer, posing for the figure is actually colder than in winter in some artist's studios. There is no fire and the artist himself feels warm enough in his clothes without one. But, in winter, the artist realizes that I must feel cold and has a roaring fire for my comfort.

Summer is the dead season for models. I have to make up for this by posing until 10, or later, at night—for drawings.

Painting, of course, cannot be done by artificial light. Finally, after a carefully selected supper, with plenty of fruit and vegetables, (I have to watch my diet very carefully) I go to bed.

"Living" For Ever

One never knows—unless one is booked for schools—whether one is going to earn £5 or £10 next week. One is constantly making journeys to new places, seeking new people, and hearing fresh points of view. And always there is the possibility of meeting someone interesting or a sitting for a masterpiece. I meet artists, both famous and unknown, from every school, from the academic to the surrealist.

Some of the artists I sit for may be the "Old Masters" of the future, and it is strange to feel that one may "live" in paint, stone, or bronze, for hundreds of years. There is sometimes "ecstatic relief" in my work.

"Get into that pose, please!" an artist once said to me.

He was pointing at one of his pictures—an extremely "modern" composition. To me it looked like a plateful of dried haddock.

Freezing It Out

I stood still, completely flummoxed, looking from the artist to his work. I think he realised my dilemma, because he laughed and showed me the pose he wanted. Once, during a sitting, I asked another artist of the same school the meaning of some fantastic-looking blobs at the back of a picture.

He looked at them for a few seconds and then said in a puzzled voice: "I can't quite remember, but I think they're either clouds or mountains."

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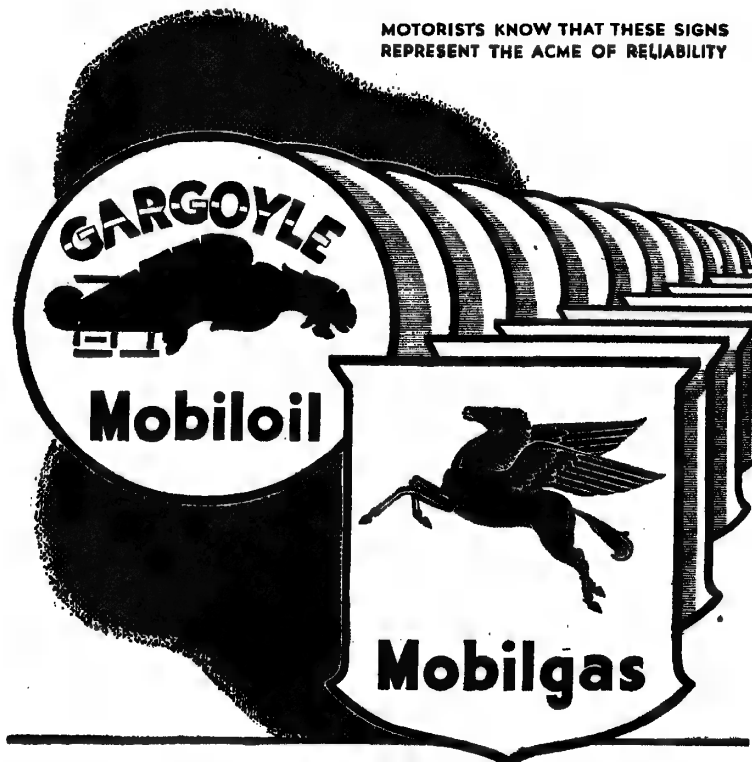
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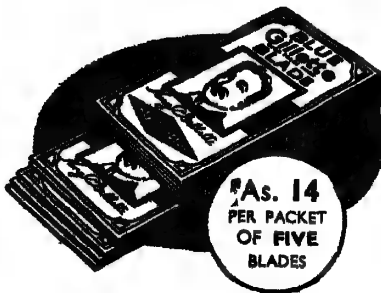
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THE Great Man had had a good breakfast about nine in the morning. He was in a good mood. He came out of his tent, after having attended to a few small details, and summoned his shikari.

"Is everything ready, Ghulam? Are all the beaters in their places?"

"Yes, Sahib, everything is ready."

"Good. I think we ought to get plenty of *chukar* this morning."

As he moved off to his position, he rather wished he had a few more guns out; however, he was feeling fit and capable of hitting any number of birds.

The Great Man Shoots

By "KIL"

Climbing up to his butt, he had an opportunity to admire the magnificent view which was before him.

To his right, the valley fell away to the greater vale of Bhizar. Both sides of the hills sloping up and from the Khush River below him were bare, but in this morning light they were at their best. Far off the river was singing its winter song, gorged with the summer glacier-fed spates. Close by, a hissing *bagar dastan*

whistled one of his "thousand stories;" the notes were so clear and beautiful that they were like diamonds being dropped by some reluctant miser from the sky. The Great Man could just see his glistening blue-black body in the yellowing willow by the water-channel.

Ghulam came up. "Shall I tell them to start, Presence?"

"Yes." He loaded his gun.

The beaters, on the given signal, started to advance towards him from the other side of the village.

Nothing.

The Great Man could hear the *chukar* calling from the fields somewhere below him. He tensed himself and kept his eyes on all the likely approaches.

The position was superb.

There was a spur a few yards in front of him, to which the *chukar* were bound to fly, for there were several large rocks under which they could take shelter. He himself was hidden behind a small pile of stones, and the whole of the side of the hill and the fields stretched away clear before him.

Suddenly there was a whirr.

He came up to the aim at once; the bird was on, he felt it, and pulled the trigger. Down came a nice plump bird. As he watched it fall, he heard the beating wings of another, and took it with his left barrel. Feathers flew, and it crashed to the ground behind him.

"Well done, Sahib," said Ghulam. He hastily unloaded and told some of the boys to go higher up the hill, as the Great Man was afraid that some might try to go higher on such a fine morning.

Gradually the beaters came up with him, and he shot as they came. They were only about 100 yards off him now.

"How many have we got, Ghulam?"

"Ten, Sahib. Very fine fat birds too."

"Good, we're doing well."

"Mark, Sahib!"

The Great Man raised his gun once more and took a high shot, bringing the bird down about 50 yards behind him. Another came flying fast across his left front as the beaters came up to him. He swung round with it, and fired. Again, the feathers flew, but this time the bird went on with only a momentary pause.

He watched it, as did all who were there.

It went, he thought, into one of the bushes below him, to his rear. He

(Continued on page 21)



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The Great Man Shoots

(Continued from page 20)

marked it, and told Ghulam to go and get it. He followed, having first unloaded his gun.

They all searched the bush. Gradually, the Great Man's temper, which had been good, disintegrated. He knew it had gone into that bush; he had seen it with his own eyes. He started to get somewhat purple in the face. He even unbent enough to look himself. That bush was thorny, and the language coming out of it started to get

thorny too. All the beaters hurried away as they saw his furious face appear out of the bushes, or else dived hurriedly back again to escape the wrath to come.

By the end of three hours, they were beginning to get bored with the proceedings. After all, only 11 birds had been killed, they had all seen the 12th, which had undoubtedly been hit, running gamely away across the fields.

However, as only loyal servants know how, they went on looking, but with rather less fervour than the Great Man liked. He proceeded to let them feel the bitter end of his tongue; he was covered all over with thorns, and very

hot.

Finally, the whole village was roped in to search. Then Ghulam suggested that perhaps it had gone into another bush. Immediately search parties were made and they combed every nearby clump, but with no success.

The Great Man's servants had come with the remainder of the village; they had picked up his camp, for he had to ride about 24 miles farther on to his next camp, in order to settle some land disputes.

The servants became worried. The Major-Dunno, Qalandar by name, had reached his responsible position

with a considerable display of *savoir-faire* and a few small presents in the right places. He was not going to stay searching for this wretched bird all day, and arrive in camp in the evening, without any of the necessary arrangements being made. Besides, there was a young woman in the village they were going to, who was very promising. Most certainly something must be done.

He took the appropriate action. The weary party sweated on. Presently there was a shout from one of the persisting villagers.

"I've found it!"

And so he had. At least if it wasn't the identical bird, it was very similar.

"Well done," said the Great Man, wiping the sweat from his brow. "I knew it fell somewhere here; I saw it perfectly from the butt."

He called for his horse and rode off, having distributed largesse to the beaters, and special praise to the lucky and embarrassed finder.

The headman of the village proceeded to ask some pertinent questions as Qalandar mounted his horse.

"Where did you find that *chukor*?"

"Well, we all know the Great Man, how angry he gets over trifles and so on, and having had considerable experience of his ways, I realised we were going to be looking round those bushes for the rest of the day if nothing was done about it."

Qalandar started to move off.

"I waited my opportunity and when the Great Man was cursing all and sundry, I took one of the *chukor* that careless Ghulam had left lying about, and put it in a bush that had not been searched. The rest you know. The Great Man suspects nothing, and indeed why should he? God be praised, we shall be having a peaceful evening."

The headman chuckled to himself as he shaded his old eyes to watch Qalandar ride off after another of these Great Men, whose peculiar ways, he felt, he would never be able to understand.

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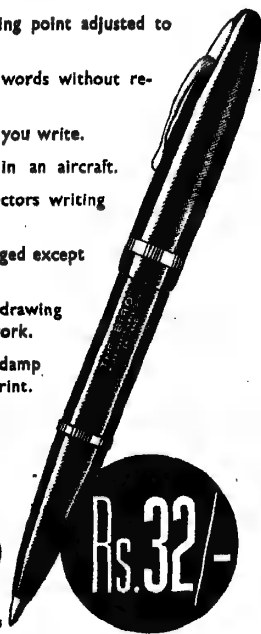
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I landed in Bombay still snobbishly neat and labelled in spite of a jostled trip (perhaps passage). Twenty four hours of waiting, unattended shopping, strained my back and my persimmon which had sat and banged on the side to clear the trunk, but I packed everything, in except a pair of slippers I had travelled solo male. I found and I was not, up to squish them. Put the sock in their place, the trunk, round again and park them with the rest of the luggage. Said I was sitting watching his bearer pack for him. I can't take a SHOL BOA on a train with me. Don't

Lugging The Luggage

By E. M. J. P.

talk like your mother," said S. "I refuse to arrive at my new home in India looking like an evacuee." I panted. "By the time you've spent 48 hours in an Indian train you'll look like a coal miner. I stamped my foot. I will not, however. I'll OK. JUNGLE. Neither if I can help it will you become pimpley like your mother. You'll find that the people here are sensible over luggage. Journeys are long and whatever they're likely to want they take with them. I use a wicker my dear S. as time and you have shown me.

We left that evening and I was trying hard to get used to a train that had no corridor, no sleeping car attendant and what looked like the train's end of a hyme box in a double sleeping berth. S was fiddling with a large parcel in the only uncluttered corner. Luggage and my luggage was being stacked when

through the doorway came a huge canvas "something." "Bedding-roll," explained S. "But I thought only soldiers had them." I was tired from excitement and strangeness and my voice was inclined to self pity and tremulous despair. "It's enormous and bulging and—and—it's a dreadful thing to be seen with." "Don't be unusual," said S. "Have some ham." Now, I knew he was enraptured over the nine pound ham he had bought to balance my lovely blue shoes but it did seem a little unhygienic to have it sleeping with us. I was up tired. I took the slice off the end of his pen knife. It was delicious, the first I'd tasted for years. I was so very tired. As we joggled through the clanking night, I sat on a spare bedding-roll, spearing slices of ham with my nail file, drinking tepid neat whisky from the bottle, my head cushioned on the shoe box. If my mother could have seen me!

I finished that journey dirty but chastened. I must admit it took me months to get used to being seen with the bedding-roll. I would walk down the most unimportant platform in order to pretend it wasn't mine. I would make the servants pack to a pattern and strap to the furthestmost hole. No guard's assistant was ever punched more smartly. But my first nighty move to the Millie, with more tea and pangs than Miss "Swiss" Robinson herself, smothered my last snobbishness. Thereafterward the bedding-roll was "Bung it in the bedding-roll."

We must surely be the only guests to arrive for a few days' stay at the Taj, Bombay, or the Cecil, Delhi, but, besides moderately decent suitcases, hat-boxes, reinforced trunks and air travel bags, bedding-rolls that growl with shoes, trousers and sweat-soaked, table lamp, reference books too heavy for the trunk, framed photographs and tins of biscuits (Preparing for bed in a crowded compartment is a deviation to fellow-travellers who suspect up-to-date pedlars or "I hereby declare this banner open"). Topping the load is luggage for one dog; a leather strap falling to hold together an old quilt and a mat of odorous antiquity, brushes, combs, etc., last but not least, a can knicker for eyes, ears and final glossing, Bob Martin's essentials for a canine hypochondriac and an enamel tin-dish and bowl. In a safer position but shamelessly conspicuous is S's only real responsibility—a wooden case attractively stencilled BEST OF OTCH WHISKY. Contents have come and gone, the lid has long been lost, but that it all the better as he can more easily slip and count the peering necks that rise slimly in their twisted paper swathes. The bearer crowns this liquid poem with a macdonald of raw vegetables bought

(Continued on page 23)



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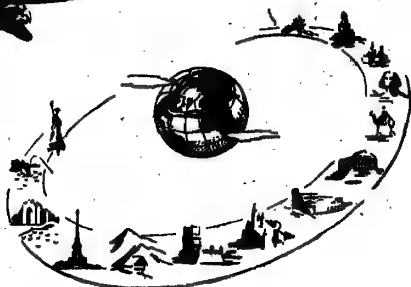
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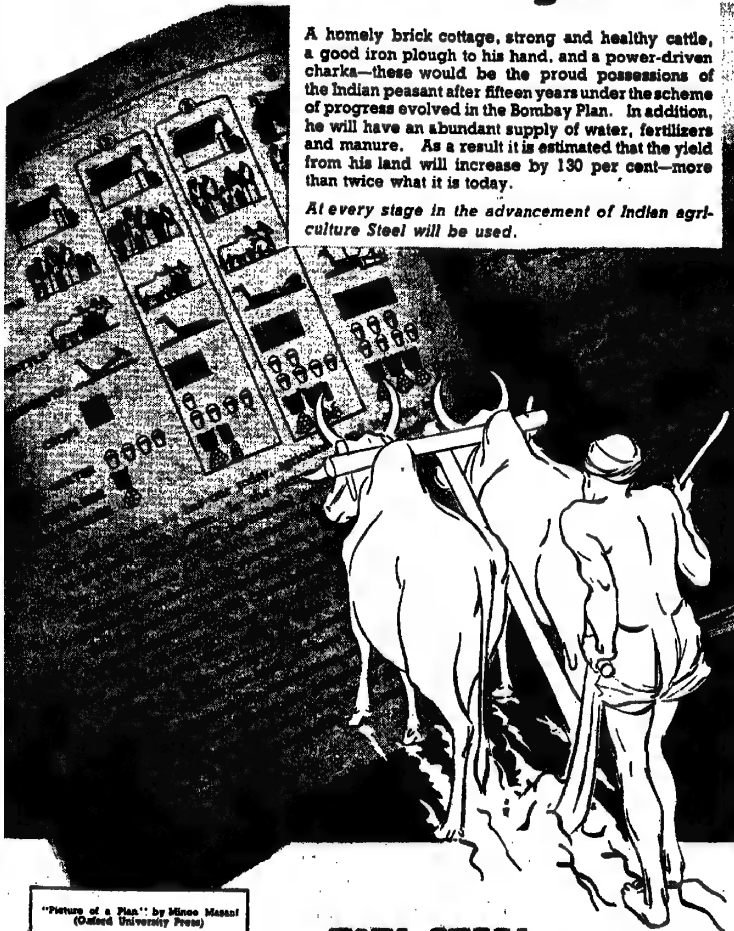
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The ONLOOKER

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February 1947

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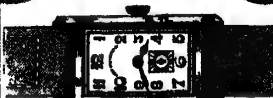
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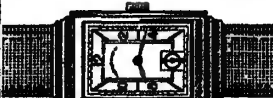
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Vol. IX.

FEBRUARY 1947

No. 2

Col. Nawabzada Murtaza Ali Khan Bahadur, M.B.E., Heir-Apparent of Rampur, and his wife, Sakina Begum, who were married in October 1946. Col. Nawabzada Murtaza Ali Khan is 24 years old and has served as A.D.C. to H.E. the Commander-in-Chief, Field-Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck, from 1943 to 1946. Sakina Begum is the second daughter of the Raja Saheb of Pirpur.



Portrait by Simla Studios.

Looking On!

"En Route" To Utopia

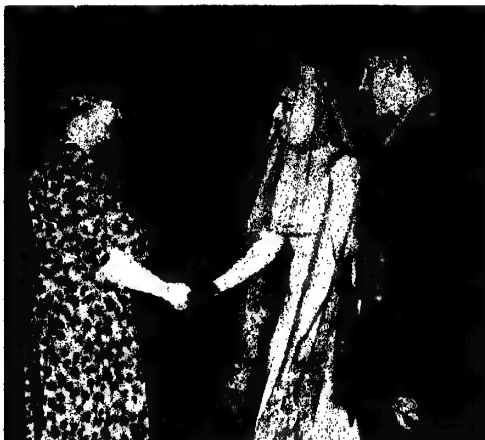
Scotch whisky has been increased in price by Rs. 5/8 per bottle as one of the preliminary moves by the Government of Bombay in its scheme for a completely "dry" province.

Betting on race-horses (when racing) may be forbidden by the Madras Government as a first step towards the abolition of racing.

News items.

By "Onlooker"

THE grand crusade is on! In five or ten years' time society in India will set a glorious example to the world. The curse of drink is rapidly being abolished among the upper classes, so-called, at any rate—as only these people drink whisky, gin and wine, and we all feel so much the better for it already. Our heads are clearer, our bills are lighter and our love for our fellow man is greater. I am, of course, referring to Bombay at the moment but all of India will rapidly follow suit. Tea shares will surely shortly boom and it certainly does one good even already to see everybody sitting down happily together over a "nice" cup of tea at the Willingdon Club each evening after a gentle game of golf or joining with the ladies in a hilarious "cocktail" party. The rich, red colour of the tomato cocktail compares so beautifully with the sickly and suggestive "White Lady" or the entirely colourless but so terribly insidious "gin-pani" with a dash of lemon. How invigorating, too, the smell of a well-mixed fruit cocktail by comparison with the weakly-scented John Collins or the acrid-smelling, pale and gaseous liquid, the downfall of so many of our



Her Excellency Viscountess Wavell congratulates Mrs. Wainwright after her marriage to Major Jon Wainwright of the 19th K.G.O. Lancers at the Church of the Redemption, New Delhi. Mrs. Wainwright was, before her marriage, Suzanne Marshall, only daughter of the late Major-General John Stuart Marshall, C.B., D.S.O., O.B.E., and Mrs. A. J. Dring.



Mr. Asaf Ali, recently Member for Transport in the Interim Government, will shortly leave for Washington as India's Ambassador in the U.S.A.

dearest friends, the whisky and soda.

Such clubs will have urgent problems on their hands soon—more and more space for the happy social evenings, the cheery dances and delightful dinner parties. "Down with drink" is becoming rapidly India's best-known slogan.

Nor will the rising price of tea and chocolate cake really matter much as, in future, we will have money to burn. We are going to be saved from that most debasing of all pastimes, betting on horse-racing. Madras is trying to show us the way along this new road to saintliness. Compared to saving us from drinking ourselves to death this is mere child's play. The order has only to be issued and we obey. Off we will go in our thousands to the races on Saturday—custom dies hard—we need never again



From Stralia.
Mr. H. Klacko, Consul for Czechoslovakia in Bombay.

leave the course nervous wrecks after cheering our horse home in each race and battling to collect our winnings at the tote windows afterwards. All wear and tear is to be banished. Even the horses will not need to hurry as no one will care which wins.

The industry of breeding Indian horses will, of course, be heavily subsidised by our mentors as we must have some entertainment and what could be more pleasant than to watch, say, three horses doing a mile and a half, most of it at a mild gallop, with brightly-attired boys up and ready to give you a cheerful wave as they canter past. The value of racing is recognised by all but there must be no money attached to it. It would be unfair even to wager teas for the party in such circumstances.

And so on to Utopia!



Li-Col. Harold Williamson, Surgeon to the Viceroy, who has left India with his wife to practice in Nairobi, Kenya. Mrs. Williamson will be remembered for her work with the W.V.S. during the war in Quetta, Azam and Delhi.



Members of the Iraqi Military Mission who came to India on a tour of India Command seen at Rawalpindi after being entertained to a luncheon by Lt-General Sir Frank W. Messervy, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., who is G.O.C.-in-C, Northern Command. From L. to R.: Lt-Col. Alvie, Lt-Col. Nuri Jamil, Col. Khalil Jamil, Lady Messervy, Lt-Col. P. Unlucke of the British Military Mission in Iraq, Brigadier Hussain Macdi, Lt-General Sir Frank Messervy, Major Reynolds, Col. Habib Raba, Miss Messervy, Lt-Col. Turq Sayd and Major Shukri.



Senior officers of the Southern Command photographed after the G.O.C.-in-C.'s conference with Area and Formation Commanders at Bangalore. From L. to R.: (FRONT ROW) Major-General C. E. Peri, D.S.O., Major-General T. W. Rees, C.B., C.I.E., D.S.O., M.C., Air Commodore C. D. Adams, O.B.E., Major-General A. H. J. Snelling, C.B., C.B.E., Major-General E. N. Goddard, C.I.E., C.B.E., M.V.O., M.C., Lt-General Sir Roh Lockhart, K.C.B., C.I.E., M.C., General Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Southern Command, Major-General D. A. L. Wade, C.B., C.B.E., M.C., Brigadier H. W. Dinwiddie, C.B.E., Major-General F. H. Skinner, C.I.E., O.B.E., and Brigadier C. Gould, C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C.; (MIDDLE ROW) Brigadier G. Carr-White, O.B.E., Brigadier H. F. McKillop, Brigadier H. Long, M.C., Brigadier W. T. Stephenson, Brigadier J. C. Martin, C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., Brigadier E. W. Lickman, O.B.E., Brigadier F. W. Stevens, Brigadier M. J. A. Sheenan, O.B.E., Brigadier L. E. C. M. Parnove, C.B.E., Brigadier H. D. Beadon, O.B.E., M.C., Brigadier J. F. D. Steedman, C.B.E., M.C., Col. W. G. H. Wells, Brigadier K. D. Marsland, Brigadier A. J. H. Bourke and Lt.-Col. Bayliss; back row includes: Major E. I. V. Tuite Dalton, Lt.-Col. H. Rogers, Major F. P. K. Fretts, Brigadier G. D. Young, O.B.E., M.C., Lt.-Col. J. H. Caesar, M.C., Lt.-Col. J. Robinson, Brigadier C. H. Cooper, O.B.E., Brigadier G. K. Dibb, C.B.E., M.C., Col. E. F. Foxton, Lt.-Col. A. H. McConnell, M.C., Lt.-Col. R. S. M. Calder, T. D., Major R. J. Duncan, Major G. R. Cullen and Lt.-Col. C. J. W. Radford.

A Married Man Thanks His Old Loves

By J. C.

FROM the depths of my armchair, from the married felicity which I owe, in part, to each one of you, old loves, I thank you. The thoughtless wife of a happily married man thinks jealously of a thing she calls his "past"; the thoughtful wife is wise in considering kindly the woman who went before her, for is she not the chosen above them all?

"I devoutly hope, my dear, that I'm not the first."

"No, darling, the last."

It's quite a while since these two sentences were spoken. But, thanks to those who were the first, the second, the third, she, my wife, remains the last.

In thanking you, my old loves, I should like to think that I, in my way, gave each of you a little something in exchange for what you gave me. I know that I was the richer, the wiser, when we said good-bye. And I believe wholly that it was because of you that I was enabled eventually to make the only possible final choice. And, incidentally, to offer the woman of my choice a civilised, reasonable human being.

In recollecting, I think of the lovely creature who was the first of them all. You had a kind of golden youthfulness, but something else besides. That something else was the extraordinary,

(Continued on page 58)

The Advent Of The Governess

By "Eves"

THE advent of the Governess caused quite a stir in our Frontier Tract: in fact, it completely eclipsed that of the new Civil Surgeon and his charming wife, who had brought the girl along under the mistaken impression that with her to look after the children, they would be more free to cope with official and social duties.

Which only goes to prove that even Civil Surgeons can make mistakes. Somebody, of course, should have warned the man that he was coming to a district which, over a space of many years, had felt the pinch of shortage, not to say famine, in cloth, paddy, old wine and young women.

Mark you, neither the Civil Surgeon nor his wife were long left to nourish

their illusion concerning the Governess's usefulness to them. News of the girl's arrival went on the grape-vine at short notice and soon, wherever two or three were gathered together to discuss a bottle of the best (or lacking the best in any rate its much maligned, but nevertheless, not altogether spurned substitute), there also were heard sundry "inchor" inquiries which seem to uphold those who maintain that the state of celibacy is more a matter of compulsion than of choice. To such inquiries, omniscient benedictions affecting nonchalance not always genuine—plagiarised their wives' considered opinion that the little so-and-so was all vogue without, but by no

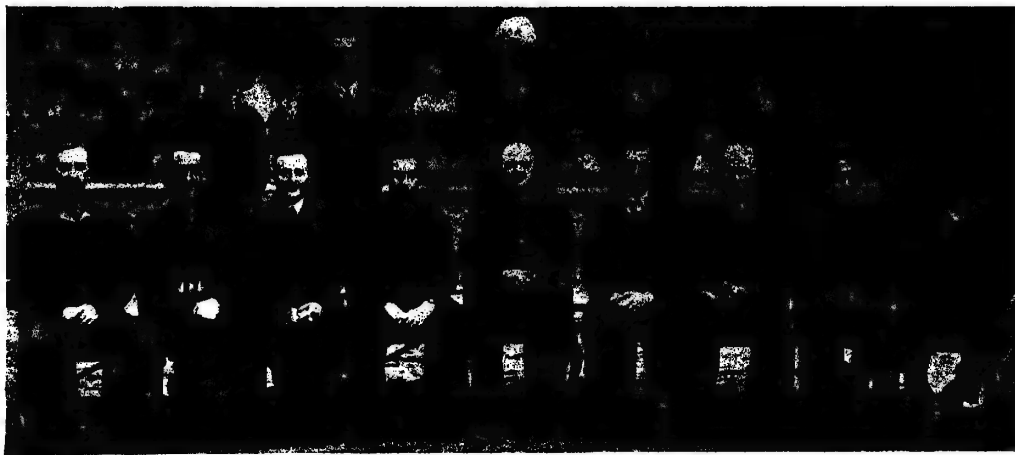
(Continued on page 59)



Taken at a dinner given during the visit of H.E. Field-Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck, Commander-in-Chief, India, to Bundi State during the Christmas holidays. From L. to R.: Mr. Pollack, Mrs. G. F. Hitchman, Major-General C. E. Peri, Mrs. Jackson, H.H. the Maharaja of Bundi, Field-Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck, Mrs. E. W. Pollack and Brigadier Prioleau.



Mr. John D. Kearney who has been appointed Canada's first High Commissioner to India. He was previously Canadian Minister to Norway and Denmark and earlier Canadian High Commissioner in Ireland.



Officers of the Machine Gun Battalion of the Sikh Regiment photographed with Major-General B. W. Key, D.S.O., M.C., A.D.C., Colonel of the regiment, after an investiture parade held at Nowshera. The battalion served with the 19th Indian (Dogger) Division in Burma and recently returned to India. From L. to R.: (SITTING) Lt.-Col. Church, Major Phillips, Col. Johnson, Lt.-Col. Lerwill, Major-General Key, Major Dykes, Brigadier Harrison, Major Sainther Singh and Capt. Avtar Singh; (STANDING) Capt. Khan, Lt. Homer, Capt. Ajaib Singh, Capt. Mahmud Akhtar and Lt. Mulley.



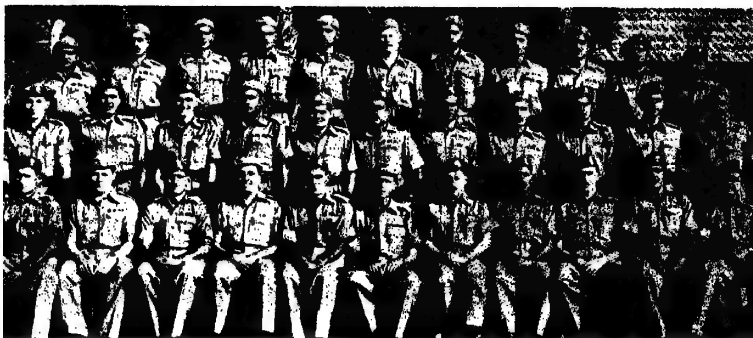
Capt. Harbhaksh Singh of Montgomery is one of the youngest Indian E.C.O.s to get a regular commission in the Indian Army.



Group taken of the 55 Services Selection Board, Bangalore, on the eve of the departure of the President, Col. G. A. L. Farwell, M.C., to Boreilly. He has since left for the U.K. From L. to R.: (SITTING) Major J. R. F. Buchanan, R.A.M.C., Col. C. B. Ponnappa, Col. G. A. L. Farwell, Major S. S. Panwar, R.I.A., and Capt. A. Renwick, R.A.; (STANDING) Major G. M. MacMillan, Capt. G. D. Langlands and Capt. R. S. Misra. Col. Ponnappa has taken over the appointment of President of the Board.



Major H. Frank Williams-Green, C.O.D., Delhi Cantonments. When he first came to India, Major Williams-Green served with the 2nd Royal Lancers (I.A.) and during the war saw service in Africa.



Group taken of the officers and V.C.O.s of the 2nd Bn. (K. E. VII's Own), the Indian Grenadiers, Waltair, Vizagapatam, soon after the return of the battalion from Java. During the war the battalion saw active service in Burma and later served in Malaya and Java. Those seated include: Sub. Risai Singh, Capt. W. C. F. Hindmarsh, Sub. Salmullah Khan, Major S. A. Hafez-Inam, Sub. Major Ram Pat, Lt.-Col. R. H. N. Wood (C.O.), Major H. G. W. Wilson, M.C., and Sub. Sheo Narain; From L. to R.: (SECOND ROW) Lt. A. Nagle, Sub. Bhagwan Singh, Lt. H. Appleyard, Jem. Bhalu Ram, Capt. Achwal (M.O.), Sub. Rattan Singh, Jem. Digh Ram, M.C., Capt. Bhup Singh Chauhan, Jem. Balbir Singh, Capt. B. R. Prabhu and Sub. Chella Ram; (BACK ROW) Jem. Abdul Latif, Jem. Sikandar Khan, Jem. Hardayal Ram, Jem. Deep Chand, Jem. Inamuddin, Lt. P. G. Teylor, Jem. Jaitaran Singh, Jem. Harward Lal, Jem. Asghar Ali Khan, Jem. Mohd. Sirajuddin and Jem. Sultan Singh.



Capt. Patrick Po Hla who is one of the four officers of the Burma Army attending the Tactical and Administrative School at Clement Town, Dehra Dun. He is a son of Dr. Po Hla, A.T.M., T.P.S., Retired Civil Surgeon of Burma, and was A.D.C. to the Inspector-General, Burma Army, when he left for India.



Taken when H. E. the C-in-C., Field-Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck, paid a visit to Hyderabad. He had a busy time inspecting the various units of the Southern Command. He is seen here with the staff and unit Commanders of the C.T.S. (Hyderabad Forces). From L. to R. : (IN FRONT) General Syed Ahmad El Yudroos, H. H. the Prince of Berar, Field-Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck and Sir Mirza Ismail.



F/Lt. Gurcharan Singh, who has been Adjutant, R.A.F., B.A.O., Bombay, for the past four years. He is now on transfer in Madras.



Officers of the C. M. H. Mess at Landkotail. From L. to R. : (SITTING) Capt. D. N. Paliwal, R.I.A.S.C., Capt. G. D. Kapur, I.M.S. (I.A.M.C.), Major M. L. Panjani, I.M.S. (I.A.M.C.), Capt. B. N. Ghose, I.M.S. (I.A.M.C.), and Capt. R. C. K. Chand, I.A.D.C. : (STANDING) Capt. M. K. Roy, I.A.M.C., Capt. Duwarka Nath, R.I.A.S.C., and Capt. D. C. Nag, I.A.V.C.



H.H. the Raja Sahab of Faridkot in a carefree mood on the first day of the Extra Autumn Races Meeting at Lahore.



Major R. D. Advani of the 14th Rajput regt. has been granted a permanent commission in the Indian Army. He is one of the youngest majors in the Indian Army, being only 33 years old. Major Advani joined the Army in 1942 and spent 5 1/2 years in active service in Burma and the Far East.



Taken on the return to Patiala of the 2nd Yadavindra Infantry after overseas service: From L. to R. : (STANDING) Major Kailash Chand, Major Drigpal Singh, Major Shivender Singh, Lt.-General Gurdial Singh Harika Sardar Bahadur, O.B.I., I. D.S.M., Tazimi Ahilkar, A.D.C. to H.E. the Viceroy and G.O.C., Patiala Army, Lt.-Col. Pritham Singh, H. H. the Maharaja of Patiala, Major Abdul Latif Khan, Brigadier S. Balwanti Singh Sidhu Bahadur, C.B.E., D.S.O., O.B.I., A.D.C. to H.E. the Viceroy, Commander, Major Amar Singh, Lt. Gurbachan Singh, Capt. Uday Singh and Capt. Man Singh : (IN FRONT) Capt. R. D. Dixit, Lt. Mohd. Yakkil Khan, Lt. Karwar Krishan, Capt. K. K. Malhotra, Lt. Balraj Singh, Lt. Mohd. Ramzan, Capt. C. B. Bedi and Capt. Ranjit Singh.



Rajkumar Jaywant Singh of Limbdi with his first panther measuring 7' 6 1/2", shot in the Barda Hills, Porbandar. He has just qualified for his Pilot's 'A' Licence at Karachi.

Beginner's Luck

By H. S. McGuigan

I was near the end of the hot weather when I shot my first tiger in India. I arrived at the P.W.D. Rest House about four p.m. and was greeted by an excited *dowdhar* with the news that there were two tigers within three miles of the bungalow, and that they had both killed a buffalo that morning. This was too good to be true but worth at least a look and further corroboration on the spot. I looked in the back of my car for my cartridges but found none. My bearer, hitherto reasonably efficient, had forgotten them and they were now following, behind in the local service bus. We rode back ten miles, picked up the cartridges and set off for the place where the tigers were supposed to be. We reached the spot about five p.m. It was a small patch of jungle on the side of a hill with a deep nullah running, uphill and two spurs on either side.

Preparation

The *dowdhar* had done his job well; there were about 200 bhils ready to fight for me. I was positioned at the top of the hill and the light was to be up the hill with a line of men on the spur opposite me to prevent the tigers from

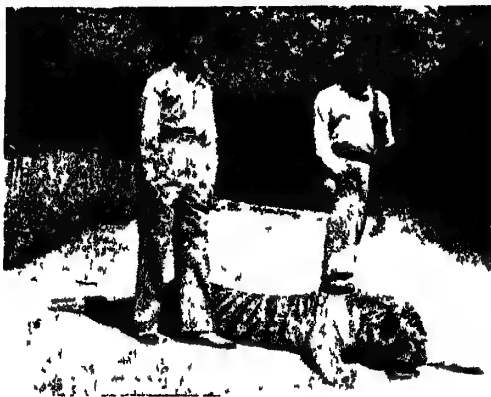
escaping. The local shikaris assured me however that the tigers had eaten well and would therefore be very lazy and if gently disturbed would make their way up the nullah. This turned out to be quite correct. I put traps below the spur upon which I was sitting, and the beat began about 5.45 p.m. I was sitting most comfortably in the fork of a tree about 50 ft up and my underlay was above me in another fork. I had a .418 Copeywell and Harrison rifle with soft nosed bullets.

No Meditation

Within five minutes of the beginning of the beat there was a growl and out walked a tiger some 50 yards to my right. He walked slowly up the hill until he came to a large bush just below the tree on which I was sitting. I was waiting for him to come round the bush so that I could take an easy shot but he didn't. He burst through the bush and stopped with his head and shoulders showing. I fired the head and shoulders without immediately. I thought that this was the end of my day's shikar but within a minute of my shot a tiger came through the bush—again walking. This time I made no mistake, and got him in the shoulder, and he fell dead.

I thought that this was the same tiger that had pounced through the bush earlier the one I had missed. I had very little time for meditation. A snarl was heard from the undergrowth about 50 yards down the nullah, and at once

(Continued on page 56)



Mr. B. N. Singh, Private Secretary to the Maharaja Bahadur of Tikari with the 8' 7" tigress he shot. On the left is Mr. Sohan Singh, A.D.C.

Equitation in India

Jumping

By "Laddie"

A CERTAIN gentleman who has done so much for riding in Calcutta, used to say "All horses can jump" in the riders who can't. This is generally true, but some horses can certainly jump better than others.

It is nice to have a horse that can jump really well and it adds a great deal of pleasure to riding. Proper training helps all horses and their capacity for jumping can be improved up to the limits of their ability. This ability varies with individual horses according to their conformation, temperament and breeding but there is no reason why an average hack should not be taught to jump a three foot wall, which is as high as anything we are likely to meet in a day's ride. It is recommended that a horse should be started to jump while being driven in the long reins without a rider. This gives the animal confidence as there is no weight on his joints and no danger of his getting a job in the mouth. A rule less than a foot high is

(Continued on page 57)

His Majesty, The Tiger

As daylight dyes, o'er field and hill
The gloom of night is spreading fast,
The forest sables lie hushed and still—
His hour has come at last.

Soft-footed and with stately tread
He glides along a twilight road—
A monarch whom all creatures dread
That share his grim abode.

Each shrill alarm and wild stampede
Which chart his progress through the night
Are tributes to a deadly speed
And undisputed right.

He only kills when primal urge
Of hunger or of self-defence—
The same as in all lifeblood surge—
Demand such recompense.

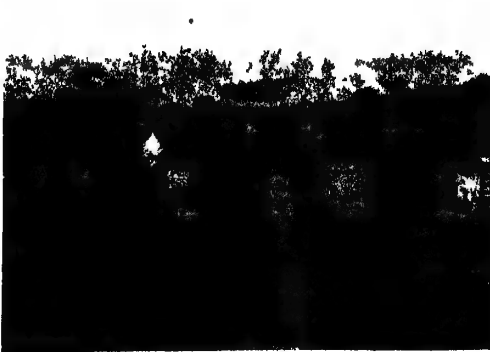
On men who have the simple way
And meet him coming down a path,
At sunset or at break of day,
He will not vent his wrath.

The "cruel fang" and "rending claw"
Which story-tellers love to name,
The feroce pictures towards draw,
A noble beast defence.

T. S. Adcock



Friends meet at Ra-mak Residency. From left to right: Capt. S. K. Havan and Capt. A. H. Khan, both of the Baluch Regt.; Capt. Aziz Ullah Khan of the Indian Political Service; Capt. Abdul Rahim of the Judge Advocate Branch, Northern Command, and Major M. A. Durrani of the Baluch Regt.



Presentation of prizes by Mrs. H. E. Winthrop, wife of Brigadier Winthrop, Abbottabad Sub Area Commander, at the sports meet of the R.I.A.S.C. School, Kakul, N.W.F.P. From left to right: Capt. J. M. Hall, Major R. Rees, Mr. Winthrop, Brigadier Winthrop, Lt.-Col. N. V. Hunter, O.B.E., and Col. H. S. Woods, O.B.E., (School Commandant)



H.E. Sir Evan Jenkins, Governor of the Punjab, and Sir John Bennet, I.G., Punjab Police, in deep thought at the second Christmas race meeting at Lahore when the Governor's Cup race was run.

Hunting In India

By Col. H. Barrowcliff Ellis

IN the *Onlooker Annual* was published an article written by the Hon. Secretary of the M. P. H. Association of India on the History of Hunting in this country. In the original article was too long and portions had to be cut with the result that the article as published did not fully complete the picture.

Looking Back

Reference was not made to the Delhi Hunt as being one of the present-day Hunts which have survived the war. Although this Hunt is not so old as many other Hunts in India, the country round Delhi was hunted by a pack of foxhounds for many years previous to 1914 but no records exist. The Hunt, as at present constituted, was started in 1926, and hunting has been continuous ever since but not without considerable difficulty during the second world war. Many casualties were incurred amongst hounds and these could not be replaced by drafts from England during the war. During the season 1945-46 the pack was reduced to only four and a half couples but the Hunt carried on and gave sport. This season finds the Hunt in a better position owing to new drafts being obtained. The Hunt has always had the support of Viceroy and Commanders-in-Chief, and at the moment His Excellency the Viceroy is Patron-in-Chief and His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief is a Patron.

One of the most memorable runs happened ten seasons ago. The hunted jackal was joined by a second jack and later by a third, all the jackal taking the same line. All three jackal got to ground and it is said that one actually jumped over the leading hound to gain his ears.

A New Venture

The Jullundur (Private) Hunt, which was not included in the *Annual* article, was formed in 1944, and in spite of the

shortage of hounds in the country, this first season ended with a pack 84 couples strong, and the fields numbered up to 60, Jullundur then being a large Animal Transport Training station. During the past season with Mrs. M. Hansen, Joint Master, hunting hounds 74 brace of jackal were accounted for. This lady is also in sole charge of kennels which are situated at her bungalow, and by her expert kennel management she has bred some excellent puppies.

No history of hunting in India could be complete without reference to the valuable services rendered by Major-General A. V. T. Wakely, C.B., D.S.O., M.C., M.F.H. He was Founder Hon. Secretary of the M. P. H. Association of India in 1929 and he has held this office for 21 years. In addition he was Master of the Delhi Hunt during 1929-31 and Master of the P. V. H. in 1934-35, and at other times he has hunted his own private pack in India.



Finalists of the Kathiawar Singles Tennis Tournament held at the European Gymkhana, Rajkot. (LEFT) Ghous Mohamed (winner) and K. S. Ravik Kumarasinhji.

The Bombay Hunt

By D. S.

THE Bombay Hunt, whose earliest records date back to 1809, is now emerging from the austerity conditions imposed by the war. During the last few years hounds had to be kennelled at Santa Cruz and were brought out by train once a week to hunt the Chola country. The fact that all the difficulties attendant on such a procedure were successfully overcome is due to the imagination and hard work of the Master, Mr. J. S. R. Spelman, now entering his seventh consecutive season. We hope that the conditions of those years are behind us forever and with hounds kennelled once again in the magnificent kennels at Chola, we can

look forward to many years of the excellent sport that was always enjoyed before the war. The Bombay Jackal Club, which had to close its doors after 1941 for the first time since its establishment in 1889, has reopened on its pre-war scale. It might be explained that the Jackal Club provides accommodation and meeting in close proximity to kennels and stables for those members who wish to reside either permanently or occasionally in the hunting country.

Invitation Meed

The start of the present season was, unfortunately, delayed a full month by the unseasonable rains which fell in November. Besides making the country unrideable for some weeks, this rain also delayed the cutting of the grass which resulted in a lot of blind going. The preparation and exercising of hounds was consequently interfered with and it was not until December 22 after a bye day on the 15th - that the opening Meeting could be held. An invitation was extended to the Amateur Riders' Club to attend this Meet and many of them accepted, including Sir N. J. Wadia, the President, Mr. H. M. Vakil, Mr. H. H. Davlat, Mr. Vasant Banker, Mr. J. H. Shrivastani and their Hon. Secretary; it was also nice to see Mr. B. K. Shroff out once more after an absence of several years from the hunting field, and it is hoped that all will become regular followers from this season onwards.

Some Members

Among the old singers were Mr. Leo Radcliffe in his distinctive coat, Mr. Tom Waltho on old "Cruiser" which has hunted the Chola country longer than any other horse in Bombay, Mr. Rudy Wood, Mr. Duncan Sheppard and Mr. Peter Pappas.

There were also those who started hunting in Bombay more recently: Nawabzada Shamsur Ali, Mr. W. P. Kahn, Mrs. Robertson, Mr. Stephen Binnie, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Parker, Mr. Frankie Preston, Mr. Sgt. Captain, Mr. Choppin, Mr. Shrive, Mr. Jack Rayner, Mr. Peter Fielden, Mr. C. H. Jackson and Mr. "Bill" Lang.

Assisting the Master on the Hunt Staff are Mr. Corbett Wright, the First Whip, who hunted hounds in his absence last season; Mr. C. D. Taylor, now returned from the Forces, who is also the Hon. Secretary of the Hunt, and Mr. Jack Roberts, making a welcome reappearance in Bombay after an absence of 11 years.



Skating enthusiasts at the Simla Ice Skating Club. From L. to R.: Diana Synnott, Mr. M. H. Kura and Anne Synnott.

(Continued on page 56)



Newman-Hopkins

After the wedding of Capt. Donald Charlton Newman, Royal Signals, son of the late Mr. H. R. C. Newman and Mrs. R. G. F. Lawrence of Southampton, England, and Pamela Maureen, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Hopkins of Quetta, at the Roman Catholic Church, Quetta. From L. to R.: Mr. Hopkins, the Rev. Fr. Aquino de Leibergen, the bride and the bridegroom, Miss Hopkins (bridesmaid), Capt. R. P. C. Mutter, Royal Signals, (bestman) and Mrs. Hopkins.



Mahajan-Gupta

Capt. Ram Chandra, Skinner's Horse, son of Guranditta Mall Mahajan of Lahore, and Miss Shanta Gupta, daughter of Mr. Ladda Krishan Gupta of Jammu, were married at Lahore.



Mohan-Bhalla

Capt. J. J. Mohan, R.I.A.S.C., and Miss Juxwant Bhalla were married at Rawalpindi.



Nath-Nath

Capt. Pran Nath, 16th Punjab Regt., son of Lala Ram [Rattan of Narowal, Sialkot and Savitri Devi, daughter of Mr. Gauri Nath, were married at Lahore.



Ahmad-Khan

F/O. Munir Ahmad, R.I.A.F., son of Mr. Miraj-ud-Din of Kashmir, and Dr. (Miss) Shafkat, daughter of the late Khan Bahadur Dr. Hakimullah Khan of Peshawar, were married at Peshawar. The bridegroom has been an instructor in the R.I.A.F. for the last four years.



Shergill-Thakurdas

Major F. Shergill, Education Officer, Bengal and Assam Area, and Miss Sushila Thakurdas were married at Allahabad.



Patel-Mistry

Capt. M. N. Patel, R.I.E., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Patel of Bombay, and Miss Jer Mistry, daughter of Khan Sahab and Mrs. Bomanji R. Mistry of Bombay and Jalgaon, were married in Bombay.



Crawford—Mullineaux

After the wedding at St. Peter's Church, Ranikhet, of Lt. L. Crawford, Kunawon Regiment, and Miss Nora H. Mullineaux, Q.A.I.M.N.S.(R.). From l. to r.: (FRONT ROW) Mr. Ferris, Mrs. Ferris, Miss Abrahams, A.N.S., Major H. Josephs, bestman, Miss Thompson, the bride and the bridegroom, Miss Parcutti, Q.A.I.M.N.S.(R.), bridesmaid, Mrs. Maloney, Major Nicholson, Miss West, Q.A.I.M.N.S.(R.) and Capt. Maloney; (BACK ROW) Sgt. Moore, Lt. Terry, Capt. Deol, the Rev. Canon Harding, Sub. Kuramah, Capt. Singh and Lt. Saleman.



Brook—Urquhart

The wedding took place at the Garrison Holy Trinity Church, Bangalore, of Capt. David Holroyd Brook, R.E., only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Brook of Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol, and J. Condr. Jean Winifred Urquhart, W.A.C.(I), younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. W. J. Urquhart of Bassein, Burma, and Inverness.



Thakar—Trivedi

Mr. Suryakant Thakar, son of Capt. Nirbhaya Thakar, I.M.S., I.A.M.C., and Mrs. Trivedi Thakar of Bombay, and Miss Indukumari Trivedi, daughter of Mr. Chumpaklal S. Trivedi and Mrs. Lilavati Trivedi, were married at Bhavnagar.



Bedi—Chinni

Capt. S. P. S. Bedi, Indian Air Formation Signals, and Daman, daughter of Col. Sardar B. S. Chinni, Admn. Officer, Bombay Sub Area Headquarters, and Mrs. Chinni, were married in Bombay.



Ahmed—Ahmed

Major Mustapha M. Ahmed, only son of Khan Bahadur Mohd. Ahmed, Deputy Commissioner, Unao (U.P.), and Mrs. Ahmed, and Salida Ahmed, only daughter of the late Mr. Sharaf Ahmed and Mrs. Ahmed, were married at Unao.



Dowson—Richardson

After the wedding at the Afghan Memorial Church, Colaba, Bombay, of Mr. John Seymour Dowson of the Indian Service of Railway Engineers and Miss Dorothy Joan Richardson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Richardson of Peppermint Grove, Western Australia. From l. to r.: Mr. C. Scarff, the Rev. E. W. Dilena, S.C.F., Mr. J. C. Wightwick (bestman), the bridegroom and the bride, Miss Edna Scarff (bridesmaid), Mr. W. Hood, O.B.E., and Mrs. Scarff.

The Bombay Hunt Invitation Meet



Mr. Jack Roberts and Mr. Y. Corbett Wright near Chola Kennels. "Sentimental Hill" forms the background.



Mr. Bill Lang brings home Vodgar.



ABOVE: Coming back to kennels. From L. to R. Mr. J. S. R. Spelman.



Mr. N. K. Walthe, an old member of the Bombay Hunt.

BELOW:

In the garden of the Jackal Club at Robertson and Mr. Rudy Woo.



Breakfast at the Jackal Club, Chola, after hunting L. to R.: (LEFT) Mr. Choppin, Mrs. Parker, Mr. Mr. Walthe, Mrs. Robertson, Mr. Vithal Mehta Navroji Jehangir Wadia, President of the Amateur Club; (CENTRE): Mr. Eielden, Mr. Radcliffe, Mr. Mr. Banker and Mr. Parker; (RIGHT) SITTING: Sir Jehangir Wadia, Mr. Vakil and Mr. Sheppard; ST. Mr. Banker, Mr. Vithal Mehta, Mr. Shivdasani and Mr.





*Jack Roberts, Mr. V. Corbett Wright,
and Mr. C. D. Taylor.*

*From L. to R.: Major Morton, Mrs.
Secretary of the Jackal Club.*



*Mr. C. D. Taylor—his first season since
the war.*



*From L. to R.: Mr. Tatham, Mr. Duncan Sheppard and Major Ormerod
in the background.*



Mr. Daulat and Mr. Yakil.





Rafia and Farida, twin daughters of Mr. and Mrs. M. Ayub, in the garden of their New Delhi home. Mr. Ayub is Secretary to the Hon'ble Mr. I. I. Chundrigar, Member for Commerce in the Interim Government.



Fozia Sultana, one-year-old niece of Her Highness the Senior Begum Saheba of Junagadh.



Anelli ("Missy"), daughter of Mr. C. Madan, D.M.E., and Mrs. Madan of Kuruchi.



David, aged two, and Vivienne, aged 4½, the children of Mr. and Mrs. John Vanrenen of Ranala Estate, District Montgomery, the Punjab, while on holiday in Gilmarg.



David and Alan taken in England when their parents, Major and Mrs. Robert Milton, were on leave there. They are all now back in Calcutta.



Marelyn, young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Collin Barret of Bombay.



Michael, two-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Pictor-Clark of Moghalpura, N.W.R., Lahore.



Blossom Goldstraw of Jodhpur with her daughter, Jennifer, and Joanna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richardson of Indore, on Lake Nakki, Mt. Abu.



Anig, one-year-old son of Lt. and Mrs. A. M. D. Sufi. Lt. Sufi is Resettlement Advice Officer attached to the R.I.N. Office, Bombay.



Sixteen-months-old Turaq whose father, Lt.-Col. Nazir Mohd. of the 8th Punjab Regiment, is at present at Staff College, Quetta.



Tonia, five-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Stewart-Brown of Bombay.



Mr. and Mrs. S. Jennett of Lahore and their three daughters, Pamela, Delndre and Anu, who are shortly going to South Africa.



After the christening of Charles Drummond, infant son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. K. Capel-Cure, at Christ Church, Rawalpindi. From L. to R.: Mrs. G. N. Davidson, Major-General D. W. Reid, C.B., C.R.E., D.S.O., Mrs. Capel-Cure with Charles Drummond, Lt.-Col. Capel-Cure and Brigadier J. M. Hobbs, M.C.; (IN FRONT) Jane Davidson and Susan Capel-Cure.

According To Plan

By E. M. J. P.

I HAVE been busy with the sowing of my winter border.

How simple that sounds and how delightful now to sit back and watch the unhindered emergence of a seed catalogue cover in colossal, stupendous, better-than-Nature-herself Technicolor. I can see myself in the dew-fresh February morning, moving reverently among the upturned flower faces; a garden hat, beribboned, of course, swings from one arm and I carry a shallow wicker basket in which I tenderly place the plucked blooms. Dear me—I can almost smell the five foot stalks and play peep-ho in the forest of hollyhocks. Almost. That border will be maintained by my sweat, my toil and the family's bathwater. I shall have to be more cunning than an over-gardener and an under-gardener, who are both out to prove me wrong. The dog must be discouraged from using it as a race track, squirrels

must be told the seeds contain arsenic and birds must not disport therein.

This winter idyll began during my summer hill-top exile. S. suggested I should work out a plan "just as you fancy, darling. Choose the flowers, settle the colour schemes, order the seeds and then whatever it looks like you'll have no one to blame but yourself." I fell for the fun and the honour and passed over the jibe. I'd show my desert world!

The final plan which I posted to S. was roughly to scale. Adjoining parasite beds flattered in an irregular fringe joined to the main border, *Janis du mieu*, by six small labels at approximately the correct angles and I had borrowed a paint-box and tickled it all up very prettily.

In England I had known without doubt or modesty that I had green fingers, and, what is more important, a gardener's sharp thumb-nail. I can nip, pinch, prune or cut with it. I can pierce armour-plated wireworms or bisect slugs. These gifts naturally make me a bit above myself but I have the sense to know that desert gardening requires a knowledge of flood-watering and sun-shading and so on, and I have up to now been mutteringly content to supervise, criticise or humbly weed.



Anil, one-year-old son of Surg. Lt. O. P. Markandya, R.I.N.F.R., and Mrs. Markandya of Lahore. Surg. Lt. Markandya is at present stationed in Bombay with his family.

But this was my Winter Plan. My first Winter Plan.

I showed the Technicolor masterpiece to the over- and under-gardeners; I read out each flower clump slowly, using the local garble for the Latin names. I shut them up over cheeky questioning of the correctness of my painting. "Now—which seeds wanted today?" An airy wave of the hand from O.G. and a throaty burble which meant "Nothing." Another burble and, in the vernacular, "All seeds planted are." The U.G. saw my toe begin to tap. "Nursery bed all

Pussyfoot And Pleasant

By Sidney Halli

Ginger Lime.

1 wineglass ginger wine.
1 to 2 teaspoons lime juice cordial.
14 wineglasses soda water.

Ice.
Mix ginger wine and lime juice, add soda and ice, stir well, and serve.

Mint Fruit Punch.

a handfuls fresh young mint.

Juice of 1 orange.
1 teaspoon any soft fruit juice (or from a tin of fruit).

Castor sugar to taste.

Wash and strip mint of the mint, bruise well, put into a 2-pint jug. Fill with boiling water, stir, and leave for 15 minutes. Strain. Add to water fruit juice and sugar. Serve iced, with spears of mint floating on top, and with small cubes of fruit if desired.

seeds-planted are." "Where from?" (I knew their underground habits of barter, begging and Public Park lifting). "Last year's flowers from—good seeds." I might have known it. S. had warned me that I would have a fight on change

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"Shahid," three-year-old son of Agha and Begum Jijr Hussain Khan of Hyderabad (Sind).



Karin Iriana, five-months-old daughter of Lt. V. R. Y. Winkelman, Royal Netherlands Navy, and Mrs. Winkelman.



Subhag, two-year-old daughter of Major and Mrs. Jagtar Singh of Calcutta.



Sheila, wife of Mr. Wilfred Russell of Bombay, looks equally attractive in a trim tailored suit or a flowing sari. Wilfred is the author of the successful book, "Forgotten Skies," the first edition of which is already sold out.

Beauty In South India

By Nalini Morris

THERE are few Indian women who have not got fine complexions and a wealth of long, silky black hair, because from their babyhood these have been carefully cared for as well as their eyes, teeth and nails. It is the practice to pinch lightly the baby's nose, ears and fingers into shape—soon

after birth—and to give oil-baths from early infancy.

The oil-bath is considered essential to health and beauty and is taken methodically on Tuesdays and Fridays, days which are believed to be auspicious. The oils used vary in different districts. Coconut oil is used on the west coast, gingili oil in the south and mustard oil in Bengal. The oil, usually without admixture, is massaged liberally into the hair and skin. But on cold days pepper is boiled with it and medicinal herbs are used in case of skin disease or hair trouble.

Preparations before the bath are interesting. The hair is cleaned by first soaking it in oil and then washing out with a solution of soap-nut powder and hot water, to which is added the gummy liquid extracted from bruised rose leaves, pepper leaf and vine.

The hair is then squeezed as dry as possible, wiped with one or two thin towels and dried over a pan of incense. It is again glossed over with oil, massaging the head at the same time. This oil is boiled with tuberosus petals, dew-grass or the seeds of an edible green known as *arharol*. Any tendency to greyness is checked by the use of an oil containing myrobians. No brush is used on the hair, only two combs, one coarse and the other fine, till the hair looks like satin.

For the body, a paste is made from Bengal gram powder scented with dried or powdered rose petals, orris-root, lime-skins, milk-grass, sandalwood and green turmeric. Dry turmeric



Rattian, wife of Major S. S. Kamalkar of the Rajputana Rifles. Major Kamalkar recently underwent the Staff College at Staff College, Quetta.

Mullick.

Tame That Beast!

By "Jennie"

ALTHOUGH I've only had one husband, I think all married men are easily typed. They have four main interests—business, food and drink, sport and other women. Yes, it's as simple as all that. We poor women have to housekeep, produce children, entertain and, most difficult of all, content this creature who calls himself "Lord of Creation."

From the confidences of my friends, and my own experiences of domestic war and peace, I'd like to show you how easy he is to tame.

The real businessman loves his work first; and his wife has to fit herself in where he can. Take an apparent interest in his job: learn a few catch phrases, so that you can ask him whether margins are going to be bigger, or what the staple is like this year. It's always safe to mention the rise in wages or ask about the extension of controls to red tape. Don't bother to find out what



Snehalata, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Powell of Bangalore. She is a grandniece of Sir Samuel Rungtardhan, High Commissioner for India in London.

if you are really concerned. A notebook is essential so that when he glowers at the steak you've provided, you can quietly quote his remark at Mary's the week before, when he complained that he was never given steak at home.

The sportsman will leave you alone a good deal if you haven't the same tastes. Of course, that's the case you shouldn't have married him, but it's too late now. Let him chatter away; you can always read or sew. Don't interrupt unless he's obviously running you down. Let him hear you tell your friends how fit he keeps himself by being so good about taking exercise. It may be a dull life for you, but it shouldn't be difficult to avoid any serious crisis.

The wandering eye is probably your own fault, a punishment for slackness in the past. Brighten yourself up to take the gift of the forbidden gingerbread. A mid on the housekeeping money for new clothes is worth while, a secret "perm," a wise investment. Go out for an evening or so without giving him warning and take no interest in his own comings and goings. Glimmer can be bought in bottles and a little skill will bring him back, if you don't get frightened.

There's one other type, the rarest. He's the husband who brings you back flowers or chocolates on the anniversary—he never forgets, always does what you want and pretends he wished he'd thought of it himself. In fact, he treats you like a new girl friend. If your husband is one of these, you should be giving advice not receiving it. Mine's that sort. That's why I'm not changing him!



Mullick.

Mrs. Farlap Singh, wife of Major Farlap Singh of the 8th Punjab Regiment, taken recently at Quetta when her husband was undergoing the Staff Course at Staff College there.

the words mean. He'll thoroughly enjoy a half-hour spent in correcting you.

The greedy husband is hardest to please nowadays. You must be ready to blame the Government or the Dollar Loan, and keep the cook as a last hope,



Major Saf-ul-Rehman, I.A.O.C., and Mrs. Saf-ul-Rehman with their one-year-old daughter, Bilqis, at Quetta.

Mullick.

(Continued on page 66)

Sira Says

Care With Kerosene

Except in the most modern quarters of our big cities, there are few households in India where kerosene is not used—for cooking, lighting, heating, to boil baby's milk, and sterilise his bottles, or in a solution to wage war against white ants. It is to your own advantage, to say nothing of other people's, to ensure that the minimum of kerosene gives maximum results.

To begin with, make sure that the storage tin has a well-fitting stopper, and that the servants have not been content to leave a jagged gaping hole, or to plug it up with a dirty rag.

Make sure, in fact, that no water can work its way into the kerosene, or you may get a drop or two in your burner, causing the flame to splutter, so that the burning quality becomes impaired. When filling lamps and so on, avoid waste and mess by using a clean dry funnel. Fill the container only three-quarters full, to allow the oil to expand when the burner is well alight.

Clean the burner and the wick every day, and inspect the container regularly, to make certain that it is free from dirt or from the smallest trace of moisture.

When a lamp has lain unused for some time specially tend the wick, clean it if it is not past use, or replace it with a new one. This should be thoroughly dry (bake it in the oven if you like) before putting it in place. Do this about an hour before you intend to light it, so that it can soak up the kerosene thoroughly.

When a kerosene flame is lit, it has a tendency to rise when it is thoroughly alight, so set it low at first, gradually turning it up till you get the flame or heat you need.

Turn off a kerosene heater when you leave the room. It is easy to relight and it helps everybody just now to save fuel. Before using kerosene for cleaning, ask yourself if it is really necessary. Can't you make do with a substitute? Shortage is acute. Every drop you save may keep you warm, well fed, or well lit.

Here's A Health!

By "Virginia"

THE sipping of glasses was once a commonplace ending to a toast to prevent some ill-disposed person drinking to bad luck from the same glass. After a famine lasting for years, glass and china are slowly coming back to the shops, at least in India, and there is a chance of replacing some of the casualties of the eternal battle with beer, *banani* and *masala*. But it will be a long time before the old ending to a toast becomes possible again, if it ever does.

When one is really thirsty even dirty water seems a better drink than ambrosia, but most of our drinking is more for pleasure than to quench a severe thirst. Therefore, we must remember that the

right glass or cup can improve a mediocre drink and that the reverse is even more true.

Let's consider what would be a good target at which to aim, so that we can seize a bargain to fill a vacancy as the chance offers.

China Hazer. Fairly thin china to tempt someone not quite perhaps at his best. Avoid a pattern or keep it unobtrusive. Pink tones every morning may become a strain to a guest even if they inspire you.

Breakfast. Most people are rather slow over breakfast in this country. Use thicker china to retain the heat under a fan. The first cup of tea or coffee is always the nicest, so make it a reasonably big one. Two sizes fit men and women—are not a bad idea.

For Morning and Lunch. You will want some lemonade glasses which will do for "cup" as well. Small bases, straight sides and a pattern, coloured spirals or a gay design, are recommended.



Mrs. Orlo Bond, President of the Karachi Y.W.C.A. Board, who, during the war years, as proxy for Mrs. Mona Hennman of Madras, was India's representative on the Executive Committee of the World Y.W.C.A. Council which held its meetings in Washington, D. C. She returned from the U.S.A. recently, accompanied by her three daughters. Mr. Bond is with the Standard-Vacuum Oil Company at Karachi.

Marjanah To Her Lord

Do what you will,
My love you cannot kill.
Ill-treat me, have me bound,
Or say some other love has found
More pleasing favour in your sight:
Yet am I in this plight
That I must love you still,
Do what you will.

Celia Luce



Taken on a Sunday morning at the swimming pool in the garden of Mr. and Mrs. Forbes of Allynagar, The Estate, Anam. (Left) Major Peter Hall, Mr. John Forbes and Joanna Hall; (Right) Mrs. Hall and Mrs. Forbes.

Tea. Even if you eat a substantial tea do have thin china cups. Afternoon tea is less robust than breakfast and you don't want any reminders of unhappy meals in railway stations or canteens. Keep the colours delicate too; some of the bright modern colorings are very seductively attractive, but so with other things, one is liable to get desperately tired of them when one has to live with them for a long time.

The Evening. Whisky wants a fairly solid glass. Have a heavy base, preferably cut glass, but avoid other ornament except round the rim. The body of the glass should be clear so that you can enjoy a view of the soda bubbles as they rise.

Gin or cocktail glasses can be varied, except in size, almost at will: miniature tumblers, gay colours, queer shapes, deceptive capacities, oddly formed bases, all are permissible. Let yourself go if you want to, but don't let there be a clash of colours when you pour out your favourite cocktail.

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Dr. (Mrs.) Ghosh, wife of Major Ghosh, I.A.M.C. They are now at Dalhousie, where Major Ghosh is attached to the C.M.H.



Stuart and Sybil Ferguson with their two daughters, Sarah Jane and Margaret Sybil.



Barbara and Peter Johnson with Penelope.



Mrs. Douglas and her daughter, Patricia.



Mrs. H. Glover with her daughter, Belinda.



Mrs. F. S. Strang with three-year-old "Sandy."



Richard, young son of Mr. and Mrs. Heberlein of Bombay, with his mother.



Mrs. Coney, wife of Mr. J. E. Coney of Lloyds Bank, Bombay, with their young son, David.



This group, which includes Mr. Humphreys, Sir Homi Mody, Mr. Kooka, Mr. J. M. Wulpi, Mr. Norman C. Thompson and Gen. B. F. Giles, was taken at a reception given in Bombay after the first Washington-Bombay flight of the Trans World Airline Skymaster plane, "The Taj Mahal."

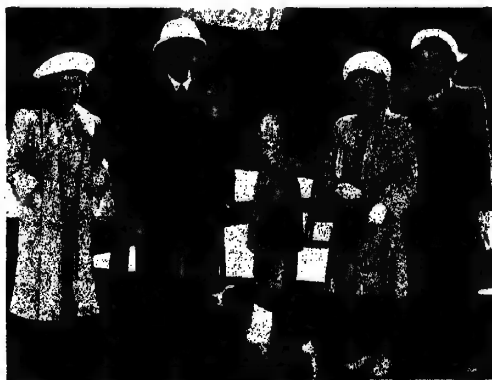
Gateway Gossip

By "The Gleaner"

THE Governor and Lady Colville made their first appearance since their return at the races on New Year's Day, and everyone remarked on how well they were both looking after their holiday in England. Lady Colville was wearing a neat cyclamen and blue printed dress with a cyclamen hat and blue-spotted veil, while Rosemary, who accompanied them, was in a blue frock with a "non-sense" hat of pink flowers and blue ribbon, her friend, Miss Priscilla Morison, also choosing summery pinks and blues for her outfit.

Rosemary, who resembles both her mother and sister, Mary, very closely, has an unusual hubby for a young girl—she is a sheep-breeder, holding a Scottish degree, and is a member of the Border Leicester Sheep-breeders' Association. During last month, when the family were visiting Poona, Rosemary was shown round the Sheep Breeding Farm and Wool Analysis Laboratory near Poona, by Sir William Jenkins, Agriculture Commissioner, and showed a very lively interest in the work being done there. Incidentally, Sir William and Lady Jenkins have decided to go to Australia when they leave India.

One of the smartest—if not the smartest—women in Bombay this season is Mrs. Billie Roushby, lately returned from the U.K. via the States, where she apparently was most successful in replenishing her



His Excellency Sir John Colville, Governor of Bombay, who was in New Delhi as Viceroy of India during the visit to England of Lord Wavell, and Lady Colville arrive back in Bombay. They were recently in the United Kingdom on leave. From L. to R.: Lady Colville, H.E. Sir John Colville, Miss Rosemary Colville and Miss P. Morison.

wardrobe which suffered a severe setback when she and her husband lost all their possessions when they were torpedoed en route to England during the war years. On New Year's Day, Mona looked delightful in a brilliant scarlet feathered

hat with a pretty blue flowered frock, and on another racing occasion her hat was a large Mexican shape in tan felt, with soft tan gloves to match, making an unusual but attractive accompaniment to her black suit.



Patsy Prall, only daughter of Col. and Mrs. Prall, well known in Poona and Bombay, with little "Micky." Patsy, taken in the garden at Umkomas on the south coast of Natal, where they are meantime settled. Patsy used to be one of Bombay's outstanding woman golfers but she will heat be remembered in Poona for her magnificent work during most of the war for the Poona Blood Bank.

About People

I saw Mrs. Gaydon, also recently returned from England, where she and her husband spent a few days with the Herbert Smiths in their lovely home near Reading, looking very smart in a blue two-piece with navy accessories. She was talking to Mrs. Gardiner whose elegant feathered hat was most becoming. Mrs. Dubson, down from Poona for the races, looked youthful and fresh in a delightful two-piece in a lovely shade of pink, which she no doubt brought back with her from Australia. Her hat to match was almost a bonnet shape and she had on the most svelte-looking shoes in a pinky-beige shade. The Dobsons' 19-year-old daughter studying music in Australia and her parents are proud to have records of her playing.

Staying at Government House on their way to Kenya by the "Khandalla" were Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Harold Williamson—he was Surgeon to the Viceroy. The Williamsons celebrated their silver wedding anniversary shortly before their departure from Delhi and their Excellencies the Viceroy and Lady Wavell gave

(Continued on page 54)



Taken at a reception given in Bombay after the first Washington-Bombay flight of the Trans World Airline Skymaster plane, "The Taj Mahal," From L. to R. (LEFT) Mrs. M. Gulati and Mr. M. I. Qadir; (NEXT) Mrs. John Turner, Lady Kay and Mrs. Alan Percy.



Poona Prattle

By O. P. Oonah

CHRISTMAS arrived in Poona with a determination to make it the best festive season for years; one had the feeling that everyone intended to enjoy it to the full. The last performance of "Hay Fever" was followed by the No. 1 Station Mess dance at which all the cast and a large number of their friends were present. The 4th Indian Division gave another of their usual successful cocktail parties in an atmosphere of decoration and a lovely Christmas tree. Amongst those present I saw Major-General Rees and his charming wife, Major-General Snelling, Major and Mrs. Exley, Mrs. Beard, also Lt.-Col. "Lucy" Long who is commanding the Rajputs and his wife, Major W. M. Robertson, who is leaving shortly to rejoin his own regiment, the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. A large party went on to the Poona Club to celebrate Major Ken Rawson Gardiner's birthday, at the end of which one felt Christmas had started with a "whang." Ronnie Rees and Capt. Peter Riches were full of their usual joy of living which always adds to the enjoyment of any party they are in.

On Christmas eve the C.W.I. had their dance and just before dinner a party of card singers from the Salvation Army brought the Christmas atmosphere well to the fore. The children weren't left out either as the Poona Club held a party and sports for them, at which they had donkey rides which are always so popular. There was also a new amusement, two clown, which lots of children hadn't seen before.

Treasure Hunt

Col. Sturt of the Southern Army made an excellent Father Christmas and about 150 young guests received their presents from his hands. Christmas day dawned crisp and bright. Before lunch Capt. Peter Needham was seen dispensing the seasonable "spirit" to a number of friends, all of whom were discussing the dance at the Poona Club in the evening which was a great success, with large parties of old friends and others whom we had the pleasure of seeing for the first time, many belonging to Southern Command. The Rev. Riggs-Stansfield and his wife had a very big party. Miss Kay Newman, who was wearing a very attractive white frock, was seen talking with her usual animation to Lt.-Col. Ted Wilson, I.M.S.



Mr. Hashim, Deputy Secretary, Finance Department, Government of India, who went to Montreal, Canada, on the invitation of the International Labour Office to be a member of the Committee of Experts which met there to review employment conditions of the staff of the I.L.O.



Souter-Graven

After the wedding at Christ Church, Cawnpore, of Mr. H. A. Souter, eldest son of Sir Edward and Lady Souter of Cawnpore, and Miss Mary Craven, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Craven of Woking, England. From l. to r.: (sitting) Miss F. Insip (bridesmaid), the bride, Mrs. Harry Critchton and Miss Jean Hampson (bridesmaid); (standing) Mr. Tony Bates, Mr. Harry Critchton, the bridegroom, Rev. Mr. Sturt Fox, Sir Edward Souter, C.I.E., and Col. J. H. Souter, M.C.

A games party, consisting of a number of competitions, nursery rhymes and other interesting items, ending with a treasure hunt, was great fun and a change from the usual dancing. For the organisation of this we have to thank Lt.-Col. Sampey and Miss Ronnie Rees. Again, at the novelty dance, at the Poona Club, there were a number of big parties. Major-General and Mrs. Rees had one in which we saw Lt.-Col. James Watson, who, we all regret to hear, is leaving Poona shortly, Neil Lockhart and Audrey Readon who have since announced their engagement. She was wearing a very intriguing old-fashioned pendant. Major

Wharry and his attractive wife were dancing the rhumba together; they are now busy getting things together for their new bungalow.

Poona Sub Area Athletic Championship was very well attended. Lady Lockhart presented the cup to the winning competitors. The 1st Bn., Indian Grenadiers, annexed the unit championship, followed by the 1/15th Punjab Regt. Several Sub Area records were broken. Capt. S. A. Hamid of 3 S.R.C. (the Indian Olympic hurdler) was congratulated on his organisation of this large event in which over 360 competitors took part.

Fancy Dress Ball

The Pagal Gymkhana drew a large number of spectators and all those taking part appeared to enjoy themselves thoroughly. The D.S.P., Mr. Sarre, won the "Tent Pegging" on bicycles, amidst applause, and Brigadier Stevens the "Veterans' Race" and was "liquidity" rewarded.

We then had a much-needed rest until the Fancy Dress ball on New Year's eve which ended a very successful Christmas season by being one of the best parties. No one could remember when they had last seen so many people in the Club and most of them in fancy dress. Mrs. Norris deservedly won the first prize for the best-dressed woman, giving as Cleopatra in a costume she had designed herself. Major Denys Wharry as an artist, with beard, camel and picture, looked the part to life and Capt. "Dick" Hutchinson as a Rajput prince had every detail correct; they both earned prizes for their costumes. Amongst other costumes Lady Lockhart

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Betty Caffin who, since her return from leave, has settled in Ahmedabad where her husband, Mr. A. E. Caffin, is D.I.G., Police, Northern Range. Mrs. Caffin will be well remembered in Bombay and particularly in Poona, where she started "Rest Haven" making it a real home for thousands of troops during the war. Mrs. Caffin still remains Chairman of "Rest Haven" and visits it periodically.



Dr. K. T. Behan, former Central Organisr of the National War Front, now Director of Publicity in the Directorate-General of Disposals, Government of India, has been appointed Educational Affairs Officer by the U.N.O. at its headquarters in New York. His work will be to assess the existing educational methods and levels of all the non-self-governing territories under the jurisdiction of the U.N.O. and to draw up a programme for modernising education in these countries. Dr. Behan was for several years on the staff of the Yale University, U.S.A., where he taught and carried out several researches in educational and social psychology.



H.E. Sir Archibald Nye, Governor of Madras, and Lady Nye gave a party just before Christmas for their small daughter, Harriet, and invited a number of their friends with small children. The grounds of Government House at Guindy provided many amusements for the children. Lady Nye received the small guests as they arrived with their mothers who had also been invited. (LEFT) Sir Archibald Nye makes sure that the guests have all they want. He is with the children of the Hon'le Mr. Giff, Minister for Labour, Madras; (CENTRE) Sir Archibald Nye with Harriet; (RIGHT) Lady Nye entertains Sarah Platt.

Madras Musings

By "Miss House"

THIS has been a delightful month as there has been one continuous whirl of Christmas and New Year activities, not only for grown-ups, but also for the children. Wonderful parties were given for them by the bachelors of the Gymkhana and Adyar Clubs. The Gymkhana party is always successful, as it is in fancy dress, and so many spectators are present to see the variety in costumes. There were some very attractive ones this year, despite mothers being handicapped by cloth rationing. Among the really original costumes were little Elizabeth Smith as a gypsy, and Elizabeth Jackson as Bo-Peep. Jill Arton also looked sweet as a Dutch girl. Lynette Lewis arrived in her father's arms, as she is too small to walk, and looked adorable as a Highland Queen. There were many Hawaiian costumes, but among the nicest were those of Carol Kernboeffer and little Mervyn Harkle, the latter dressed mostly in jaily-coloured beads and straw. Mary Jane Galloway made a dear little pietrot and Roger Pugh a very handsome pirate. The Adyar party was not fancy dress, but the grounds lend themselves so wonderfully to a children's party that it is always a delight to go and watch the children enjoying themselves. Lady Nye brought along her little daughter, Harriet, who looked adorable as usual, and she seemed to enjoy thoroughly the Punch and Judy. Mrs. Walford, who has recently arrived in Madras, was also there with her two children, and looked extremely smart in a yellow linen costume. Mrs. Stork brought along her small tottler and looked most chic in blue. Among the other mothers were Eunice Pugh, smart in



Betty Paterson and Thirlie Waters enjoy one of General Hamilton's fairy-tales at the Pindi Club.



Some of the R.A.F. officers at a party in Lahore. From l. to r.: F/Lt. Pettit, S/Cmdr. Nagel, W.A.C.(J), S/Ldr. Moore and F/Lt. Robbins.



Some of the officers of the Royal Indian Engineers, Roorkee, who visited Meerut for a game of cricket with the Wheeler's Club. From l. to r.: Capt. Sriharan, Capt. Bhide, umpire, Capt. Nanda, Major Gupta, Capt. Dutta, Capt. Jagan Nathan, Capt. Brisley, Major Bhargava, Capt. Kochhar, Mrs. Brisley, Major Shamsher Singh, Major Shariff, Major Mehra, Lt. Chhachhi, Capt. Chandra and Capt. Sunda Raj.

black relieved only by a white frill around her neck, and Mrs. J. Godwin in a rust-coloured costume. I saw Nadia Allstrup working hard to see that all went well and looking striking in an orange flowered silk dress with bag and shoes to match. Nadia and Kaj had only arrived back from Denmark the day before the party. There was great excitement when Father Christmas arrived in a canoe decorated as a swan, and then led the children into the club and gave them each a present. He had many able helpers, among them Betty Hanlin—whose husband was Father Christmas by the way—and Sybil Pollard and Mrs. E. A. Watson.

The Guild Of Service

Mary Clubwala recently gave a charming party to introduce many of her friends to Lady Nye. Many members of the Guild of Service were at this party, among them Mrs. R. de K. Maynard, Beryl Armstrong and Bernice Harlow, Bernice looking so neat in another lovely dress brought out from England. Brina Muller was also there and brought along her very attractive young niece, Lone, who came out from Denmark with Brina to pay a short visit. Brina wore black and Lone a black skirt and scarlet crepe blouse. There were some really gorgeous saris, Mrs. Amin Khaleeli and Mrs. Cherian looking as chic as ever, the former in a black sari with a silver border.

(Continued on page 54)



Mr. M. A. Srinivasan, former Minister for Industries and Civil Supplies, Mysore Government, has been appointed Prime Minister and Vice-President of the Executive Council of the Gwalior State as from January 1947. Mr. Srinivasan is just 48 years of age and was responsible as the first Controller of War Supplies in South India for the mobilisation and development of numerous resources in that part of India which were needed for the war effort.



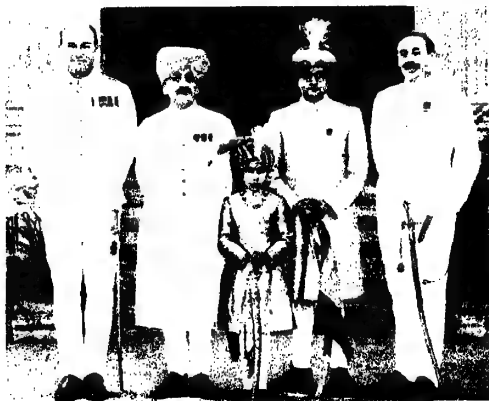
On the occasion of the departure from India of Mr. John Baxter, Director of the Metal Box Company of India, Limited, Bombay, his colleagues entertained him and Mrs. Baxter to a dinner at the Taj Mahal Hotel. From l. to w.: Mr. John Baxter, Mr. R. W. Westbrook and Mrs. Baxter.



Mr. Akhtar Hussain, I.C.S., Chief Secretary of the Punjab Government, who officially opened the 20th Annual Exhibition of the Punjab Fine Art Society in Lahore, seen admiring some of the exhibits with Mrs. Morton (usual) and Mrs. Siraj-ul-Din.



Mr. Paul Eriksson (of Jubilee Hall, Hyderabad (Dra.), formerly Vice-Consul for Sweden in India at Bombay and Calcutta, has been appointed a Knight of the Order of the White Rose of Finland by the President of Finland.



Raja Rana Sir Bhagat Chandra, K.C.S.I., Raja of Jubbal, after being a ruling Prince for 36 years, relinquished the gaud in favour of his son, Tikka Dig Vijay Chandra. The ceremony of investing the new ruler with full ruling powers was performed by the Hon'ble Mr. J. H. Thompson, C.I.E., I.C.S., Resident of the Punjab States, and Major J. E. A. Bazalgette, Political Agent, Punjab Hill States, at a durbar held in the capital of the State. From l. to w. are: The Hon'ble Mr. J. H. Thompson, Raja Rana Sir Bhagat Chandra, Tikka Kumar of Jubbal, Raja Dig Vijay Chandra and Major J. E. A. Bazalgette.



Taken after the christening of Barbara, infant daughter of Mr. Bill Boice of the Eagle Star Insurance Company, Bombay, and Mrs. Boice.



Taken at the New Year's eve fancy dress dance, held at the Karachi Gymkhana. From l. to w.: Capt. H. G. Latta of the Baluch Regt., Miss Madie, daughter of H.E. Sir Francis Madie, Governor of Sind, Mr. Wany and Mrs. Wany.



Major-General and Mrs. T. Scott, who are celebrating their silver wedding in Delhi, snapped whilst enjoying their leave in the United Kingdom.

This Is A Tarradiddle:

"I guess you won't be the kind of wife whose only utensil is a tin-opener, will you?"

"No, I'll use a corkscrew, too."

And This A Tale:

"We were walking down the street the other day—my wife and I—and when we came to a mud puddle I didn't carry her across."

"What did she say to that?"

"She said I wasn't as gallant as I was when she was a gal. I told her she wasn't as buoyant as she was when I was a boy."

One-Sided:

"What's your definition of a high-brow?"

"A high-brow—er—a high-brow is a person who knows everything about grammar but nothing at all about life."

The Obvious:

"My dear, this book is a remarkable work. Nature is marvellous. Stupendous! When I read a book like this, it makes me think how lowly, how insignificant is man."

"Do you have to wade through 400 pages to discover that?"

Probably Worried:

A customer sat down at a table in a smart restaurant and tied a napkin around his neck. The scandalised manager called a waiter and instructed him, "Try to make him understand, as tactfully as possible, that that's not done."

Said the thoughtful waiter to the customer: "Pardon me, sir. Shave or haircut, sir?"

Low Bid:

Four very deaf old ladies played bridge every Tuesday afternoon. A startled visitor heard the following bidding take place after one hand had been dealt: The first lady bid four spades. "Three hearts" declared the second. "Two diamonds," said the third. "Well," said the fourth, "if nobody else has a bid, I'll try one club."

CLUES ACROSS

1. Hostility (7)
2. Commemoration (8)
3. Fugacious (6)
4. Poetical (6)
5. Commence (6)
6. Embowed (6)
7. Clasp (5)
8. Old's name (6)
9. Twentieth-century (7)
10. Naval officer (7)
11. Retreat (6)
12. Fallow (5)
13. Continent (6)
14. Hardness (6)
15. Full (6)
16. Recently (6)
17. Student payment (6)
18. Anonymous (7)



"I call him 'Chupatti'—because he's Indian bred!"

Candour:

"I wish I had been born in the Dark Ages."

"So do I, you look terrible in the light."

Routine:

"My husband always remembers my birthdays."

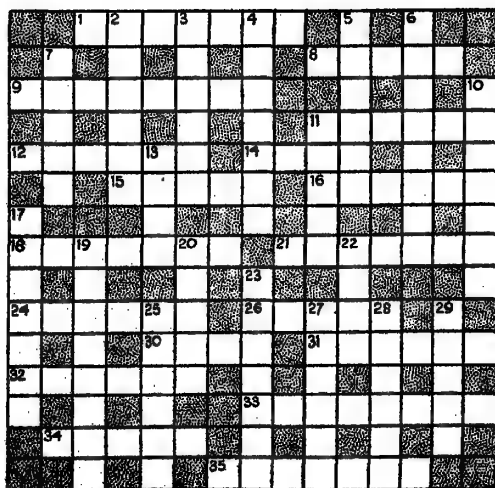
"Yes. When one has been doing a thing a long time one gets the habit."

Finesse:

"The college professor asked his class to distinguish between valour and discretion."

"Well," said a much-travelled student, "to travel on an ocean liner without tipping would be valour and to come back on a different boat would be discretion."

"Onlooker" Crossword



(Solution on page 65)

Star-Gazing Jenny

Jenny was pretty,
It was such a pity
That Jenny had got a B.A.,
For most girls find
That a high-brow mind
Is far better hidden away.

The things she knew,
Though known to you,
Jenny must always explain:
What she didn't know
Wasn't worth a blow,
She had such a super-brain.

Jenny one night
When stars were bright
And there was no moon in the sky,
Went out with a lad,
For she had a fad
Of naming the stars on high.

The hand he pressed
Against his chest,
She quickly snatched away:
"That star up there
Is called Altair,"
Said she in a learned way.

And on went also
With astronomy,
And talked of constellations,
So she missed the kisses
Men give to misses,
Who are not their own relations.

"Yassar"

All Over:

Dora: "So Ethel returned your engagement ring?"

Howard: "Yes, she mailed it to me and she had the nerve to paste a label on the outside of the package: 'GLASS—handle with care.'"

Strong Hold:

Frank: "Are you going to the stag party tonight?"

Ernest: "You bet!"

Frank: "Will your wife let you out?"

Ernest: "Every night at seven-thirty my wife puts a beauty pack on her face, soaks her feet in beauty mud and puts beauty mud on her hands."

Frank: "So what?"

Ernest: "About nine o'clock she won't be able to move. I mixed cement with the mud."

CLUES DOWN

1. Taint (6)
2. Porist in greasing (6)
3. Precepts inculcated (7)
4. Searching minutely (6)
5. Enclosed place (6)
6. Flews (5)
7. Whittows (7)
8. Comprehended (8)
9. Part of Highland dress (4)
10. Worn by rubbing (7)
11. Adapt (3)
12. Fluffy (5)
13. Chief (4)
14. Spoke in a slow turn (7)
15. Commence (6)
16. Strong (5)
17. Construct (6)
18. Repasts (8)

Looking At Britain

By "Onlooker" In London

INDIA has been in the forefront of the news during the past few weeks, to say nothing of our thoughts, but when the leaders flew to England they had little time for social occasions. H.E. Lord Wavell, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, Mr. M. A. Jinnah, Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan and Sardar Baldev Singh had the honour of luncheon with the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace, where they were presented to Queen Mary, the Princess Royal, and the two Princesses. Others present included several people with wide and sympathetic understanding of India: the Earl and Countess of Halifax, the Rt. Hon. Sir John and Lady Anderson, and Sir Eric Mervile.

Pandit Nehru also found time to visit Bloomsbury, which he knew well as a boy, where he spoke to a large audience of Indians and Europeans in Kingsway Hall. Such a big crowd attended that many people sat on the floor to listen to Mr. Nehru, who was well and truly charmed.

Accompanying the Governor-General was Mr. George Abell, delighted to snatch a glimpse of his growing family, and looking remarkably fit. It will be remembered that Mr. Abell won three Blues for Rugby football, cricket, and hockey. His wife is a kinswoman of Sir Montagu Butler, who was a Governor of the C.P. The latest man to finish his Indian career as head of the Central Provinces, Sir Henry Twynham, recently had the honour of being received by the King on relinquishing his appointment, when His Majesty knighted him, the dignity of Knight Commander of the Most Exalted Order of the Star of India having been granted to him on Oct. 4, 1946.

In The News

Interesting reading about India has just appeared in Bernard Ferguson's "The Wild Green Earth," which deals with the 1944 operations in Burma. You will probably have read his previous book, "Beyond the Chinwin," which told of his adventures as one of Wingate's column commanders in 1944.

Service reunions are taking up pre war threads again. Major-General G. A. Richards presided over a dinner of the original members of "A" Field Brigade, Indian Artillery, with their wives, at the U.S. Club, a similar function has been organised by Major R. R. MacLeod for officers of the 4th Indian Division, and

the Imperial Defence College, in Belgrave Square, staged a reception when General Sir William and Lady Slim received the guests. Among them I noticed Lord Wavell, General and Mrs. Clayton Bissell, General Sir Hastings and Lady Ismay and General Sir Mosley and Lady Mayne. General Slim's pre-1947 broadcast was masterly.

Personalities

The High Commissioner and Lady Runganaudhan held a reception to meet the Indian leaders. Mrs. Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit was entertained to luncheon at the Dorchester Hotel by the Women's Committee of the India League, and the Chairman of the Karen Central Organisation, Hutna, gave a luncheon to celebrate the Karen New Year. Among the guests were the Rev. J. Tyndale-Biscoe, Mr. P. G. G. Salfield, F/Lt. Saw Shi Shu, and General Sir Colin Gubbins. The Marquess and Marchioness of Linlithgow have taken up residence at



Stephen, the eldest of the three children of Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Ralli, is now nine years old. He is at present in England with his parents and has just won a bronze medal as runner-up in his school junior boxing championship.

Grove House, Park Road, N.W.8; Brigadier and Mrs. Guy Nadin are now in permanent residence at White Cottage, Westbury, and the Rudolph de Sallies have settled at the Dover House, Kenton, near Canterbury.

Many readers will have listened to the Dowager Lady Reading when she visited India a couple of years ago, in connection with the W.V.S., and will be interested to know that Lady Reading was appointed a Governor of the B.B.C. last April, and has now been made Vice-Chairman.



Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent arriving at the Gaumont, Haymarket, London, for the premiere of the Cinéquart production, "Great Expectations," based on the novel of Charles Dickens.

Lady Reading, as Miss Stella Chamaud, was no stranger to India some years ago, and you may remember that her sister-in-law was Pam Casson, a Poona lovely some seasons past.

Miss Barbara Howard Tinson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Eason, of Wimbledon Parkside, in her marriage to the Hon. William Buchan did not wear her heart upon her sleeve, but in her hand! She carried a big heart-shaped handbag and wore arctic-blue suit with a halo hat to match and a short red veil. This ensemble set off her dark curls, in contrast to the bridegroom's very fair hair, as they received their guests at a reception at the Ritz. Mr. Richard Wurtin was bestman.

Everyone will be glad to know that the celebrated painter who came to paint war celebrities in India, Col. Simon Elwes, has to a great extent recovered from his sudden severe illness. The other day he and his five brothers, four besides himself

being colonels, and the other in the Church, were all photographed with their mother, Lady Winifred Elwes.

Brigadier Smyth, V.C., was among those attending one of Christina Foyle's successful Literary Luncheons, when two notable critics, Dilys Powell and James Agate, made witty speeches. Talking of celebrities, did you know that Mary Hayley Bell, wife of John Mills and author of that long-running play, "Dust for Two Hands," comes from East of Suez? She was born in Shanghai.

Here And There

Saw the George Stills luncheon at the Berkeley Buttery last week, both enjoying life (saw him again some days later at the

(Continued on page 49)



Lady Sheehy, wife of Sir John Sheehy who is a senior Member of the Central Board of Revenue, New Delhi, and their elder daughter, Ann, snapped in Trafalgar Square, London.



Lt. (Cmdr. A. K. Chatterji), R.I.N., who was recently Commanding Officer of H.M.L.S. "Chamaud," Radar School at Karachi, with his wife, Madhub, and two-year-old daughter, Parvati. He has been selected to undergo the Naval Staff Course at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, and has gone to the United Kingdom with his family.



Mr. S. Webb-Johnson, C.I.E., while in South Africa on his way to the United Kingdom, after retiring as a Legal Adviser to the Government of India.

Looking At Britain

(Continued from page 48)

White City "dogs" and the same afternoon ran into Lady Raiman, pondering over her "points" in Harrod's grocery hall. It was the coldest day this winter, and Lady Raiman was well-equipped in a brown felt hat, finger-tip fur coat and tweed skirt.

P/Lt. Mellenb, night-fighter ace who fought with the old City of London Squadron, looking very like his father, "Tog" (Delhi and Calcutta), has been down to Biggin Hill aerodrome recently to plan the reforming of the 600 City of London Auxiliary Air Force Squadrons. He is to be the adjutant, with S/Lt. Norman Hayes as his C.O.

The (U.P.) Monroes still live in their charming Victoria flat, as comfortable and pretty as before the war, even though at one time they could, thanks to Hitler, see the open sky through the rafters. Their son is now at Winchester, and when his parents visited him the other day they met the Robert Ridgeway Delhi will remember their wedding a few months ago, under C.-in-C.'s auspices. Col. Ridgeway has resumed his pre-war career as a major at Winchester.

Kedleston in Derbyshire was the scene of almost Hollywood luxury when Viscount and Viscountess Scarsdale gave a party for the Hon. Juliana Carson, Lord Scarsdale's third daughter. Kedleston was built by Robert Adam, and the immensely tall alabaster columns are flanked by some superb tiger skins, which were shot by the late Marquess Juxon of Kedleston, the famous Viceroy, and Lord Scarsdale's uncle. You probably know that Calcutta's Government House is closely modelled upon Kedleston.

Lord and Lady Hawke, who do not spend much time in London, were among those present at the Brazilian National Day Ball, for Lord Hawke, who was well known in business and cricketing circles in India before he succeeded to the title, returned only a few months ago from Latin America.

About People

Had a telephone chat with Donald Stevenson of the B.B.C. For nearly two



Hamon-Jerrom

Mr. Geoffrey Hamon, only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Hamon of "Lindocott", St. Saviour, and Miss Patricia Jerrom, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Jerrom of 84, Route Boudillon, Jersey, and late of Karachi, were married at St. Mark's Church, Jersey, Channel Isles.



Joyce and Angela Jackson—a portrait by Stanley Jackson of Bonhay. An exhibition of some of Stanley Jackson's work is being arranged in England by Col. D. M. Reid, O.B.E., who has recently been nominated as a prospective candidate for the Conservative Party for Holt, Norfolk.

years he led the B.B.C.'s Listener Research office in New Delhi, and he now directs the Eastern Service of the B.B.C. from an office just off Oxford Circus. Air Commodore Vachell—he was one of the early R.A.F. high-ups to descend upon Delhi—is back from a visit to Germany, a country he knew well in the piping days of peace. John Vachell, having retired from the R.A.F., now makes a living from his pen. Terry Gompertz, who "came out" in India some years ago, was also keen to follow in her family footsteps of literature, and she is beginning to make a name for herself in that sphere, as well as broadcasting.

I hear that Joanna Tombazi and her brother, Alec, have taken to Athens like ducks to water, and that Nicky will not be returning to India. Innara says, in fact, "We love everyone here very much!" "Seen in the city the other day, complete with big-business frown, Sir Jeremy Raiman; also P/Lt. Tanner who was with "Movements" in New Delhi, and is now back in his journalistic job with trade papers. Another round peg once again happily fitted into a round hole is W. Norman Daunfield, who delighted so many audiences, both "live" and from A.R. for several years in New Delhi. He is playing his violin with the City of Birmingham Orchestra.

Saw Mrs. Charles Edward Bruce and daughter Thora. They had just been to a lecture by Ella Maillart (they were all in Quetta). Col. Bruce is troubled with arthritis, but is otherwise hale and hearty, while Mrs. Bruce is fully occupied with her "girls"—no, not Alma and Thora, but hens! Alma has worked hard all the war and has paid for it with a subsequent illness from which she is happily, though slowly, recovering. Thora, who served for six years as a V.A.D., the latter months in Italy, is having a well-deserved rest, and has just decided against a visit to India. When I saw Mrs. Bruce she had just seen Margot Wickham.

six years. One of Mr. Nevill's claims to fame is that he entered both his son and his grandson for their public school on the same day. Work that one out!

Air Marshal Sir Alexander and Lady Grant are still in their pre-war flat in Knightsbridge. Lady Grant told me the other night that she has many pleasant memories of the India of nearly 20 years ago. Sir Alexander was, of course, there not many months ago, before he went further south to Ceylon. Lady Grant's constant companion is a charming little shrew, dog, weighing only four lbs. Talking of the R.A.F., Sir Capt. Malcolm Henderson, who served in India a few years ago, has just taken over the running of a well-known English club. The Rev. Graham spent a few hectic days in London "doing" such theatres as "The Shepherd Show," "Sweetest and Lowest," and the "Winslow Boy," before sailing for Karachi. Lena, whose son, Peter, had managed to get a few days' extra leave from his regiment in Italy, had seen Faith Ramnau, who is living near Salisbury with her three sturdy sons. Faithful to London is Professor Ruchman, Central Provinces and many other parts of India, whom I saw stepping out of his S.W. 7 residence one recent rainy morning.

Happy Events

Only eight new babies to report this month. To Veronica Burrough (remember her as Stuart Gration) a daughter, to Angela, wife of Capt. C. D. C. Danford Wood, D.F.C., Premier Force Rifles, also a daughter, who is to be called Cynthia Mary. Three more girls have been born: to the Galbraiths (he was recently a Lt.-Col., R.A.M.C., India Command) who already have two daughters, to Molly (nee Vennings), wife of Col. J. C. Hudson, 9th Gurkha Rifles, and to the Polce Hughes-Hughes. Helen Ritchie (Colombo) has a son, the wife of Col. Smith-Windham, R. Signals, (you remember him best in connection with Himalayan climbing) has predated "Smidge" with a daughter, and the Muir Wrights (Bombay and Raigum) have a new son called David Raymond.

Engagements, on the other hand, are numerous. Jean Valerie, only daughter of the late Douglas McQuillen, Indian State Railways, is engaged to Ronald Burroughs, 11, M. Foreign Service; P/Lt. S. H. Dallas, only son of the late Lt.-Col. J. S. Dallas, Indian Army, is to marry Mavis Elizabeth Barlow of Northampton; the engagement is announced between Mr. C. W. P. Footman and Joyce Marcelle, younger daughter of Mr. Charles and Lady Low, formerly of Burma; Major R. A. J. Fowler, M.C.,

(Continued on page 55)



Brigadier Shrinagesh, who has been appointed to command the 268 Indian Infantry Brigade in Japan, and Mrs. Shrinagesh while he was Deputy Chief of the Indian Military Mission.

About Films Of The Month

Brickbats And Bouquets

By "Candida"

THIS indisputable star of this festive season has been Olivia de Havilland, running a gamut of roles and emotions in three popular films—"To Each His Own," "Devotion" and "The Dark Mirror."

This brunette actress, with the great dark eyes and vivid personality, probably gave of her best in Paramount's "To Each His Own," a title which cannot begin to explain the sincerity of this carthy story that must have its counterpart after the last war, no less than after the Great War.

Seldom has an American producing company switched with better effect from an English background to its own, and back again to London. The film opens in London with Olivia de Havilland, a middle-aged American spinster, taking fire-watching duties on New Year's eve. And here the star wears a triumph of elderly make-up, with a mature hair-do and sagging lines of disappointment around her eyes and nose. No grey hair, no spectacles; none of the usual film tricks to portray middle-age.

We see this sad spinster sitting at Waterloo Station awaiting a troop train, with someone very important to her on board. And while she sits out the two hours' wait, she permits the story of her life to flash before our eyes.

Above The Usual

And so we see her more than 20 years previously, the pretty daughter of a small-town American chemist, eager for life, love and adventure. And then there arrives in her town one of the first American flyers of the last war, on a recruiting tour. Embittered and nerve-

shattered by combat, he meets this fresh young girl, and during the 24 hours of his visit, a flame of love springs up between them.

As a result of this brief meeting a son is born to the girl, and his father (John Lund) never returns from combat. The child is adopted by a dear friend, and never knows his real mother until the great denouement on the eve of his marriage in London during the darkest of the war years. He, too, is a flyer, and, John Lund, a newcomer to me, drumbles the parts of father and son with great sympathy.

Daring as this theme may appear to be in a movie picture, it has held the imagination of men and women in all its big audiences, and on the night I saw it screened many handkerchiefs were put to good use.

Perhaps one in every hundred films gives us a story that is real and probable to our everyday lives. A story about which we might say, "There, but for the grace of God, goes me!" And that is the appeal of "To Each His Own." Paramount have found a first-class script here, and have, on the whole, handled it well.

The exceptions to the credulity of the story occur when the Great War lovers take a flip in the middle of the night in the old-type two-seater biplane, conversationally chatting to each other 1,000 feet above, between the pilot's and the navigator's seats. The first time I did such a flight, in leather helmets and goggles, the words were snatched from my mouth before they had reached my lips, and even breathing was difficult in the terrific force of the wind.

The other rather ridiculous touch was a sudden Service wedding held



A scene from Columbia's "The Jolson Story," a Technicolor musical, with Larry Parks, Evelyn Keyes, William Demarest and Bill Goodwin, and produced by Sidney Skoloff.

in the manager's office of a West End night-club, with bands of Mackintoshes all over the place, a parson at hand, the candles and the choir all conjured up as if by magic. Hoey!

Astaire Swan Song

Since Fred Astaire seems to have firmly decided to give up his screen "hoofing," he could not have gone out on a better note than in "Blue Skies," the breezy Technicolor film which has been one of the big holiday season attractions.

Without a dancing partner this time, but with the same pixie face, indiarubber legs and engaging personality he sang his swan song light-heartedly in "Blue Skies," doubling as radio commentator and dancing star.

The story of "Blue Skies" is rubbishy, as is the story of most musicals (you just wait until you see "London Town"), but let's not concern ourselves with a dumb chorus girl who springs to neon lights and two lovers. This girl, by the way, is Joan Caulfield, admittedly very blonde, pure and lovely, but oh, so inaudible! Apart from her large and colourful wardrobe in this picture, the only impression she left on me was a continuous sigh of, "Oh, Jane-a-b-a-n-y!" uttered with dewy lips and hure eyes.

But, it is the boys who hold this picture: Fred Astaire, Bing Crosby and Billy de Wolfe. De Wolfe's impersonation of a middle-aged American woman ageing tidily alone on her eighteenth wedding anniversary was a caruso, a jewel. I shall never forget "eighteen hor-r-r-rible years!"

Through the sentiment of the story and the singing and patter of Bing Crosby, are woven 21 lovely Irving Berlin tunes—memory tunes for most of us that go right back to the roaring twenties, the gay pre-war period of the thirties and the hectic insubstantial of the past seven years.

Astaire performs one of his wisard top-hat and walking stick solos to "Puttin' on the Ritz," and Bing pairs across the song "Blue Skies" with that well-known sentimental catch in his voice.

There is talent aplenty in "Blue Skies," including the pretty, appealing Olga San Juan, as torch singer and co-ga dancer. There are feelings of beautiful interiors, too, provided by Bing Crosby's whim for opening bigger and better

night-clubs, with more and more exotic decor.

Biographical Study

Rosamund Russell came to us this month, right out in her usual character. No mad hats, no hoydenish escapades, brisk repartee or slick cynicism. Instead, a serious portrayal of that famous Australian bush nurse, Sister Kenny, after whom Rosamund's new film is named.

It is a vivid sketch of the nurse who has her own views about the nature of infantile paralysis, and insists that the Kenny method of applied heat and re-education of the muscles is the only effective treatment. The film, I believe,

(Continued on page 51)



Jane Russell, the latest discovery of United Artists, who has the leading part in Howard Hughes' production, "The Outlaw." Miss Russell is ably assisted by Thomas Mitchell, Walter Huston and Jack Buetel.



Cary Grant and Alexis Smith in Warner Bros.' "Night and Day," a Technicolor musical extravaganza, based on the life of Cole Porter, the famous American song writer. The picture also features Henry Woolley, Glenn Shown, Jane Wyman and Mary Martin.

Brickbats And Bouquets

(Continued from page 90)

was made with the Kenny co-operation and approval, and is rather a one-sided document on a much-discussed medical subject.

"Twins are useful for giving actresses a chance to show how cleverly they can be two people at once. We had a taste of this only recently in Bette Davis' "A Stolen Life," and now has come Olivia de Havilland doubling for her sister and herself in "The Dark Mirror." Here again we have the contrasts in character between the identical sisters—Terry, the paranoiac, who had murdered once and may murder again; and Ruth, gentle and demure looking, a magazine stall. At first neither the audience, the policeman (Thomas Mitchell), nor the brain specialist (Lew Ayres) knows which is which.

As the story proceeds Olivia de Havilland is generous with clues, so delicate and subtle that almost to the end the doctor, for all his love of Ruth, needs his specialist's devices to determine identity.

The Brontës

To crown Olivia de Havilland's gamut of changes there has been "Devotion," the story of the Brontë sisters, although the film is actually Ida Lupino's triumph.

I have never seen her act better than as the dreaming author of "Wuthering Heights." But then Ida Lupino is English, and must possess that understanding of the love for the lonely moors of Yorkshire, which few American actresses could feel.

Although the "set" of the Yorkshire Moors, built in Hollywood, was obviously artificial, one gained the impression from Ida Lupino's interpretation of Emily Brontë that she really lived there and loved them. Her tranquillity and repose in the small vicarage of her father was strongly contrasted with Charlotte's (Olivia de Havilland's) restless spirit. I can't help feeling that Charlotte's part was out of character with the real Charlotte Brontë whose "Jane Eyre" caused such a sensation in literary circles in England.

The close affection of the Brontë family for each other (there was Anne, too, and unfortunately, drunken Branwell) is disrupted by the advent of the new young vicar to their father's parish.

Paul Henreid, as the vicar, tall, straight, slightly foreign and cultured, is immediately attracted to the gentle, dreaming Emily, but when volatile Charlotte comes on the scene there springs up an unspoken battle for the love of this young man.

This deep-seated passion on the part of the sisters for the vicar expresses itself individually in the great books—"Wuthering Heights" and "Jane Eyre," causing the great literary giants of the day to marvel how two sheltered clergyman's daughters could be capable of so deep an emotional feeling.

It was when Charlotte was invited to London by her publishers for the launching of "Jane Eyre" that the rather ridiculous figure of Thackeray came into the picture. His "Good morning, Dickens," to the back of a sneering figure in Fleet Street struck a false note. In fact, I would have liked it much better if those London scenes had been omitted from the film, and the story left to work itself out on the wide-screen moors with the deep emotional undercurrent suggested by weather, geography and private passions.

Here And There

As I anticipated in these columns a month or two ago, that great film, "Spellbound," has been one of the most



Susan Hayward, who, after her return to Hollywood from her first location trip to the heart of the Oregon mountains for the filming of "Universal Studios' "Canyon Passage," which Walter Wanger has produced in Technicolor, plans to make a vacation tour of the entire United States. Miss Hayward has always lived either in New York or Hollywood, but now that she has got her first taste of America's wilderness, plans to see what else the United States has to offer in mountains and forests.

booked-up attractions of the past year in India. As I write this, it has been running for four weeks, and looks like continuing for yet another. The unusual psychological theme of the love of a woman psychiatrist for her amnesia patient is amazingly well acted by Ingrid Bergman and Gregory Peck.

Audiences actually come out from this film spellbound by the tense hold it has had on their imaginations. Alfred Hitchcock has scored a bull with this production. I hear that he is to give audiences several more similar pictures, with equally compelling one-word titles.

Have you heard that Somerset Maugham's "The Razor's Edge" (best-seller of 1944) has been filmed by both Century-Fox, and is to be released in 35 foreign languages, including Hindustani?

Since "Lost Weekend" has been re-shown this month (and well worth re-showing again and again, I feel), I am reminded of the new story of Ray Milland, who, in his new Paramount picture, "Golden Earrings," has to be hammered on his handsome head with a frying pan—wielded by Marlene Dietrich. He says that he hopes he isn't going to lose another week-end!

From A Minaret

Muezzins call within the minaret
From dawn to dusk across a busy town;
Or in a wilderness, their voices blown
And clipped upon the very parapet
At which they stand, are snatched by winds afloat
Across the desert place, athirst and brown:
No call to prayer is heard; the voices drown
In sounds a city or a waste beget.

My heart calls you to wake from dawn to dusk
Unheard—its voices silenced as they speak.
Are you so eager in your quest for strife?
Are you enchanted by some scent of musk?
Or is it that your very soul is bleak
And dare not, cannot heed my call to Life?

Celia Luce

Bangalore Lore

By "Elizabeth"

WITH the visit of the Governor of Madras following so closely upon Christmas and New Year, there have been an unusually large number of parties for the festive season. The officers of R.A.F. Headquarters, No. 2 Indian Group, set the ball rolling by giving a big dance in their Mess at "Hindustan." The hosts included the A.O.C. and Mrs. Adams, Ge./Captains, Bristow and Matthews, W./Lieut. and Mrs. Tormalin, W./Lieut. Macdonald and S/Lieut. Gorden with their wives recently out from the U. K., and W./Lieut. Cameron Weir, the efficient P.M.C. Among the guests were Sir Walter and Lady Campbell and Miss Campbell, Lady Thimboob Chetty, Col. and Mrs. Ponnappa, and Mr. and Mrs. Jayaram.

Receptions

The Resident and Lady Campbell gave a delightful dance at the Residency, which started off with cocktails and a buffet supper laid out in the dining room. Their daughter, Elizabeth, wearing a dainty black lace frock, helped receive the guests, among whom were Col. and Mrs. Gopchand, the latter in a dress of royal blue pleated chiffon. Col. and Mrs. Husk, Major Sinclair from Bombay with his attractive Russian wife, Col. Newton, Welfare Officer, with Mrs. and Miss Newton, Capt. and Mrs. Wulford, Col. Cooper of the King's Own and Mrs. Cooper, the Misses Kothavala, Miss Fentiman in a rust frock with brown panels, Mr. Hannett of the Imperial Bank, Major and Mrs. Dickson Dablier, the latter in a pretty pink flowered frock, Major Stubbs on leave from Dehra Dun and Miss Penzance Raja.

The officers of the O.T.S. gave two very successful parties, one being a cheery Christmas dinner for cadets, and the other a buffet dinner at their Mess, before the O.T.S. concert, "Off the Square." This amusing revue was cleverly produced by Major Hugo Browne, one of the instructors. Among other instructors and their wives at these parties were Major and Mrs. McCabe, Col. Adamson, Major Truss, Col. and Mrs. Carr, Col. Rich, Capt. Gorrie, Major Panwar and Capt. and Mrs. Milton.

Madras Governor's Visit

The Governor of Madras and Lady Nye arrived to stay at the Residency



Lt-General Sir Frank Messervy presented a saluting gun to Lt-General H.H. the Maharaja of Bikaner on behalf of the H.E. the Commander-in-Chief, Field-Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck, and the Indian Army in recognition of Bikaner's contribution to the war effort. H.H. the Maharaja of Bikaner replies to Lt-General Messervy's address on the occasion.



Indrani, three-year-old daughter of T. C. Puri, I.C.S., and Mrs. Puri of Bhagalpur, Bihar.

for a couple of days; H. H. had lunch with the officers of the Q.V.O. Madras Sappers and Miners that day, and the same night Sir T. and Lady Thimboob Chetty gave a buffet dinner at Ballabovic in their honour. Lady Nye looked tall and graceful in a white crepe dress with furs, and the hostess wore a handsome green and silver suit. Other guests included Sir Walter and Lady Campbell, Sir A. Ramaswami Mudaliar, H. E. the Apostolic Delegate, Air Commodore and Mrs. Adams, Mr. and Mrs. Devarao Shivaram, Col. Wilcock, Military Secretary, Mr. Platt and Capt. Buckley of the Staff, Mrs. Dutt, Major and Mrs. Ramsay, Mr. and Mrs. Mirza, Mr. Somappa, Col. and Mrs. Stubbs and Mrs. Kabir.

The following morning there was a drink party at the Residency when Sir Archibald and Lady Nye met about 60 guests assembled on the lawn, and at night the Resident and Lady Campbell gave a dinner party in their honour.

Quite a pre-war atmosphere of gaiety prevailed at the Hunt Ball at the B.U.S. Club, with several members of the Hunt appearing in pink coats, and the Governor and Lady Nye present in a large party from the Residency. Elizabeth Campbell wore a lovely frock of black and white organdie, and others seen in his parties were Rajkumari Desaiji Urs and her sons, Brigadier and Mrs. Maxwell, Mr. and Mrs. Prosser, Brigadier Cobb, Col. Greenway and Mrs. Corbett wearing quite one of the smartest dresses in the room.

Poona Prattle

(Continued from page 44)

had the most attractive white crinoline, Mrs. Ealey looked very vivacious as Robin Hood, Jean and Joy Rigg-Stansfield received a lot of attention in their blue skirts and flowers and so did Ronnie Rees in her Russian costume. Mrs. Hield, in a striking Spanish costume, caught the eye as did Capt. John Needham as P.M. (looking over the heads of everyone). Amongst those not in fancy dress were Mrs. Palmer from Khadakwala (who helped with the judging), Col. and Mrs. Twigg, Major and Mrs. Smithwick and Mrs. Dawson.

This month the Poona Club has started having Vincent Cumine's band to play on Sunday mornings and on the first occasion the Club was very well attended. We saw Lt.-Col. Douglas who was here on Christmas leave with his wife, "Jojo," (we understand she is going back with him this time to Rangpur and will be missed by a large circle of friends) and Major and Mrs. Shepherd; Capt. DeSouza, Adjutant of 1st Grenadiers, was in a party. Also there was Mrs. Karnal,

wife of Lt.-Col. Karnal, O.C., Hygiene Wing of the A.M.T.C., who was helping the Club to its cricket victory.

"Hay Fever"

Due to an unfortunate series of events, the Poona Club Amateur Dramatic Society's production of "Hay Fever" was not the financial success it deserved to be. The biggest factor in this was that the leading juvenile was absent for about six weeks on a cruise, which necessitated the opening being delayed until just before Christmas and so it clashed on each of the three nights with one or more of the pre-Christmas dances and the boxing championships, although the Boar Club was generous enough to cancel a dance in its favour.

The Club is to be congratulated on having such a keen and polished amateur cast, who, apart from their stage performances, made the scenery to the design of Danya Wharry, assisted by Major and Mrs. Norris who painted a very realistic back cloth.

Aeneid Sarpey, as Judith Bliss, carried a long and difficult part with a confidence and vivacity which spoke of talent and experience and received due recognition from the audiences. Danya Wharry played Richard Greatham with that suave self-assurance so difficult for amateurs to portray and with Joanna Williamson's cockney maid, Clara, assured a successful production. Clara certainly was one of the highlights of the character representations. Joy Tubbs, as the brainless Flapper Jackie, and John Rose, as Sandy, the "hot-handed" youth, caused a lot of amusement and were very well cast in their respective parts. Joan Stain's Myra, as the vamp, was overshadowed by her masterly handling of her hysterical outburst at the end of the second act. She was well supported in the typical Noel Coward love scene by Jack Mapp, who, as David Hine, the author-father, played his part with the restraint needed to help the comedy. Joy Rigg-Stansfield made a very real person of Sorel Bliss and looked very attractive. Mention must be made of Derek Macker, the juvenile lead, Simon, who, as already stated, was away for the last six weeks and, in fact, had only one rehearsal between that and the dress rehearsal to which several servicemen from the B.M.H. were invited as guests.

The whole show was a great success from the stage point of view, and the cast and producer, Alex Sarpey, were the recipients of many congratulations. Megan Jenkins acted as stage manager and the staging and effects were produced without a hitch or delay.

It is a great pity that the cast will not be seen again in entirety as Derek Macker is leaving for the Middle East and Joanna Williamson is to be released shortly.

Parties

Mr. and Mrs. Willing's house-warming party was a particularly cheery affair, and they had collected friends of many nationalities under their roof. Mr. and Mrs. Greenewald and their daughter, Willy, who came out from Holland last year, Mr. Josef Lampkin, the violinist, Mr. Ingle with his French wife, Dr. Slesinger (of the newly opened Hydro-Dietetic at Paradise Valley), Capt. and Mrs. Chitani, the latter wearing flowered chiffon, Sir Albion Banerji and his daughter, Mrs. Walter Dutt, from Allahabad, Mr. Penning, Mr. Steinbock and his attractive wife in an emerald green frock, Dr. Otto Koerigeburger with his mother just arrived from the United States, Dr. and Mrs. Venables, Miss Brita Carlsson from Sweden and Mr. and Mrs. Greig.

Mrs. Dutt's many friends were clamorous to meet her attractive daughter, Bul-Bul, and her I.C.S. husband, Ian Arnold, who came down from Calcutta on a short visit. Mrs. Dutt and her son, S/Lieut. Ranjan Dutt, gave two big parties for them at the Club on dance nights, and among their guests were the A.O.C. and a great many R.A.F. friends, as well as Brigadier Thimraya, on leave from Japan, with his wife, Nina, and her sister, Boli Karlepe, from Calcutta.



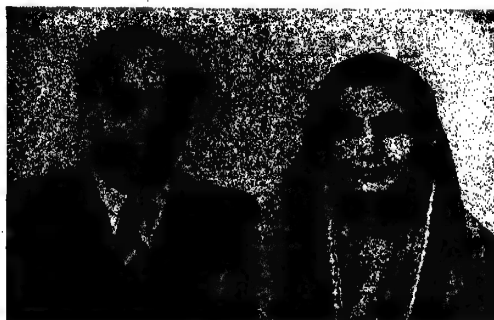
Mr. Champa Lal I.S.E., Superintending Engineer, P.W.D., Ambala, has been appointed Officer on Special Duty with the Punjab Government at Lahore, to work the Co-operative Construction Societies Scheme, which he is the author.



Mr. J. S. Sethi, who belongs to Rawalpindi, has been appointed Chief Engineer, the Punjab Government, in the P.W.D., Public Health Branch. Starting his career in Jammu and Kashmir State, he joined the Punjab P.W.D. in 1926 as Personal Assistant to the Sanitary Engineer.



Capt. Prabhinder Singh, R.I.E., who recently returned from Malaya to be service overseas. He is the son of Sardar Gurcharan Singh of Jullundur and a grandson of the late Sir Jogendra Singh of Alra, U.P.



Khanna-Sethi

Mr. Kailash Chandra Khanna of Delhi, son of Mr. K. C. Khanna, Commissioner of Income-Tax, Bombay, and Miss Indu Sethi, daughter of Rai Bahadur Ram Lal Sethi, Director of Agriculture, Sind, Karachi, were married at Lahore.



Harika-Grewal

Lt. Gurcharan Singh Harika, son of Dr. Chuhar Singh Harika, and Biba Sahib Bahub Kaur, daughter of Sardar Bahub Singh Grewal, were married in Patala. Lt. Harika is serving with the British Forces in Iraq.

"IF winter comes..." In Calcutta, this season, it seems to be delaying its arrival an unconscionably long time. However, the days of very pleasantly cool and fresh, albeit no one has been able to persuade himself that a fire has been really needed in the evenings, so far! (Enough of that useful topic, the weather, and now for some current news of people and things.)

Christmas is a thing of the past and the New Year already getting older, having been well and truly seen in by at least 500 members of the Saturday Club and their guests (and almost all in Fancy Dress be it known!).

Festivities

A number of large cocktail parties took place a week before Christmas and the two most outsize were: the one given by Sir John Burder to celebrate his return from leave and the other given by that trio of excellent hosts, Messrs. Gemmell, Parker and Stuciale. The *shamane* that covered the entire lawn was hung with lanterns and bunting and I noticed how well the party frocks and furs looked in such a setting.

A night or two before Christmas a party of Gloucestershire visited houses in Allipore and sang tuneful carols in the front porches. The songsters turned out to be led by Arnold Davidson, with Bryan Joll, Derrick Jehu, Peter Broom, Margaret Rivers, Dorothy Wilson and about six others. We thought this a nice festive touch and it was reported that warming beverages were handed out at each house they visited!

The Townsmen gave a "young" dance which was a great success. Originally planned to defeat the curfew, then in force, it was timed to take place at 7 p. m. till to. However, as it turned out, the curfew was lifted a few days beforehand and, as other hosts had had the same idea, the Carlele-Taylor's

Christmas night dance went on till the wee sma' hours. This party, too, was a popular line and was voted a huge success by everyone there. The "Mike" Stuart's cocktail party had dancing laid on, too, as an added attraction. This lovely house with its vast high-ceilinged rooms and tall columns is, in fact, a mansion built about 200 years ago and once the home of Philip Francis in the bad old days, "when duels were fought at dawn in the woods of Allipore." Nevertheless, the house lent itself gracefully to our modern dancing though one felt that it did not need a great stretch of the imagination to see the scene as it might have been, lit by candlelight with the strains of fiddles from the balcony playing a hunting minuet, rather than "swing" music. The Orr Dean's garden was once again in demand and the scene of a wedding reception when Alan Harper married Rosemary Hayward—the bride's parents are the Eric Haywards who live down river at that heavenly abode, "Glenragan." It was a beautiful wedding and the bride looked enchanting.

At The Recco

Vicery's Cup Day was cool and sunless but all the world and his wife were there and I saw most of our lovelies wearing "creations"—nothing so mundane as the word "hat" can be used—in every shade of feather and veiling. "Selector," the winner, was a surprise and paid handsomely those who backed him. H. R. the Vicerey was, unfortunately, not with us and the Cup was presented for him by the Governor. That night His Excellency and Lady Burrows were the principal guests at Mr. and Mrs. Townsend's large cocktail party—there must have been every one of 200 people there. Talking of which, His Excellency's personal staff themselves gave a lovely party in the garden of Government House beside the swimming pool. Col. Guy Curtis and Capt. Nihill received the guests and Capt. Costa, Capt. Norn, Miss Miller and Lt. Edwards, R. N., attended most assiduously to their comfort.

Consul-General's Gathering

I spotted a good many consular personalities there—among them charming Naomi Mathews and her husband at the American Consulate, Albert and Claude Hupperts (the Belgian Consul-General and his vivacious French wife), and M. and Mme. Grignon-Provencher (the French Trade Commissioner and his wife, who is Spanish and hails from Cuba). M. Fouchet, the French Consul-General, was there too and I saw in the distance William Thom of the Swedish contingent, and his dashing blonde

and pretty wife. The Maharaja of Burdwan was up from his country estate and was chatting with a group of friends and seemed in excellent form while Bill Samuarez-Smith, H. E.'s Assistant Personal Secretary, was exchanging news and views with Geoffrey Frith, the Turf Club Secretary. Betty Samuarez-Smith is arriving shortly.

There seem to be more than the usual number of young girls out from the U. K. this winter. I noticed attractive Margery Mitchell Spens from Delhi, who has been spending Christmas here. Her father, India's Chief Justice, the Hon'ble Sir Patrick Spens, has just returned to open up the Disturbances Enquiry Commission again and this time Lady Spens has come with him and will stay a few months. Susan will be going up to Oxford, the brides, for the summer term. Her elder sister, Anthony Grier, who is in the Colonial Administrative Service. The Freddy Blasons have two young girls out, June and Susan, both keen housewives, and Cynthia Nicholls is another "lovely" one seen here and there fairly often.

Back From England

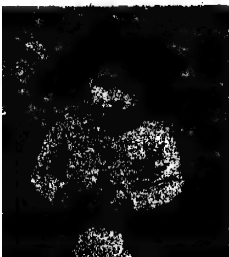
Amongst those returned from leave lately are: Jo Peppercorn with Jill, Giles and Tessa, her three lovely children, Sheila Cumberbatch, Josephine Harris (who has reluctantly left her two boys in England, for their benefit, she says!) and Mrs. "Ginger" Harry, while Colin and Maude Bell are welcome new arrivals from Bombay. He is the new head of

I. C. I. here in the place of Sir "Bunny" Pratt who has retired. Mrs. Bloomer-stroke and Mrs. Sweet are also back in Bombay and Pam Burbridge has brought Howard out again for another year while "Mike" (Unfriville (of Physion's) is eagerly awaiting the arrival of his wife and new daughter. The Astes of the Mercantile Bank have come to stay, we hope, and Richard Mills has returned after eight years and is trying to find a flat or house to receive Ruby in, when she joins him later—a not very simple matter!

Art-In-Industry

This movement has provided Calcutta with a high spot in exhibition value and the opening was a very big social event with well over 1000 people present. Sir Homi Modi opened the exhibition, making one of his brilliant speeches, and referred gracefully to the imminent departure of Henry Barn, the "Father" of the art-industry, without whom, he said, it would not be in existence today. The Chief Minister was there and, during the week, Lady Burrows, the well-known artist, Janini Roy, and Nawab Hasan Yar Jung of Hyderabad, all visited the show.

The exhibition has been generally voted as the best yet, and the students' sections, especially the posters, are of very high merit this year. Bombay students have run off with three quarters of the students' prizes, and the overseas scholarship, valued at Rs. 5,000, was won by Kalyan Sen of the Delhi Polytechnic. The gold medal was won by Mahlan Gupta for an exquisite illustration of Omar Khayyam. The exhibition displayed textiles from many parts of India, the Kashmir embroidery being especially admired.



Bernan, daughter of Mr. N. N. Kayshap, I.C.S., and Mrs. Kayshap of Karachi, is evidently intrigued at being photographed.



Officers of 16 (I) C.C.S. who are with the S.E.A.C. From l. to r.: (sitting) Capt. B. S. Crawford, Major R. Singh Red, Lt.-Col. A. Rickford, Major E. M. F. Forrest and Capt. E. J. D'Netto; (standing) Capt. B. S. Gupta, Capt. M. A. R. Khan and Capt. H. L. Chhabra.

Gateway Gossip

(Continued from page 43)

them a lovely silver salver, while from the personal staff they received a beautiful silver cigarette box with all their signatures on it. Then, just a week after the Williamsons, Lt.-Col. Douglas Corrie, Military Secretary to His Excellency, and his wife, Nautila, celebrated their silver wedding anniversary.

Parties Of The Season

Bombay was very gay over Christmas and New Year and parties, large and small, were the order of the day—or rather night—in spite of the fact that the "cold weather" has completely deserted us this year and we have missed the "zip" in the air which makes dancing pleasant. The party spirit has persisted throughout January and sometimes two and three parties have to be fitted into one evening. The Josephs, Kay, not long back, have been seen at one of these parties, and at one very pleasant buffet supper at the John Henry Westons', Lady Kay, known to her friends as "Brownie" because of her lovely brown eyes and pendant for wearing heron, looked charming in a smart grey gown with beautiful grey fur wrap which blended so well with her silvery hair. The Westons' young son, Peter John, who was out here as a schoolboy during the war, is now in Hong-Kong with "the Bulls" and finds life interesting there. The Ian Andersons, who were also at the party, were leaving the following morning by air for Basra for a month.

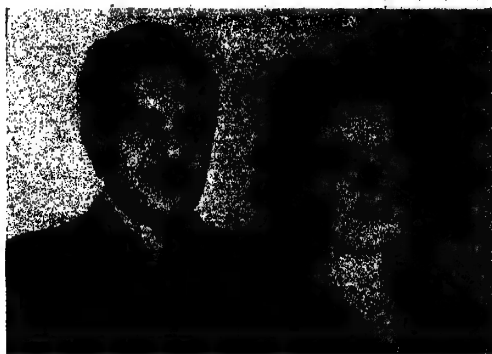
T.W.A. Party

A highlight of the Bombay season was the popular and largely attended party given for the inauguration of the T.W.A. Washington-Bombay Service. All Bombay seemed to be there, and the study was kept extremely busy making it a point of speaking to nearly all the guests and subsequently entertaining them to one of his witty speeches.

The passengers who had travelled to Bombay by the party among whom were: Mr. Claude L. Hicott, Mr. Brij Mohan Lal, Dr. Norma Farmer, Mr. Miguel Alouhamed, Mr. Jagannath V. Joshi and Mr. Harshan Singh Rai. The plane, "The Mahal," was leaving for New York the following morning and the departing passengers were also at the party and so were able to become acquainted before boarding the plane. Mr. Raja Hurbesing and his wife, Betty, looking radiant in a purple sari, were there; they will be touring America, lecturing on the women of India. Other passengers for New York were: Mr. Fali H. Mehta, Mr. Phiroze Hormusji Mody and Mr. Shantilal Patel; Mr. S. K. Parry was travelling to Paris and Mr. Aldas Lalwani was Cairo bound.

It was a busy evening for Mr. Bobby Kooka, circulating among the many distinguished guests among whom were: Princess Niloufer, Mr. and Mrs. Miron Nassari, Mr. Minny Sunderam, Mr. Jili Guetier, Sir Francis Low, Mr. G. H. Brown and Jimmy O'Connor of General Motors.

New Year's honours proved a barren harvest in Bombay this year but many people in the Province generally were delighted to see that "Dickie" Smith, one-time Commissioner of Police in the City and later Inspector-General of Police with his headquarters at Poona, has been knighted. He is now in Delhi as Director-General of Intelligence. Mr. N. P. A. Smith has always been regarded as one of the most brilliant of Bombay's police officers and he combined this brilliance with a love of hard work and a strong sense of fair play for all. A keen golfer, he never allowed golfing to interfere with his enthusiasm for good racing and he and his wife, Gladys, were usually to be seen on the course at Poona and Bombay on race days. Two of their boys, John and Sandy, are doing well in the Army. Jili is with her parents in



Ahmed-Hewson

Mr. Anise Ahmed, Indian Railway Service of Engineers, and Sheila, daughter of Major and Mrs. Hewson of Lucknow, were married in Bombay.

Delhi, while Christopher is at college in England. It is rumored that Sir "Dickie" will be leaving India during the course of this year pending retirement.

Another honour worth noting is the Kaiser-i-Hind Medal awarded to Mrs. A. Kirkwood-Brown, now with her husband, Sandy, who has been appointed as number one in the group which controls P. and O. and B. I. affairs in Singapore. Sheila passed through Bombay recently where she was the recipient of somewhat mixed congratulations, as those who knew her well consider that official appreciation might certainly have been more adequately expressed in view of the immense amount of concentrated work she did for the St. John Ambulance Transport Division during the war years.

Going . . . Going . . . Gone

Quite an exodus is taking place as I write, both European and Indian. Among those who are going and will not return are Stanley and Molly Trillip, both very distinct losses to life in Bombay. Few men have done so much for transport in India as Mr. Trillip who, in his spare moments from conducting the affairs of the B.E.S.T. Co., ran the Safety First Association and gave a hand in half a dozen other organisations aiming at the improvement of transport. But for his unfortunate desire to retire a few months before his time he would have been President of the Western India Automobile Association.

He has worked on the Managing Committee of this Association for many years, and he is looking forward to taking up some similar work in London. The war work carried on by Mrs. Trillip is well known to Onlooker readers. No sooner did this cease than she organised and conducted a creche for workers' children. There have been so many farewell parties for them, including one given by the Robsons of Cooks in Mt. and Mrs. Berry's flat in Kum Kum and an all-day party by John and Mavis Turner at their shack at Juhu.

Another enthusiastic transport worker, Mr. Nizamuddin Chitroy, left by "Skymaster" for America to represent India on the United Nations Transport Organisation. Habib and Akbar, his sons, gave a cheery and informal cocktail party to wish him *bon voyage*. Yusuff, being then in Nagpur, was, unfortunately, unable to attend.

It was pleasant to meet the Chaglas again after the U.N.O. visit. Mr. Justice Chagla scored a great personal success in the Assembly meeting and the result will probably be that Bombay will soon be looking out for another High Court judge.

A very charming new arrival in Bombay from England is Pam Duncan Smith, wife of W.D.C. Duncan Smith, D.S.O. and Bar, D.F.C. and Bar, who joined her husband a few days before Christmas with their five-months-old daughter, Susan. Pam is slim and tall with lovely wavy hair and has a carriage which is usually associated with ballet. During the war she toured Italy and the

Madras Musings

(Continued from page 45)

The Rajkumar of Pithapuram was in a gaily-coloured flowered sari, and Mrs. Shenoy wore green with a lovely emerald and diamond pendant. Mrs. V. Aravamudan of Coimbatore wore a dark brown sari with a red border. Mrs. D. Husein chose gold and white, and Begum Karanahall, wife of the Collector of Madras, a black sari with a deep gold border.

The Guild of Service held its annual meeting which was well attended, and many new members were enrolled. Four District Representatives arrived; Mrs. Varghese from Trichinopoly, Mrs. Jagannathan from Chingleput, Mrs. John from Tinnevely, and Mrs. Mastern from the Nilgiris. The Raja Sahib of Kollengode was also present. The speakers were excellent, one of the best speeches being made by Sir A. Lalshamsawami Mudaliar. Mrs. H. K. Philip also spoke very well. It was, unfortunately, the last meeting to be attended by Lady Leacock and Mrs. Maynard. Mrs. Maynard has done great service for the Guild and was one of the founder members. Lady Nye was dressed in a white frock with a blue toque hat and gloves. Lady Leach wore pale grey and Mrs. Maynard brown. Among others present were the Yavarni of Pithapuram, Begum Amir-ud-Din, Mrs. A. Graves, Mrs. A. J. Platt, Mrs. H. S. Town, Mrs. J. Balliwala, Mrs. Kuntal Kaman and many other Indian and European ladies.

Parties

General and Mrs. Wade gave a very large cocktail party as a farewell to General and Mrs. Wade is going to Delhi to the Military Representative on the Defence Services Nationalisation Committee. His successor, General Chambers, was there, as well as several officers from the Manchester Regiment who were on leave and a party at which they received their Colours which had been taken to England in the early part of the war and had been brought back. Others at the party were: Mr. Capt. Alex. M. Aley and the Misses Aley, Mr. Edwards, Resident of the Southern States, Mrs. Edwards, Cmdr. Letch, Col. Wilcock and Col. and Mrs. Howell.

We have to offer our congratulations to two new mothers this month, first, to Daphne Crawley, who has had a lovely daughter, and, secondly, to Pamela Campbell-Cook who has had a son. Daphne is better known as Daphne Mockett. Pamela arrived in Madras not so long ago. We are all delighted to hear of the wedding of Mr. E. M. Gwynne to Miss Muriel Henderson in England. Mr. Gwynne has been in Madras for many years and this will be a great surprise to his friends. We must also offer our

(Continued on page 61)



Brigadier T. N. Smith, Commander, Bombay Sub Area, delivering his address on the occasion of the presentation of a saluting gun to the Idar State on behalf of the C.-in-C., B.E. Field-Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck. Standing on the right is H.M. the Maharaja of Idar.

Continued with the Anglo-Polish Ballet and while in Italy she met her future husband who was then in command of a fighter wing.

Down from Secunderabad is Gr/Capt. India. He is a member of the Committee of World R.A.F. Camp; with him is his attractive wife, Betty, and their seven-year-old daughter, Jackie. Gr/Capt. Isherwood is from New Zealand and has played for the All Black; his wife is very slim and dark haired with very light blue eyes.

Their many friends in Bombay will be interested to hear the latest news of the Lomaxes who are meantime on leave in England, having spent some time in Paris in Canada and California. They travelled to England from New York by the "Queen Elizabeth" and was very thrilled with conditions on board, even to the champagne 1945 vintage. Mr. Lomax has now accepted a position as "Automatic Engineer" to the Venezuelan National Telephone Company and he and his wife were to sail from Southampton at the end of January for Trinidad. Before they were to fly to Caracas.

Looking At Britain

(Continued from page 49)

15th Punjab Regt., to marry Valerie Littleale of Mill Hill; Guernsey is the spot chosen for the marriage of Mr. G. A. Graham and Barbara d'Anvers, only daughter of the late Major Collings, 5/15th Sikh Regt.; Lt.-Col. Higgins is to marry Betty Janeen, daughter of Mr. Justice and Mrs. Pakenham-Walsh of Rangoon; Assamites will remember A. J. W. Hockenhill, who has announced his engagement to Doreen Harrison of Leeds; Capt. Neville Rustat Kirby, late 5th Mahratta Light Infantry, is to marry the elder daughter of W.C. Foster; a naval occasion was the betrothal of Lt. Les. R.N., elder son of Col. E. H. Lea, T.A., and Miss P. A. Thoschy of Canterbury.

And More...

Major Peter MacCurach, 3rd Cavalry, is to marry Diana Walsh of London; J. R. Maxwell Lefroy is to marry Rosemary Bramley, one of the famous Vaughan-Morgan clan; Major Myers, 8th Gurkha, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Myers of Katraighat, Bihar, is engaged to Anne Margaret, younger daughter of Major and the Hon. Mrs. Orpen of Eaton Place, S.W.1.; the son of the late Mr. Charles Nicolson of Ceylon is marrying the widow of S/Lt. Donaldson, D.S.O., A.F.C.; Capt. C. W. Peach, Gurkha Rifles, is marrying Miss Crowfoot Bromley, H.A. Pinnell is engaged to Celia Helen Hardy, whose father was in the I.C.S.; Michael Porter of Dighoi is to marry the elder daughter of F. T. V. Walsh, late of Lahore University; and Mary Brooke-Edwards, whose father you will remember as a crack tennis player, and whose mother is now Lady Chisham, is engaged to Michael Radcliffe.

Do you remember Mr. A. G. P. Pullan of the Allahabad High Court? His son, who is in the Colonial Civil Service, is engaged to Mrs. Cynthia Little; Tony Slater, R.C.N., whose father was in the Indian Army, is to marry Barbara Jean Hunt; Julian Silvester, whose parents used to live in Ceylon, is to marry Peter Dudley-Mait of Cnagwell;

After the monotonous succession of India's



Major Thomas Bravine, 19th K. G. V's O. Lancs, is to marry Audrey, twin daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, the Residency, Lahore; Lt.-Col. P. I. Wallace, D.S.O., Dogra Regt., is to marry the widow of S/Lt. Sawyer, Capt. Tice, Bahelchir, is engaged to Peggy Lloyd; Capt. Watkins, R.I., is to marry M. A. Leck, Q.A.I.M.N.S.; the only daughter of Major-General Sir Patrick Bheir, K.C.I.L., is to marry Mr. Webb; Lt.-Col. Weid, R.I.A.S.C., late the 2nd (Cheshire)

Regt., will marry another nurse, Ruthen Evans, and, to wind up, Cecil Douglas Wyldie is engaged to Mayzie, widow of Capt. Brynford Jones, and step-daughter of the late John Cumming, Agricultural Engineer in Sind.

The only golden wedding to cast your mind back to was in 1896, at Walbais, when George de la Philippe, P.W.D., married Catherine Beale of Ireland, and the only silver one was at Malabar Hill, when R. E. Fryer married Alice Napier Jervels. They now live in Yateley.

The month's marriages in England have included those between Major E. D. Allen, late Dogra Regt., and Dorothy Rowntree; Niall Baird, son of "Dolly"

Baird, and Susan Davidson; Lt.-Col. Shobh. Munshi Chitani, O.B.E., Rajputana Rifles, and Mrs. Constance Fraser (nee Ogden), in London; R. G. Hopkins and Aileen Purrell-Gillpin; at Bramley, Kent Major S. H. H. Mills, late I.P., and Mary Patricia Leach; at Easton Hall, Jabez James Arthur Johnson of Bury and South India married Enid Mayson Burke of Taunton and South India; Major Jones, the Dogra Regt., was married at a double wedding to the daughter of the late M. L. Waring, I.C.S.; and Sutton was chosen for the wedding of Capt. Newman, Parachute Regt., whose father used to be a doctor in Lahore, and Elizabeth Graydon.

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Equitation in India

(Continued from page 20)

difficult to start with, few until a horse can jump that properly there is not the slightest use of going any higher. Wings should not be used, as we, unfortunately, don't find such handy aids when riding in the open country. The horse should be used to increase the momentum as he goes the fence and to jump off his hands. A bar laid on the ground on either side of the jump teaches the horse to spread himself and ensures the clearing of that nasty ditch which may be on the other side of the fence.

Freedom of Movement

When it comes to moving the horse to continue the jumping lessons the golden rule should be "head and loose rein." The horse needs freedom of his head and neck to regain his balance and cannot jump well if there is a weight bearing down on his loins. The horse should be presented to the fence at a controlled canter and the impetus increased up to the actual take-off. Contact with the horse's mouth should be maintained throughout the jump by following the movements of the head with the hands. The reins should not be allowed to slip through the hands, as sometimes advocated, as this means gathering them up again and loss of contact on landing. The body should be well forward and balanced, with the stirrup leathers vertical and taut. The position of the legs should not change, as a forward movement of the legs throws the rider's weight on the horse's forelegs and a backward movement upsets the balance of the rider and may be dangerous if the horse pecks on landing. Using the forward seat enables the rider to keep his weight in the same place throughout the jump and on the part of the horse most able to carry it.

A snaffle should always be used when teaching a horse to jump, as there is less danger of spoiling his confidence in the rider with this type of bit. The horse should go away from the jump after landing as quietly as he approached. There may be some excuse for a refusal, such as lameness, or feeling off-colour, but the rider is to blame if the horse runs out. A horse should be taught to jump any part of the fence at which he is put and as training progresses the fences can be made narrower until they are as wide as they are high. At a recent exhibition in England eight jumps, each composed of a sword stuck in the ground, were successfully negotiated by a rider on a horse without a bridle. But this is perfection and calls for specialised training. Jumping in India should be made a feature of a horse's training. It is remarkable how few horses will jump even a narrow ditch without a click or falter. This is strange when we know that the average horse clears



"O K we can let 'em go now, no holes around here"

a distance of about 12 feet when he goes over quite a small jump.

There are various schools of thought and much has been written on the question of timing when to take off on approaching a jump. In the majority of cases timing is best left entirely to the horse, which if properly schooled, will make a far better job of it. Jumping is an absolutely natural movement of the horse, but as it is also a strenuous one we rarely see a horse jumping by himself. To punish a horse in front of a jump is worse than useless as he will immediately associate the obstacle with the punishment and will be apprehensive when he comes to a jump in future.

Mental relaxation is necessary for both horse and rider as a horse seems to sense when the rider is weighing up his chances of coming down. The horse should not be confused with any unnecessary interference or movement during the approach, the period of suspension or the landing, as he has quite sufficient to think about in getting himself and his rider safely over. The law of self-preservation is strong in a horse and he has no more inclination to fall or hurt himself than has his rider. When a horse, which usually jumps quite freely, refuses a jump, try and find out the reason before blaming and punishing the horse. Perhaps he is lame or has a

sore mouth, or maybe he did not understand what was required. If he appears to be all right, let him see the jump and if you are certain that it is quite within his ability go quietly back and try again.

With a little determination and use of the legs he will usually jump it. Preliminary schooling is recommended as a trained horse which understands the aids learns to jump in less time than the green colt. The time spent in the riding school will be well repaid when it comes to teaching a horse to jump. Care should be taken not to ask a horse to jump something which is beyond his ability and training. He may do it once but the loss of confidence will greatly retard his future education. Horses which set out to break the world's high jump record usually finish up by refusing to jump at all, as they develop a fear of landing from a great height. A horse should be tried over all kinds of obstacles and not kept to the usual made-up fences. It is surprising the number of articles which can be converted into jumps and besides the various obstacles encountered on a country ride a few sacks filled with dried leaves and piled on top of each other make a formidable looking but inexpensive jump.

If a horse is inclined to rush his fences a few lessons over a series of small jumps, set about 12 feet apart, will teach

him to take things easier. Trotting over the same jumps helps to develop the horse's balance and to make him jump from the hocks. The horse should be rewarded and encouraged when he jumps well and care should be taken not to overdo the lesson as jump-og is a severe strain on an undeveloped animal. When a satisfactory performance has been achieved over small jumps the height can be increased but at the first sign of distress go more slowly and if necessary necessary reduce the size and height. Fences with bushy tops tend to make a horse careless as he soon knows that he can brush the top six inches and except for an occasional variety this type of obstacle should not be used. The motto for schooling a horse is jumping should be never too fast and never too high.

Shikar Stories

THE Editor will be very pleased to receive for consideration shikar stories and photographs as well as news of the activities of Hunts from Hunt Secretaries. Any contributions sent by Hunt Secretaries on the season's Hunt activities will be most welcome.

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A Married Man Thanks His Old Loves

(Continued from page 29)

breathless enthusiasm of an awakening mind. You were swept away by everything. I could do little but be beside you and watch you in amazement.

You dragged me across London to look at a Gipsy; you dragged me out of London to sit by the river and read the "Complete Angler" aloud. We found the Sibyllus Second Symphony together. You told of this, but there was always that. You taught me to keep alive, never to take things for granted.

You, my dear second choice, were nothing but a pretty piece of poppinquity. You stayed with us for three months when your parents were abroad. You went to join your parents in India and our grief was grandiloquent. But, by the time you'd reached Aden, I knew what you'd taught me—just to distrust good old, bad old poppinquity.

From you, my dear number three, I learned courage. I never took you very seriously and was far too young to realise that what was mere happy moonshine to me was your utter devotion. I blundered on, I remember, hurting you more every time I kissed you in a

taxi or on a dark lawn between dances. And then I said, yes, "Cheerio" was the word, I think, I used. I saw your eyes and I've never forgotten them. I met you several times afterwards. You were magnificent in the laughter with which you greeted me. "One day," I said to myself, "I hope I'll have the courage to take a knock like she did."

I got my knock all right, and, while I wanted to run away whimpering, I remembered, I fluster myself that nobody ever knew about it but you, my only serious affair. You were older than me—quite ten years. You were widowed. You were the most lovely, fastidious, assured thing that I'd ever seen. Worldly? Of course. That was what knocked me flat on my back. You'd been everywhere, done everything. We fell in love. "No," you said. "Yes, yes, yes," I cried. I beat you. "I'll never marry you, my dear," you said. I said, "I don't care—but don't go away—ever."

What did you teach me in a few months? Reserve, certainly, a beautiful tranquillity in the midst of chaos, how to look at life in the piece, what to do with it. You put out on me. I hated you for it then. I love you for it now.

It took me a long time to get over you. There wasn't any rebound. There was, in time—well, you know what there was, you know who was next. Ours wasn't a romantic relationship.

We never really fell in love. I think we might have if you hadn't been the person you were—or held the ideas you did.

I thought you secretive at first, could never get near you. You didn't come running to tell me things. You were very much a person on your own. You held down a good job, had your own flat, your friends, your life. I thought you secretive until I discovered that it was a dread of being possessed. You intrigued me enormously, because you seemed to belong so intensely to yourself. We were the very best of friends for a long, long time. We asked no questions and were told no lies.

You taught me, maybe, the most important thing of all. From you I learned the primary truth that we do belong to ourselves, that we must control ourselves, that passiveness is suffocation, that the term "two people together" is so infinitely more worth while than "a couple."

You, whom I met in that blessed boat, were, in a sense, a menace. You were quick, and civilised, and hard, and rather greedy. You were essentially a hedonist, but a very delightful one. The ridiculous moon shone through an absurd warm sky. You said laughingly: "But what does anything matter? There's only now, always will be. Let's take now."

You could do it, I couldn't. You

stripped off the gangway with a neat, finished little affair behind you; I dragged down it with a sense of ineffectual frustration and despair. You could fashion and finish episodes. I made preludes of them.

I'm just about at the end of the list. It is too long as "past" for a man of 44? Better this, I feel, than no past at all, for first loves so rarely turn out to be last loves. Whereas last loves are necessarily, I believe, last loved. So there remains just you. Maybe I'm going to be a bit rude, but it's only honest to tell you that, by allowing you what I didn't want, you helped me to realise what I did. I thought I wanted you when I should have been old enough to know better. You were just beautiful. "You had beauty and an incomparable sense of the *mi-en-scene*. Your dress was exquisite. You had, in a word—glamour."

When the car broke down in Epping Forest and we had to walk a mile in the rain, you were—sorry, sweet—grutesque.

That's all. As a result of you, my old loves, I married my new love. I knew her for my wife within a week of meeting. There were no catches. I knew the pitfalls, could assess the virtues. I married her. I'm happy with her. And, for that great happiness, I say—thank you again, old loves of mine.



New RECORDS

ETHEL SMITH
I got Rhythm—Fox Trot (From "Girl Crazy") DB 50001
Liza—Fox Trot (From "Show Girl")

OSCAR NATZKE (Bass)
(a) The Drunken Sailor, (b) Rio Grande,
(c) Billy Boy; Out where the Big ships go DB 30274
NELSON EDDY (Soprano)

Strange Music
I love you
(Both from "Song of Norway") DB 30275
FRANK SINATRA

Day by Day
You are too Beautiful DB 30276
EVELYN DALL

I wanna get married—Pis. 1 & 2
(Both from Film: "Follow the Girls") FB 60000
VERA LYNN

Old Folks at Home
Star Dust (Film: "Star Dust") FB 60003
BING CROSBY

It's been a long long time
Whose dream are you DB 50004
JUDY GARLAND with VICTOR YOUNG & his Orchestra

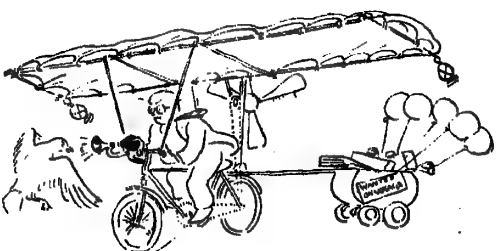
This Heart of Mine
Love
(Both from Film: "Ziegfeld Follies") DB 50005
LOU PRAEGER & his Orchestra

First Floor Jump & Third Floor Jump
FELIX MENDELSSOHN & his Hovellon Sorenders FB 40847

Beautiful Dreamer (Film: "Swanee River")
A million Moons over Hawaii FB 40643



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The Advent Of The Governess.

(Continued from page 39)

mean vague within, "knowing her way aboutness than the night, if you follow what I mean, say boy."

Well, this in itself was a challenge no teacher could ignore and the number of calls at the Doc's bungalow first set him and his wife thinking how cunning people they were. But soon the good man and his spouse found themselves "holding the baby" while the Governess was whisked to this dance and that, and was unceremoniously deposited on their doorstep at this or that (mostly that) "one and a half hour of the moon, ye han." Which, in time, increased the Doc's perspective, but did his temper little good.

Inside a month, however, most of the large field of eastern had come unstock at one fence or another along the course and the event had found down to yet another of those England-Scotland sporting clashes which contrive any land in which Scot and Sassenach live side by side in tolerable amity, if also in constant rivalry. Those to whom a courageous, high-spirited, dashing colt proves ever irresistible, put their money on young Peter Chase and were confident he would register a comfortable win for the Old Country. But the disconcerting fact that Jamie Hunter, the Older Country's shrewd representative, could offset his rival's superficial advantages by a Bank Account, and they were willing to put their shilts on Peter eventually finding himself cheque-mated.

A curious feature of the deal was that the protagonists had never met. Each worked and played in a different circle, each was prepared to take up the running only in that circle. How the deal would have worked out had not "Fiddle Fats" taken a hand, there is no knowing. But it became known that the "Powers-that-

be" had again unexpectedly transferred the Civil Surgeon at short notice. Obviously something would have to be done or the Governess would leave too. Battle was joined on Mary Linklater's last week-end in the district—a week-end she had elected to spend with Bob Beattie and his wife on their estate, adjacent to that which Hunter managed.

Peter Chase, knowing his cause in peril, acted very early on that Sunday morning. He phoned to ask if Mary would come out for a drive with him. He had, he said, something important to discuss with her. Mary said she couldn't think what it was Peter wanted to discuss with her, but she would be delighted to go out for a drive. Being somewhat lazy about the route Peter should take to reach the Beatties' bungalow, she felt he could easily get there by taking people whom he would meet along the main road. Peter proposed to arrive at 10-30 and Mary said she would be ready and waiting. Which, in fact, she continued to do while the hands of the clock moved inexorably, though with exasperating lethargy, from 10-30 to 11-00.

And then the phone tinkled again. This time it was Jamie Hunter with an invitation to spirit cold drinks and a *late-a-late* at the Club. He had, he said, something important to discuss with her. Mary said she couldn't think what it was Jamie wanted to discuss with her, and ordinarily there was nothing she would have liked better than a *late-a-late* at the club but, unfortunately, she had another date—at least she was not quite sure since it was already 40 minutes past the time of rendezvous. Jamie said that any man who could keep a girl like her waiting 40 minutes, deserved no consideration whatsoever. Finally he persuaded the girl to promise that if she was still waiting

when he reached the bungalow she should leave a message and join him to it "the first time." Whereupon, taking no chances, Jamie rushed into his car and had him for the Beatties' bungalow.

He was doing so on the main road and had still to travel a few hundred yards before he would have, as turn on to the obscure garden road leading to the Beatties', when he was hailed by a motorist travelling in the opposite direction. Only Jamie's meticulous observance of road etiquette prevented him from ignoring the call. He found himself addressed by a very apologetic somewhat bewildered, young man who said he had spent over an hour trying to find his way to the Beatties and could Jamie put him wise. Hunter said he'd be delighted. He proceeded to give the young man explicit directions.

"Thanks. Thanks most awfully old chap. Very decent of you," said grateful Peter.

"No need to thank me," Jamie suavely replied. And, indeed, he spoke no more than truth though Peter Chase, blinding along many miles of bad road at imminent peril of being bogged one minute and being bounced into puddly faths the next, was not to know it until he reached the estate to which he had been directed.

And that, thought Jamie should take care of him for the best part of the forenoon. He then whipped into Bob Beattie's estate, contacted Mary, bore her off to the Club, and there spent an hour telling her how next to impossible it was for an assistant to marry and how after he had become a manager he had wanted to meet the right girl. He might have speeded up his carefully rehearsed proposal had he remembered that a young man in love can cover an awful lot of ground in incredibly short time. As it was Peter arrived at the Club a trifle too soon for Jamie.

A trifle too late, thought Peter, seeing the two of them sitting together as close as two ticks of a clock. Expressing in his gut the strong emotion he otherwise sought to suppress, Peter strode towards them. His presence at this inopportune hour seemed to give Mary a pain in the neck. There was real acidity in her tones as she spoke. "Thanks for keeping your appointment so punctually, Peter. By the way, have you met Mr. Hunter?"

"Have we met?" growled Peter, looking as friendly as a hornet's nest.

Jamie eyed the intruder blandly. "Why, of course! You're the chap who wanted to know the way to Jock

Home West

Cold and long are the nights of winter,
And I dread the dreary, sunless days,
The fog and the rain, the muddy pavements,
The cities half hidden in grimy haze

I dream of a starlit night in the tropics,
With the Scorpion trailing across the sky,
Venus low on the Western horizon,
Polaris, star of the North, on high.

I long for the crisp, cool dawns of the Punjab,
When the wind blows fresh from the mountain snows,
The sunlight over the river and jungle,
The garden gay with the English rose.

I miss the pleasant and willing service,
The melting omelette, the rich pilau,
The Kashmir pears and the Quetta peaches
How luscious and sweet they seem to me now!

Blood that was thinned by heat and fever
Runs frigid and slow through each hardening vein,
I shiver beside an empty fireplace,
And long to get back to the East again

"Yasmar"

Beattie's bungalow. Get there alright? "I got to Jock Beattie's—eventually. But it was his brother's house I had been looking for."

"By Jove I'm sorry! But as you were practically opposite Bob's place when you spoke to me I naturally thought you must be wanting to meet Jack."

"Naturally!" Peter commented dryly. Jamie grinned good naturedly, one who disdained pulling a fast one—still hoped no ill feeling would result. Peter, beginning to see the humour in this brigand opposite him, grinned back. But the Governess had not interrupted this man to man exchange and was all acerbity. "You have no right to quarrel with Mr. Hunter's word, even if he's wrong. Peter! If you cannot behave better I suggest you leave."

Now both Jamie Hunter and Peter Chase, all unknown to the other, and each thinking himself entirely original—as lovers will—had spent so successive evenings bellowing in their baths the words, if not altogether the melody, of the refrain which runs

'Kind kind and gentle is she,
And is my Mary'

So as came as something of a shock to both to discover that the purring puss cooped up in their idealistic dreams could so easily become a spitting, scratching tabby. Each, unconsciously, glanced at the girl's hands and saw for the first time the long sharp pointed nails, blood red as if the gore from previous victims had congealed there! In that moment each began to ask himself a question. Each seemed to get the right answer.

Said Jamie trying to ease the tension "By the way, I heard just now that a mad dog had been seen on the road you travelled. Meet it by any chance?"

Said Peter, with a grin that robbed repulse of any sting. "No, all I met on the road this morning was a dirty dog. He was about a quarter of mile."

"Grand!" rejoined Jamie. He turned to the Governess. "You'll excuse us, Mary?"

All bets were off when word got about that the Governess had left the district—but not with the Civil Surgeon's family. Like Chase and Hunter, the Doc wasn't going to make the same mistake twice. Unlike them he did not pass the next few months bellowing in his bath if he words if not altogether the melody, of the refrain which runs

"A bachelor gay am I,
Though I've suffered from Caput a Dart

But never, I vow, will I



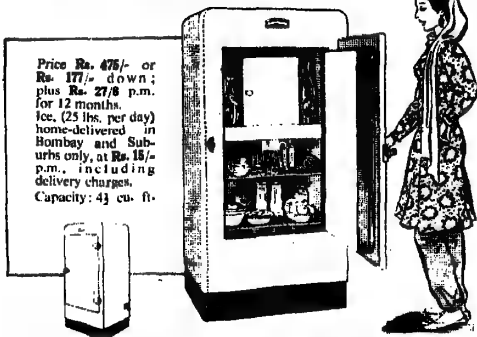
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Bridge Corner

Safety Planning

By "Horatius"

JUST as there is more than one way
of killing a cat, so there is usually
more than one way of planning the
play. The declarers should try to
discover the safest of them. In the
following hand, Sam was in something
of a quandary with his three No Trumps
bid, his problem being to make his
quinta before jerking in the opponents on
an established suit.

S 10 9 6 3		D A K 2 5 4 3		C 7	
H K 2		DUMMY		S Q 3 4	
H 1 0 0 0 4		L		H Q 8 5 3	
D Q J 10		L		H 9 6	
C 8 6		SAM		C A 10 9 5	

Jill opened with the knave of Hearts
and Sam won with dummy's Ace. With
only one remaining Heart guard and no
time to develop both minor suits, Sam
found the only way out of the dilemma.
He led dummy's only Club. If Jack had
gone up with the Ace, contract would
have been safe with five Clubs, two

Hearts, two Diamonds and a Spade.
But Jack ducked and Sam won. He
now led a Diamond and allowed Jill to
hold the trick. The Heart was led and
the suit established, but now Sam was
secure, with five Diamonds, two Hearts,
a Club and a Spade. Simple, but would
you have discovered the proper develop-
ment of the Diamonds after taking a
"sneak" trick in Clubs.

"Onlooker" Problem

Sam has the contract in Six Spades
against which the Queen of Hearts is
opened. How does he make his con-
tract?

S 9 7 6 4		DUMMY		S None	
H 8 6 5		L		H 4 3	
D A K 8 3		L		D Q J 7 4 2	
C A 8 7		SAM		C Q J 5 4 3 2	
S 10 9 8 3		DUMMY		S None	
H 10 9 5 2		L		H 4 3	
D 10		L		D Q J 7 4 2	
C 10 8		SAM		C Q J 5 4 3 2	
S A K Q 8 7		DUMMY		S None	
H 8 6 5		L		H 4 3	
D 9 5		L		D Q J 7 4 2	
C 9 8		SAM		C Q J 5 4 3 2	

(Solution on page 64)



Some of the members of the committee of the Assam Aram-Ghar, Shillong, which
was started by the Assam W.V.S. a few months ago as a free home for the post-hospital
care of disabled men of the Indian Fighting Forces. They are with some of the inmates
of the home. The group includes: (SITTING) Mrs. Bhatia, Mrs. Z. Rahman,
Mrs. Dileksh Taylor, Lady Denueky and Mrs. Khongmen; (STANDING) Mrs. Mehta,
Mrs. Delu-Nougere, Mrs. Small, Mrs. Campbell, Miss Ashe and Mrs. Ali Ahmed.

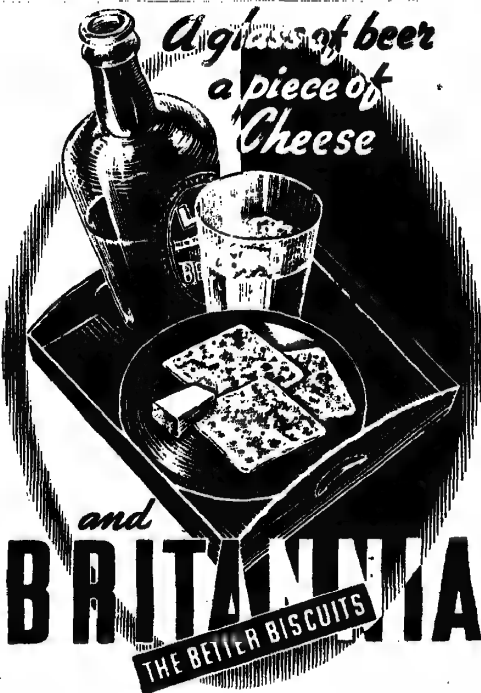
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keeps scalp healthy and roots
nourished. Be wise! Save
your hair by feeding it with
Silvikrin—and save Silvikrin
by using it carefully.



91-170-9



Madras Musings

(Continued from page 54)

congratulations to Miss Lucy Graves and Capt. Henry who were recently married in Madras at the Egnore Wesley Church. Lucy is the daughter of the late Mr. H. H. Graves. Two engagements have been announced this month: the first, that of John Reginald LeFevre of the Indian Police and Jean Adele Haddingham, whose father is Director of Fire Services in Madras; and, secondly, that of Kester Hood, son of Sir Hugh and Lady Hood, and Pamela Conran-Smith, daughter of Sir Eric and Lady Conran-Smith. Sir Hugh Hood has been for many years in Madras with the I.C.S.

Happy Function

A fancy dress dance was held at the

Adyar on New Year's eve, the first for many years. The lawn was most attractively decorated with a canvas house made to resemble an English country teahouse, and on the other side of the lawn was a bar which served hot rum punches and other seasonable drinks. All this was very cleverly fussed, and helped to make the party go with a swing. Lady Nye came in a large party with Mrs. Geoffrey Tud, and wore a charming yellow crystalline dress. It looked most authentic. Mrs. Tud looked very snappy as a waitress. Mrs. Claude Agate was also in the party, and it was nice to see him back in Madras. There were many lovely costumes, and it is hard to pick out the nicest ones. On the other hand there were many amusing ones, and I particularly noticed Mrs. Howell, cleverly disguised as a charlady. Mrs. L. A. Bishop came as "Flit" and Mrs. B. Lane as a Spanish

lady. There were many large parties, and in one of the largest was Mrs. D. N. Passmore looking sweeter as a Dutch girl. In the same party was her brother, Derek Jeffers, as a Puffin. Mrs. T. Manjo looked ravishing in a Russian peasant costume and the Forests and the Farles made a party of authentic-looking Hawaiians. Harold Stevens came as Ali Baba and his daughter, Delia, as a Tyrolean maid. It really was a wonderful party and there was great excitement at midnight, when it was announced that Mr. H. S. Town had received a knighthood. Both he and Mrs. Town were the recipients of many congratulations.

Among others to have figured in the New Year's Honours List was Mr. J. H. Brown, who topped the list with the K.C. I.E. He has an excellent record of service as Secretary to the Madras Government. Mr. G. P. Alexander and Mr. W. J. Threlfall both got the C.I.E.

dress with inlet of black lace and a large-brimmed black hat finished off with feathers. Bess has just come back from the U. K. Sitting in a box with the Yuvaraj of Pithapuram were the Maharaja Gajewar of Baroda and the Maharani Sita Devi who looked magnificent in a pale yellow sari embroidered with silver and wore large emerald earrings. The Maharaja and Maharani have recently been in Madras on a visit to the latter's relatives. In another box was Mrs. A. Hoffman, looking very neat in pale grey silk with a smart, white feathered hat. Mrs. R. Hunt wore flowered yellow silk with one of the latest berets in white. Just before the last Mrs. Archibald and Lady Nye again drove away in state after presenting the Governor's Cup to Sir Oliver Gurnestill who "Wanderer" had won it for the second time.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Town gave a large party to celebrate Mr. Town's knighthood at which there were well over two guests. Among them were Mrs. Louise Schuller, American Vice-Consul, dressed in pale blue silk made in an old-world style, Mrs. Gladys Wright in a flowered tulle dress and Mrs. Worfner who favoured black crew. Mrs. Town wore a black flowered brocade dress with a black chiton scarf thrown round her shoulders. Mrs. Small also looked smart in black. Mrs. G. P. Alexander wore a cream coloured silk dress with a smart high neckline.

Big Racing Day

Governor's Cup Day held its usual thrill for many race-goers and a lot of people who usually do not attend the races were there on that day, as it is always so colourful. Sir Archibald and Lady Nye arrived in state, escorted by the Governor's Bodyguard. There were many lovely outfits on this occasion and among them was Ben Castell, who looked most glamorous in a black chiton

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3x1 lb. tins Stanes Special Blend Leaf Tea ..	8 0 0
2x5 lb. box Do. Do. Do. ..	6 5 0
1x5 lb. box Blue Ensign Broken Pekoe Tea ..	12 13 0
4x1 lb. pkts. Do. Do. Do. ..	10 1 0
1x5 lb. box White Ensign Pekoe Souchong ..	12 13 0
1x5 lb. box Family Mixture Tea ..	12 13 0
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4x1 lb. pkts. Do. Do. Do. ..	10 11 0

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According To Plan

(Continued from page 29)

the year after year pattern they loved and whose seeds they collected and cherished in rusty cigarette tins and kept under their beds. You will plant the seeds I have bought and which are on the plan.

But what about the seeds? —that airy impertinence or condescension which usually means something much ruder. In two three days give

A week went by but still they said 'Ah—Ah—Ah'. After to days I began to notice they spent a lot of time being very tender with some beautifully made, raised seed beds hidden behind a hedge.

What seeds? I asked. A burble and complete inability to understand my correctly phrased two words.

WHAT SEEDS? MY seeds from Sahib's flowers—last year—long by rider for I am screaming to S. Good old chap said he. Very keen you know. Always collects them each year. Swears they're better than bought ones. Heist Black leg. Viper I yelled. You knew he'd do this and yet you told me to make a y Plan. You know I can't speak enough to be angry with him. Shout at him. Make him

plant my Plan. I rembling and thwarted, I rushed to fetch the anti-proof pantry tin which held my precious seed packets and the by now crumpled Tuckermoles. The two culprits smiling anxiously and quite sure of S's sympathy, were lined up and given those seeds which I prompted S were to be planted first, and then transferred to the border. I watched them sown. I watched them watered but they must have been poor seeds as they did not prosper like their flourishing neighbours from the cigarette tins.

I now began to fuss about the lay out of the border, the making of the little, raised walls and the artistic interlocking of the 16 odd internal beds. "That's your job," said S. "They're waiting for you to show them. I bet they were—waiting for a good laugh. They soon had it."

It had been arranged according to Plan that a certain small circular bed should have an inside cushion of yellow leprosy and a circle of coral astir rhinum. I showed them both the coloured lay out which as usual reduced them to collective hysteria. I gave them my two seed packets. By the time I came back from nipping a few Ipomoea strands the OG had slunk off, unable, I suppose, to keep a straight face. The UG announced

sternly, brooking no argument. "Leprosy, anti-anti-panes—My PANES!" I clanked my lamp and prayed "Panes NO. See Plan PANES OUT." I could hear S's continual warnings: he dignified, don't bully, be patient. But the boy was a sadist. He enjoyed deflating me. And he knew he had, seeds once sown in this gay sand are impossible to resist. I ignored his small trumpet and returned to dignity. "Tomorrow the long border will be sown. Here is beds, there is, there is. Early my seeds and my Plan I shall bring. Understood?" "But aside, and he took the rest of the morning off, merrily re-enacting the Pansy scene to the rest of the servants.

Next morning was hot and still. S left for the office. "Don't be too hard on them," he called out. "Remember they weren't trained at Kew and the OG, at any rate, grows lovely early-tomatoes." There seemed to be rather a crowd along the touchline of the long border. The OG and UG were there of course, and the OG's four grandchildren who hinder with the watering. The cook on his way to the banister had propped his bicycle against a handy new tree and was well to the front. The boxer who is the OG's son was looking after family interests: the chaparral happened to be passing at

the time and—just as I was taking staff—dishes and the wicker with his usual seasons tin and blanket were hanging about waiting—conspicuously waiting. It never there were quiches behind the hedge where their wives waited.

I walked firmly to the OG, "Seeds here are," and gave him the tin. Now the OG has, when he pleases, a spiritual condition. He has the expensive habits of a Duke, the calm head of a general, the intellect of a Garbo and sometimes, when he smiles, you can hear the switch of an angel's wing. Give him such hazy-hazy and you have the perfect, if a stout, Ambassador. With no air, therefore, this morning, radiant of top-ranking Rimbstein, he very gently handed me back the tin. His gesture towards the hedges. There were no hedges yet. Not one had been made. "The beds," I tapped my foot. "Why are the beds not made?"

I was in no mood for his diplomatic perambulations. He stroked his beard and twiddled. "Remember," he said, "Mammoth's Plan—Mammoth's beds—all correct will be." The UG gave me a long stick and indicated that I should begin marking out for the walls. I was appalled. I had no idea how to begin them or shape them or how to allow for their water-flooding. I was standing in full midlight, sweat seeped down my face. I felt very foolish. I played for time. "A hypothesis," I declared. It was brought in no time. I tried to divide the number of beds into the length and breadth of the border. I made little scratch marks at what I hoped were regular intervals, but the crowd pattered up and down with me and bare feet trod them out again. Each time I had too much or too little in hand so we surged back again.

(Continued on page 63)



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For Plan

(Continued from page 40)

It was a great moment when I had finished the first row and the U.G. stepped in as "Punch". I looked round the beautiful specimen. I looked round back then. The Public Park head-garden and two Club gardeners suddenly arrived by appointment, expected like birds of the very worst class came to the man who brings out water. I began to suspect gardeners could be dressed up outside the wall, rather in the style of upper-deck bus passengers as they skirt the Oval.

I tried to cheat and mark the second and third rows together. I became restless and drew fine white curves. The U.G. watched my stick and wagged a school-marm finger in clear fierce English he enunciated. "Like this," and pointed to my stick. He said one two three, each behind the other. With feet, infuriated hands and re-statched stick I smothered his beds and informed "I will NOT have a border like soldiers—like the Public Park Beds! (Head-gardener P.W.D. now my No. 1 enemy). All beds shall be different and, my word they were. By the time I'd laid down my stick I'd sown a dare-devil pattern like a skin of wool the cat had played with—and to sail with their water-works.

The seed tin was now passed along shoulder high through the delighted chattering crowd. The O.G. who was clearly having a day off from work used his hands to tell the U.G. that seed sowing was to be his job. I wondered why I was to be let off this tricky operation. Meanwhile seed was passed—Abdul will plant. Sweat and sup pressed tears had weakened the and Abdul had me well in his thall but I still wondered where the catch was. We progressed carefully and correctly for rights or cane beds and then came an intended operation of seed. Abdul held up an empty packet. "Khatana" he said. My anger soared up, snowed and 'cashed. Three more beds of that salmon claret. For one bed too much was sown. "Sub Abidina" said Abdul blandly. I meant to appeal to the O.G.



"Wizard being 'demobbed' and able to wear plain clothes again isn't it Brenda?"

That dozen of the Court if St. James was standing in his usual contemptuous humorously aloof attitude lifting his shirt and scratching his stomach. When I last came out this embarrassed me and then fascinated me. Today it had lost its charm. What I demanded of

him will go in these bare beds and in the bare beds that Abdul is certain to leave? The lashes swept up. His hands fluttered the sweet smile. If a much tried saint illumined, his golden face. I own nursery beds—Sahil flowers last year—MY SLITS

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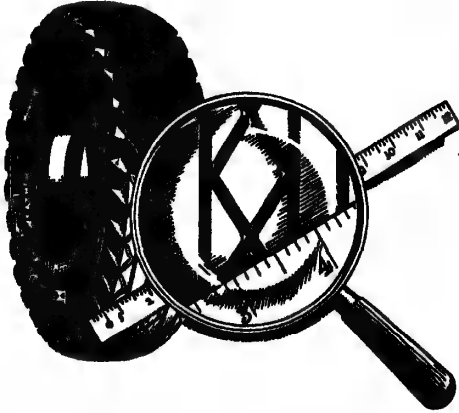
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GOOD YEAR
LEADERSHIP THROUGH RESEARCH

Bridge Solution.

Problem on page 66



Mullick

Bina, two year old daughter of F/Lt S. R. Mullick and Mrs. Mullick taken at Quetta. F/Lt Mullick is now with the British Commonwealth Occupation Forces in Japan.

SAM wins the first trick and leads the Ace of trumps to discover the bad news. He now makes his high Heart and dummy ruffs a third one. When Jack shows out on the Hearts as well Sam knows that Jill has ten cards in the major suits. He wins the next two tricks with dummy's high Diamonds. If Jill wins the second one by ruffing, any return enables Sam to draw the remainder of the trumps.

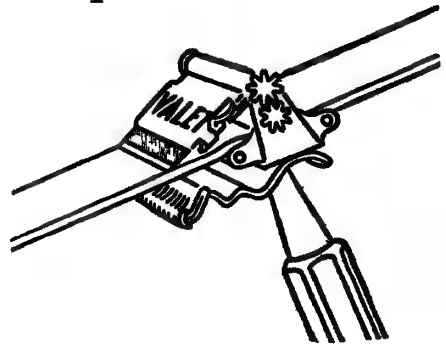
If she decides Jill is thrown in with a trump and whatever she returns Sam draws all the trumps and on the last of these Jack is squeezed and Sam wins the last two tricks with the nine of Diamonds and dummy's high Club or dummy's two Clubs.

Just A Small Indian Girl

She was a cute little thing with a turned up nose, A fat little tummy and turned in toes, Hair long and braided, and bleached by the sun, Her frock an apology, and a bandy run Great black eyes, a talkative tongue, A capacity for eating that none could shun Minx, angel, devil, ■ moulded in one, Just a small Indian girl with a load of fun

Beryl Andersen

The Valet razor strops itself and ...



every morning gives
an edge like new!

VALET BLADES No. 14 PER PACKET OF 5

Sunrise On The Red Sea

After a damp interminable night
Sweating within the cauldron, rises again
The orange orb, bobbing above the mirrored surface,
Resting a moment as to roll about the dancing floor,
A molten bowl seeking a set of ninepins,

A tanker, low, heavy from Abadan,
A sloop patrolling out of Massawa,
A pirate show between the desert shores,
A crowded trooper sweating up to Suez.

The breathless laden air quenched by the salty draught
Is reeking from the deadly fight of shark and dolphin,
And steaming now that parched above Arabian sands.
At the zenith above Mecca the arc Rameses moon
Palely hangs, burned out by late sail-flaming sunset.

Curse this long neck of grimly swallowing sea
That binds the East to West in savagery,
Mocking the pale-face fool who cooks his fate
To win the kinder grip of India's Gate.

B.P.L.

Here's A Health

(Continued from page 41)

Sherry, Madeira and port can all be drunk from similar glasses. They are usually rather long-w stemmed and the bowl may be cut to the rim, but no colours and keep to a simple shape.

Dinner. With dinner you may want your sherry glasses again or another set matching the rest of your dinner glass. For wine, goblets in quite a variety of designs are suitable. For the sparkling sorts have a taller glass than for the still types, but for champagne the height comes from the stem because the glass itself must be wide and shallow to allow the eager bubbles room to reach the surface without jostling one another on the way.

After dinner, perhaps you have port or Madeira. For liqueurs your smallest glasses except for brandy. The biggest baloon brandy glasses are really only an attraction to the eye, and a large tulip shape is quite sufficient to provide an adequate surface for the hands to warm and a big enough opening for the normal nose to inhale an ample bouquet.

Crossword Solution

Problem on page 47

- | | |
|-------------|--------------|
| 1. Timidly | 2. Infect |
| 3. Cablet | 4. Embist |
| 5. Confuses | 6. Lesson |
| 7. Hiking | 8. Baking |
| 9. Frocks | 10. Cloister |
| 11. Open | 12. Pours |
| 13. Ties | 14. Agnails |
| 15. Agatha | 16. Head |
| 17. Tenor | 18. Kilt |
| 19. Admiral | 20. Attribe |
| 21. Retire | 22. Attempt |
| 23. Bald | 24. Obese |
| 25. Asia | 26. Made |
| 27. Insure | 28. Drawled |
| 29. Tumble | 30. Rallies |
| 31. Littery | 32. Bitten |
| 33. Baggins | 34. Bureas |
| 35. Oddness | 36. Meals |

Coffee at the end of a meal is a very different drink from coffee with a meal. At the final stage of a good dinner it should be served as hot as possible in the thinnest china cups that can be obtained. A detachable silver saucer or other ornamental holder is one way of using a real egg-shell china cup with reasonable safety.

Collect your glass and china slowly. It's much wiser to buy gradually when you come across what you really want, than to lay in a variety in a hurry which you will learn to hate in the years go by. Good glass and china are worth good money, and a few more of each sort than you are likely to use in any one time will cover normal breakages for many years.

When you take your belongings away on leave or you get a change of station remember how the evvie treats a packing case, and get a special box lined with tissue which you should pack yourself or get a professional to do it for you. You can iron out the creases in your best frock, but nothing will put smashed glass back into service.

"51" the world's
most wanted
pen



● Preference for the Parker "51" is not only universal... it is overwhelming. For example, pen dealers throughout the United States recently named Parker the most-wanted pen by a margin of 3.37 to 1. More-wanted than all other leading makes combined. And reports from 11 other countries show it far ahead in public favor.

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Parker "51" Lustrous cap	Rs. 68	Rs. 31-0
Parker Major Vamatic	Rs. 67	Rs. 16-14
Parker Junior Vamatic	Rs. 31	Rs. 16-9

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cristallisée



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ATKINSONS



AP. 8-15

J. & L. ATKINSONS LIMITED, LONDON, ENGLAND

Beauty In South India

(Contd. from page 40)

the reduced to a paste is applied liberally and acts as a disinfectant and a mild depilatory. Actual depilatories are closely guarded secrets.

Home-Made Aids

Should the face require a complexion mask, cuscus seeds are ground smooth

with milk, put on and allowed to remain for a while. This forms an effective face mask which can be removed with hot water.

The eyes are then washed with rose water with a drop or two of lime juice and juice from the flowers of *Marigold* water. It is at this stage that kohl is applied. The kohl of Southern India is an entirely home made product, each family having its own pot recipe. This black paste is made by soaking a three-inch square cloth in lime juice and passing it out to dry in the sun. It is then torn into fine strips to form wicks. These wicks are arranged on a brass lamp filled

with the best gingelly oil and quenched on their edges from the flame by holding. A clean copper plate is then put over the bricks. The lamp is lit and when sufficient soot has collected over the plate (a little soot, by the way, goes a long way) it is scraped off and made into paste with fresh cow's butter. This paste is put on the brows and lashes with a match stick or the tip of the little finger. Kohl emphasizes the beauty of the features and is supposed to stimulate the growth of the lashes and cool the eyes.

Tooth-powders are made at home too. Some of the best known ones are paddy husk, almond and cocconut

shell, cheap and easily procurable, and incorporated with saffron, pepper and red pepper, essential and aromatic oils. These powders have been used by native people for centuries and are still in vogue. The tender velvet of the new hair, peeled and flayed at sun and.

For a charcoal or every meal, gently as strengthen the teeth and partly to avoid the lips and tongue. Hair is not shaved and the crown is left as it is. Hair leaves are ground in a paste with a little water and lime juice, applied to each nail and the palms of the hands where it is left till the colour becomes vivid and its permeability is increased.

Background of Tradition



Wood has always played an important role in Indian architecture. From earliest times, Devanagari is wood has been used and used that the evolution and emphasis of Indian art can be followed a wood usage.

Wood too plays a very important part in the maturing of Whisky. Solan Whisky is matured in wood (sherry casks) for years and not a drop is sold until it is matured to PERFECTION. By its uninterrupted tradition of quality Solan No. 1 is considered a masterpiece of careful distillation. It has held an annual award of merit certificates since 1936 by the Royal Institute of Public Health and Hygiene London also a special award of a silver seal, a unique distinction among indigenous whiskies.

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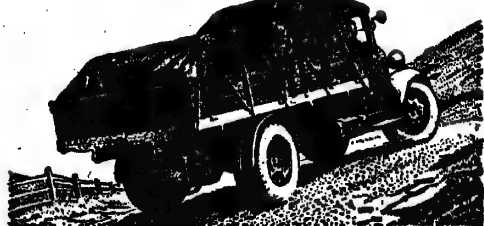
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women**



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Pearl Dust
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There was a great stir among all the Beasts as to which could boast the largest family. When they came to the Lioness they asked, "How many do you have at one birth?" "One", said she grimly, "but that one is a Lion!" AÆSOP'S FABLES

THERE are lots of whiskies in the world—but only *one* Seagram's V. O. Canadian Whisky. The simple water test—which reveals the true nature of any whisky—will quickly prove the *difference*.

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CANADIAN WHISKY

It's lighter...It's better for you!



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TIGHT - TO CLEAN
TEETH RIGHT!**

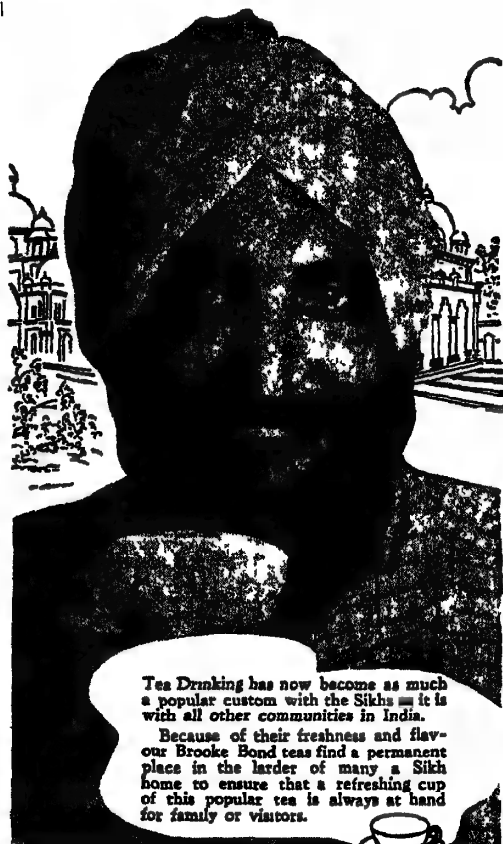
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NYLON tufts — "anchored" to stay
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reach every nook and cranny where
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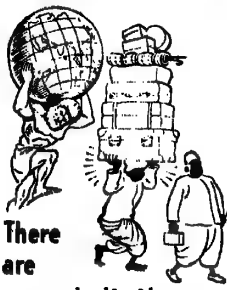
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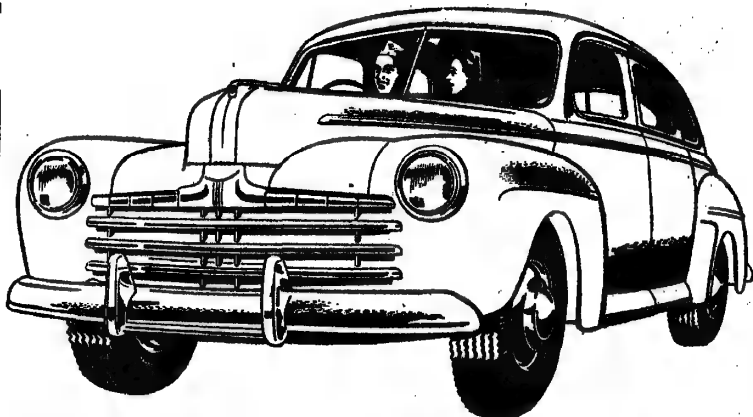
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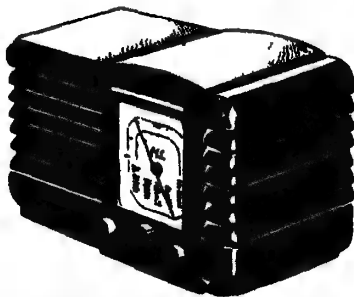
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Keep **COOL** and **FRESH**
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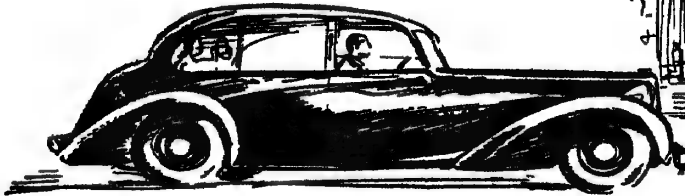
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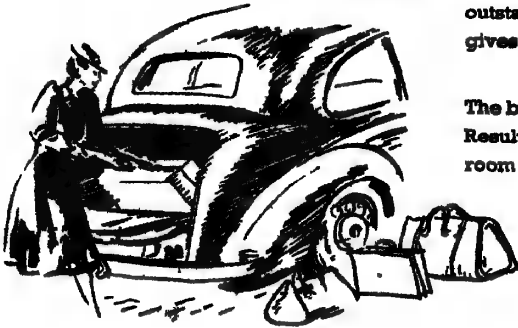
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FEATURES OF THE NEW 2½ LITRE

Daimler



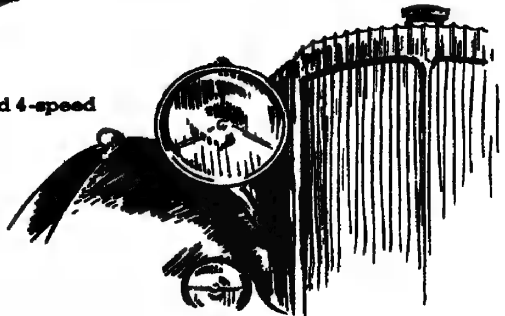
Tremendous power under the bonnet will cruise at a cool, unconcerned 70 m p h with throttle in reserve Acceleration outstanding — water-heated induction system gives flying start from cold



The bodywork has had 'slimming' treatment Result — very generous interior width and head room, more luggage space too All-leather upholstery Use of curved glass allows of thin doors with concealed hinges body pillars slim — whole field of vision widened

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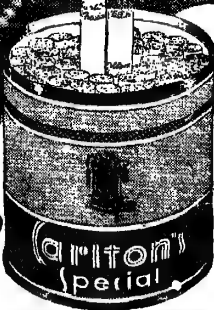


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WTK 109



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INCORPORATED IN NEW ZEALAND

A WAIT OFF THEIR MINDS



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Murree,
come along
and join us"



"I've a party just starting and we want you.
You're just the bright and cheery
influence to make it go. So come right along,
just as you are - your usual sparkling self."

Murree
BEER

THE BEER WITH THE SMILE IN IT

BREWED & BOTTLED BY

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Bridal Beauty...

Like the first flush of the morning sun on a rose petal, make-up on a young face should be of flawless purity. Making up for the first time with Snowfire English beauty preparations is a step that can ensure beauty for years. Keep your skin clean and soft with Snowfire Cold Cream. Protect and nourish it with Snowfire Vanishing Cream before powdering. If your skin is moist, use Snowfire Powder Cream and dust lightly with Snowfire Face Powder.




Snowfire


Other Snowfire Preparations include


- ★ Lipsticks ★ Rouge
- ★ Wave Setting Lotion
- ★ Hand Jelly





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Quality—value for

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When one of his Goats strayed from the herd, the Goatherd in temper threw a stone, breaking off one of the Goat's horns. Alarmed, he begged the Goat not to tell his master. To which the Goat replied, "Oh, foolish one, my horn will tell the story though I say not a word."

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TRY THIS SIMPLE WATER TEST

1. Add good, pure drinking water (plain or soda) to an ounce or two of Seagram's V. O. Canadian Whisky. Now, breathe in that tempting, inviting bouquet.

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CANADIAN WHISKY



It's lighter... It's better for you!



SHAPED JUST RIGHT - TO KEEP TEETH BRIGHT!

remember to make it a

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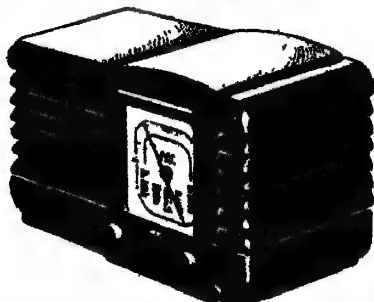
In among the crevices, cleaning every corner, SPA gets right down to the job 'Springy' long-lasting NYLON tufts—anti-soggy—here's a toothbrush that really *will* last longer and clean teeth cleaner!

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Beauty's splendour—
is the glory
of a
healthy skin

Personal beauty depends very largely on a lovely skin and only a healthy skin can achieve the glory of skin loveliness. Rexona not only keeps the skin healthy but also helps to create skin beauty because it is medicated with CADYL, a new scientific compound of antiseptic skin nourishing oils. The rich, foaming, *quick starting* lather of Rexona carries this skin caring CADYL deep into the pores of the skin, soothing and beautifying it. Rexona, the only soap medicated with CADYL, protects the skin from blemishes, promotes skin health and creates that skin beauty which every woman desires so much.

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*CADYL in Rexona, is a special compound of antiseptic, healing and nourishing oils which in emollient



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"These busy days I'm usually ~~unhappy~~
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to keep skin smooth"

says

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CHARMING daughter of the East and Goddess of Whimsy, Lady Diana is a true "English" beauty, with her regularly fair skin, blue eyes and light-brown hair. Of Pond's Cream she says: "They are a wonderful help to any woman because they make it so easy to keep skin smooth, to ward off ugly blemishes and to have a fresh, healthy complexion no matter how busy one is!"



Analysis of LADY DIANA STUART-WORTLEY'S features

- (1) **Shape of Face** Round with a slightly pointed chin and broad smooth brow
- (2) **Eyes** Large, almond-shaped deep blue in colour—the skin round them willingly smooth and supple
- (3) **Nose** Straight and charmingly formed, the skin very white and free from blackheads and coarse pores
- (4) **Mouth** Not large but generously curved, with an attractively short upper lip
- (5) **Color** Clean-cut and soft, with delicate, unblemished every skin
- (6) **Hair** Sleek, brown with golden light, worn in a long "bob"



Creates fulfil all your skin's needs! They cleanse and lubricate it, they protect and stimulate it. Almost the first time you use them you can see the difference in your skin. Little by little your skin becomes softer smoother—coarse pores close, tiny lines are smoothed away.

Use Pond's Cold Cream every night to cleanse your skin and if it is dry and parched from exposure to the wind use it as a lubricant as well. It works wonders! Every morning use Pond's Vanishing Cream before you powder. It protects your skin and forms a smooth even foundation over which your powder will go on smoothly and cling for hours.

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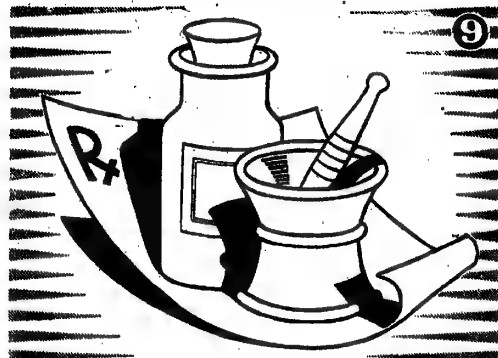
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Chemistry, according to etymologists, is derived from the root word *Khem*, the native name of Egypt, where the science had its reputed beginning. This root word means "black" in reference to the colour of the rich soil of the Nile Valley, so that literally Chemistry had some reason to be called "the black art" in later days. The Arabians attached the prefix "al" so we have 'alchemy'.

Some of the early writers on chemical subjects claim to have traced the art back to Adam, others to Tubal Cain, and still others to Shem, the son of Noah, stating that his original name was "Chem" and reasoning therefrom that the word 'alchemy' was thus derived. Other writers did not fail to include Moses, for he proved his rank as an adept when he reduced the Golden Calf to a condition of potability and gave the children of Israel the first 'Gold Cure'.

Modern Physicians and Pharmacologists have advanced far beyond the days of superstition and mysticism. They are always unwilling to take things for granted and their never-ending search for truth and their far-sighted thinking is increasingly contributing to the advancement and growth of the human race.

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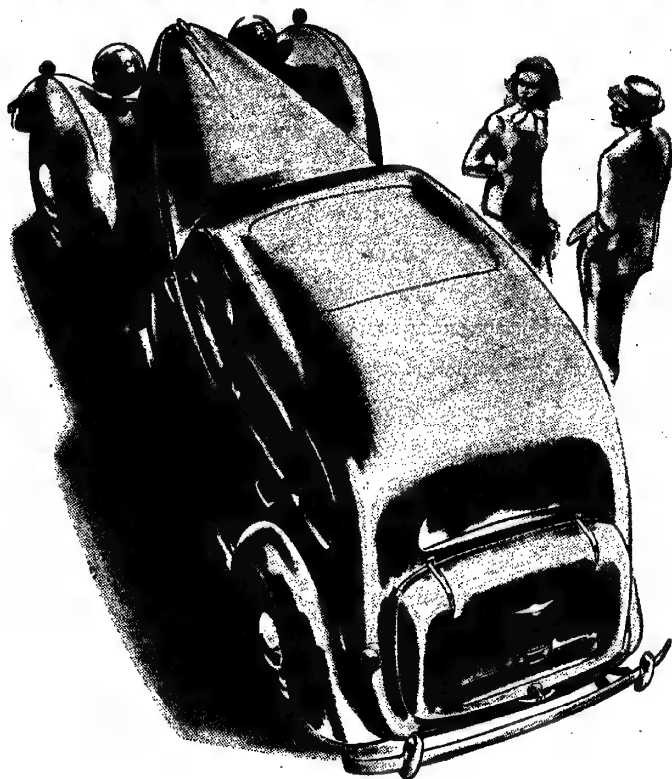
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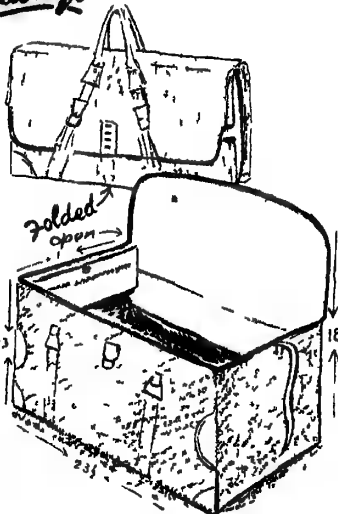


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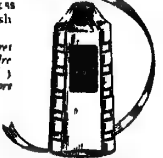


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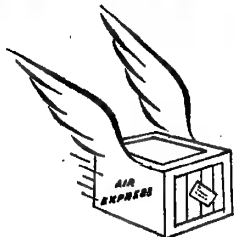
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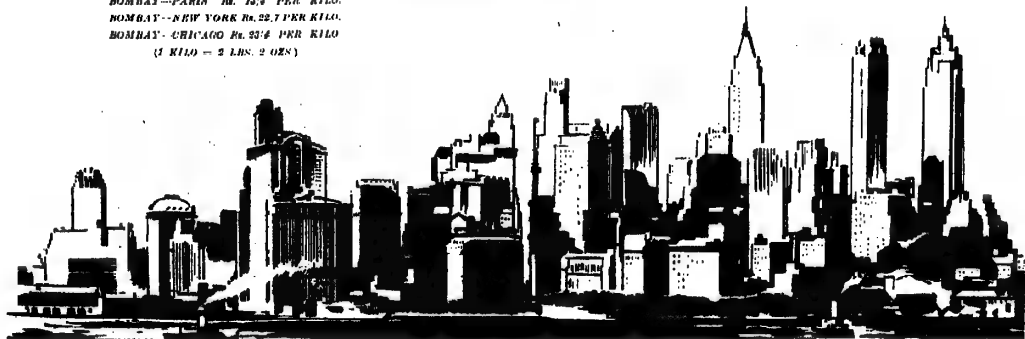
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Try changing to the one powder which contains
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seven heart-disturbing shades
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FOR LONGER LASTING LOVELINESS



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"Last night, I have dream where
most bountiful sahib give me rise
in pay"
"Did you now?"
"Yes, sahib, you say 'Abdul most
excellent boy Work all the time
I give him two rupee rise'"
"Do you thank your dream will
come true?"
"It is written in the stars, sahib"
"So you can read the stars as well?"
"Like the book of your hand,
sahib I know many mysteries—

all the answers"
"What else did the stars tell you?"
"The stars they say, 'Tonight,
sahib go to bara khana—plenty
friends, much good time No
Rose's has sahib You go find'"
"And did you?"
"Sahib! One bottle of Rose's I
find after much looking. Abdul
he work all the time. Abdul he"
"Achcha, achchha You rupee of a
thousand rupee, you get your two
rupee rise"

ROSE'S—The West Man's Nightcap

The change of R.I.J. is still active. It is night's drink. So one
continually what you have and have pleasure with your appetite.

Vengeance From The Past

By Robert Farner

DO you believe in curses? Can words of doom, uttered hundreds of years ago, affect men and women alive today? Most of us dismiss such suggestions as superstitious legacies of the Dark Ages, but now and then things happen which make us pause and wonder whether, after all, there may not be something in them.

The tragic death recently of the daughter of the present owner of the famous Hope Diamond has aroused much interest in the sinister reputation of the stone. According to tradition, a curse is said to have been placed upon the diamond by an Indian fakir, when it was stolen from his temple some 300 years ago, and it cannot be denied that disaster or sudden death has been the lot of a great many men and women who have possessed or even worn this famous gem.

Bankruptcy, imprisonment, insanity, accident and suicide are included among the many tragedies for which the curse has been held responsible, and this ill-omened stone seems fully to have justified the sinister omens by which it is sometimes known—"Doom Diamond" and "The Blue Terror".

Sinister Stone

Many famous jewels seem to have carried with them a "bad luck" curse. For example, there is the Orloff Diamond which has a most infamous reputation. Its history was already stained with crime and bloodshed when Prince Gregory Orloff bought it and presented it to Catherine the Great of Russia, in 1792—and, within three weeks of its presentation, the Prince had been killed, and Catherine had died from an apoplectic fit. Of the 13 people who subsequently owned this sinister treasure 11 are known to have died suddenly.

It may be argued that where gems of fabulous value are concerned, many tragic accidents may be attributed to the manifestation of human envy, avarice and cupidity. That may be true, but how are we to explain the apparent persistence, sometimes for many centuries of a curse laid upon a family?

Broken Promise

The history of the Lambton family is a case in point. According to the family legend, one John Lambton, on his return from the Crusades, sought the aid of a witch when he set out to destroy the "Lambton Worm," a hideous nine-mouthed monster, which was alleged to be laying waste the Lambton estates. In return for the witch's help, John Lambton promised that he would kill the first living thing he encountered after slaying the monster. He planned to use a favourite hound to redeem his promise, but, unfortunately, it is alleged, after having successfully put an end to the monster, it was his aged father who first came to meet him and, unable to bring himself to kill the old man, he broke his vow and so initiated "The Lambton Curse."

An amusing medieval legend, some might say. Perhaps—but the fact remains that ever since, practically every generation of Lambtons has lost at least one member of the family by accident or violence. Men and women bearing that name have been drowned, beheaded, murdered, and killed in battle, and even the present generation of Lambtons appears not to have been immune.

One member of the family was killed in the first world war, another died from a fall, a third was drowned at sea,

and as recently as 1941 Vincent Lambton was found shot dead in his garden. Can so many tragedies among members of the ill-fated family be attributed entirely to coincidence?

Curse Fulfilled

In the case of another old family—the Montague family—a curse is said to have been laid upon it at the time when Henry VIII dissolved the monasteries. The much married King presented Battle Abbey and its estates to his favourite courtier, Sir Anthony Browne, whose son, later, became the first Viscount Montague, and an aged monk after being ejected from his home, is said to have told Sir Anthony "By fire and water thy line shall come to an end."

Two and a half centuries later, the young eighth Viscount Montague was holidaying in Germany. Against the advice of his friends, he decided to shoot the famous Schenckhausen Falls in a flat-bottomed boat. The young man was drowned and his body was never recovered—and he died *without* an heir. More curious still, on the day he made his mad attempt, a letter arrived for him from England, he never saw it, but had he done so it would have informed him that his ancestral home, Castle Wyndray, had been burned to the ground.

So ended the House of Montague, for though a distant relative in Holy Orders obtained special permission to marry, he too died without issue, and the ancient family became extinct.

Tragic Succession

Modern examples of persistent misfortune are not by any means lacking. The famous Berger fortune provides a striking illustration—a secret curse being thought to be responsible. The founder of the fortune died without legal heir, and after destroying all his private papers. After a long search, a Roumanian workman, one Alexander Berger was found, who claimed to be a distant kinsman of the deceased, and in due course he was declared the legal owner of the Berger millions. His happiness was short-lived, however, for within two years he had died of a painful and mysterious malady. His wife took control of his estates, and she, too died of the same complaint within a year of her husband's death.

Mrs Berger's father then inherited from her, but he was accidentally killed just before the first world war. His daughter was wounded and blinded in the same explosion which killed her husband, and a later and last claimant to the vast estate was shot dead in the street, in mistake for someone else.

It is widely held that the desecration of "The Unknown" tomb 18 years ago, brought down upon those responsible an ancient curse, and there is no doubt that the opening of the tomb was followed by a singular and sinister sequence of sudden deaths. One must only, of all those who first entered the burial chamber, appears to have escaped the curse, for Alfred Lucas, former Director of the Egyptian Government Chemical Laboratories, who tested the tomb for harmful bacteria, with negative results, died recently at a ripe old age.

What's in a curse? Perhaps we shall never know for certain, but they are not altogether weak-minded who believe that, just now and then, the hand of the past can perhaps stretch out over the present, and cast its spell over the lives of men and women.

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The Decree Of The Gods

I loved you when Aurora drove her chariot through the sky,
I loved you when Diana shot her arrows far and high,
And even when Great Jupiter had made the heavens cry
I loved you—so it seems that I must love you till I die.

Celia Luce

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Have You Met Your Second Self?

By Pamela Grant

ALTHOUGH many people are unaware of it, it is certain that most of us have another side to our natures. Many women, through no fault of their own, have become post-echoes of their surroundings. The trend of emancipation with its attendant demand for poise and personality, has caused them to become all unconsciously something which they very decidedly are not.

A desire for excitement, speed, and rush has been forced upon us by sheer power of repetition, until we find that character, outlook, and general deportment have been moulded into a shape to cope with modern conditions of hard efficiency. To the average woman under such circumstances it never occurs to stop and look beneath the surface and discover for herself that other personality—probably her true self, which lies quiet, waiting to be awakened.

Reverish Pace

Probably such a woman may be faintly aware that she has what she likes to term a "smoking regard" for truly simple things. Knowing, however, that such a feeling may be unpractical and, further, lead to scorn on the part of her friends on the grounds of being old-fashioned, she crushes it down. To all intents and purposes she appears to continue with a happy life. She rushes about, spends evenings at cinemas and dances, reads the exciting novels of the moment, and, in general, behaves in the most modern manner—as do her friends.

So fervently does she enter into everything of an exciting nature, that finally it becomes natural to her and she actually believes she is getting the best out of life. That is, until she has discovered her second self. She will realize, as a sudden and pleasant surprise, that there is much that is beautiful in an old building, fields, and blowing grass; that it is very much more worth while to sit among the flowers in the park during lunch than to fly from shop to shop in search of novelty.

Pleasanter Company

She will have come face to face with her second self, and the probability is that this new person will be very much pleasanter company than the woman she knew before. All of us have a second self, though in some it is more defined than in others. Many may go right through life without ever meeting it and others may be aware of its existence and try to crush it down.

These are the people who are aware that they have a side to their character of which they are ashamed, and it is often that wonderfully nice side of ourselves that is worth while sharing.

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A Snake In The Grass

By "Sapper"

Black Magic

OUR little garrison of Scouts in that Frontier "doo" was commanded by "Jo Sahib," whose real name was Jolliffe. Many years on the Frontier had made him almost indistinguishable from his own men, the more so since he always wore the same dress as they did. He had dark hair and skin, was tough and wiry and could cover the hills at incredible speed. Like the Field Engineer, "Sapper" for short, he spoke perfect Pushtu, and was expert at producing an apt Pathan proverb, a gift which contributed greatly to his reputation for profound wisdom among the trust-Forster tribesmen. He and "Sapper" were firm friends.

I heard the two of them approaching our tent. "Jo" was talking as he lifted the flap and jumped down inside. (For safety's sake we were dug in several feet below ground level.)

"The ruddy thing stung me here," he said, indicating his arm. "Evidently preferred me to the *gaw* and sweetmeats in the bazaar's shop. There's always a swarm there. I wish some of them would have a go at old Moti Ram, he makes a packet out of those miserable coolies."

I gathered he had been stung by a hornet, and offered him iodine.

"No thank you, old boy, the swelling has gone down and I've had the pain excised. I just took it to Akhtar Munir. He has some extraordinary power over insects and reptiles and their stings and bites. He just took a rusty nail and wet the end of it in his mouth. Then, murmuring verses from the Koran the while, he made a few circles with it round the place and drew it down my arm as if he were curing a series of lines. The pain seemed to follow the point of the nail down and eventually disappeared at the end of my middle finger. The Scouts all swear by him. I've seen him handling a live krait with complete unconcern."

The Engineer pulled his Rootee chair up to the fire and propped his legs against the camp fireplace. "Talking of snakes," he stated, "I remember one evening in the hot weather. We had finished polo on the

monsoon ground. It had been one of Memory's worst days. She was just coming into slow chukkers." He turned to me. "You've got Memory now, haven't you?"

I had bought her when I first arrived in India, with a loan from our regimental polo fund, as "suitable for a beginner," and until the time we were called to the Frontier she had been playing her part in teaching me the game. She had experienced several other "beginners" and had become slow and lazy, but I am still grateful to her for what she did for me in those days.

"She was very different then," he went on, "rather excitable, with a very tender mouth. I found it hard to train her to road traffic. Does she still view a motor bike with suspicion? I used to hack her home to the bungalow after polo, along the canal bank, in an effort to familiarise her with the sounds of mechanically propelled vehicles. You

saw, the secret drivers did their training in that area, and there was no ordinary sense. If you should go accustomed to this, they have been all right anywhere. After the polo was a good time of day to give her some 'traffic lessons,' I thought, as she was tired and less inclined to make a fuss. The prospect, too, of her evening meal may have helped her past her pet aversions.

"Perhaps you can imagine us walking through the trees that evening. Memory was bored, she knew the worst tactics for her were moving gently with the swing of her stride. I had taken my foot from the stirrup to let my aching legs dangle. My hands were on the saddle and the reins loose on the pony's neck. I think I was dreaming of Delhi West, with Memory flying through the field, a fast and handy pony, playing in tournament polo. At last.

Animal Instincts

"It was the pony that brought me back to the saddle and my attention to one of the strangest scenes I have ever witnessed. She stopped dead, with ears pricked, staring into the trees in front of us."

"Sapper" paused; whether to add effect to his tale, or the better to recollect what had happened next, I don't know. Night had fallen and the sunlight was playing on the faces of the two friends, throwing odd shadows on the sloping side of the tent. Through the silence came the murmur of a thousand voices rustled under canvas.

Sheebah ad Din, the mess orderly, started work on the "gas bari," as he called our petrol lamp, and we heard the familiar sounds outside. The furious pumping followed by the hiss of escaping gas if he had bungled the operation, or by the steady sighing sound if all had gone well. He made sure it was really working and then brought it in, flooding the mess with a brilliant white light.

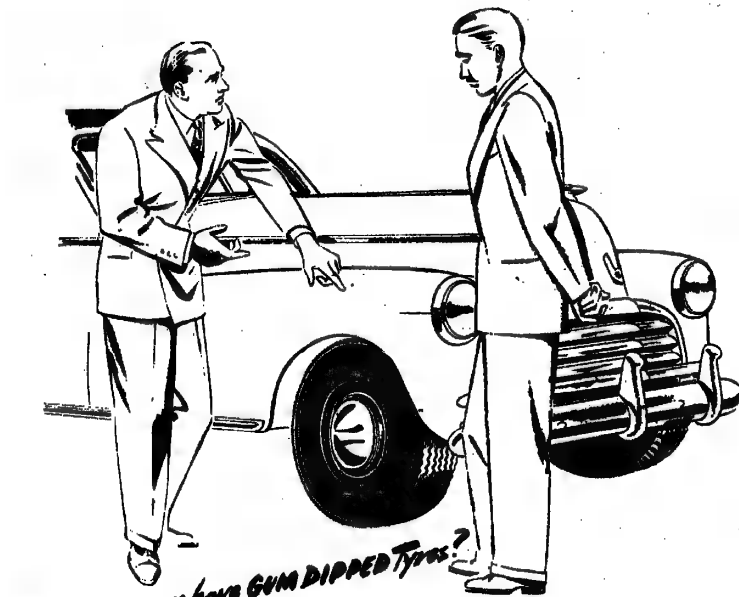
"Udder ratta, Simbah ad Din!" "Sapper" pointed to the table behind, where the light would not be in our eyes, and turned back to the fire. Then he continued his story.

Monkey Family

"You know those little brown monkeys which one sees all over the plains? How they move through the trees in tribes? They stay on the ground when there is no danger, with some of the fully-grown males on look-out duty at the front and on the flanks. When these sign 'enemy in sight' up they all go to safety, the mothers with their young ones clinging to them, and all chattering together in alarm. I often passed them on the canal bank, and they were there that evening.

"They were about 50 yards from us and the extraordinary thing was that they ignored us completely. The grass had grown quite long with the rains, but mounted on Memory, I had an excellent view of the little ones, some of the tribe had formed a perfect ring, the fully-grown males I think they were. The rest were peering down intently from an 'upper circle' in the trees.

(Continued on page 21)



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A Snake In The Grass

(Continued from page 20)

All but one stayed absolutely still, and Memory and I might have been from where we stood. Even the trees seemed to be watching.

"The one actor of the party was a tough old monkey, the 'senior member' I took him to be. He was in the ring and moved about facing forwards like a boxer. Then I saw the focus of attention

and the full significance of the scene, which Memory had seemed to know by instinct, dawned on me. We were about to witness the end of a common enemy, a cobra.

"I have often thought about that moment since, and my most vivid impression remains one of absolute certainty I had of the outcome. The old

man in the ring appeared completely confident, and thoroughly enjoyed the part he was playing. Not one of the spectators moved a finger to help him. For several minutes he shuffled first this way and then that, his adversary poised to strike, with hood extended, awaiting the chance that never came. At length, dared perhaps by running his head to watch the movements of the monkey, the cobra shifted its position. I was unable to follow exactly what took place in the next fraction of a second.

The Death Grip

"The old warrior jumped in the air,

I think right over the cobra and then there he was, with his two hands in front of him, gripping it just below the head. The reptile was now completely helpless and could only flash hatred from its wicked little eyes at its tormentor. The latter made the most of this situation for a while, gibbering at his victim, with head first on one side and then on the other, baring his little yellow teeth in a triumphant grin.

"Now I've got you, mister, and you know what's coming to you, don't you?"

"Then, very slowly, he worked his grip to his right hand alone. With deliberate movements and looking up at me the while, he rubbed the snake's head to and fro for a few seconds, on the ground behind him. He did this many times and in the interval between each, held it up in front of him and glistened.

"How did you like that, eh?"

"Thus slowly and terribly the cobra died.

"Memory pawed the ground impatiently and the spell was broken. Soon all that remained to convince me that I had not been dreaming was the twisted body of the cobra. I looked at my watch. We had been standing there for 20 minutes."

"Ju" banged his glass down on the table. "Really," he said, "what a story I let's have dinner? Shahab ad-Din-Ibn-Ar-Rasul!"

Shikar Stories

THE Editor will be very pleased to receive for consideration shikar stories and photographs as well as news of the activities of Hunts from Hunt Secretaries.

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Madras Deep-Sea Fishing Plan

Deep-sea fishing industry in the province is under active consideration of the Madras Government and a comprehensive scheme for its development has been evolved. The Government of India to secure the most contemplated requesting the services of Japanese fishing vessels and deep-sea fishermen. Improved boats are to be purchased, improved methods of storing fish such as cold storage plants and carrier launches are also to be adopted to prevent waste and help to preserve fish.—A.P.I.

Bombay's Scheme

The Bombay Government has asked the Central Government for assistance in securing the services of a master-fisherman from Japan for the development of the fishing industry in Bombay province. The Minister of Industries Mr. G. D. Tapase said the Government was anxious that suitable fishermen youths were provided an opportunity to go abroad and obtain knowledge of modern methods of fishing.—A.P.I.

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WHEN I think of some of the things that men call fun I feel about a hundred years old. Whether these strange creatures are 18 year old youths or imposing grey haired adults who rule large office staffs, they are all equally enigmatic, and in my opinion a stupor of foolish when it comes to pleasure and relaxation.

Three awful stay dinners for instance! Men talk about them before hand like schoolboys about to go on holiday. They laugh at me and look forward expectantly to the prospect. Anyone would think they were going to enjoy themselves! And strangely enough they are! Though when the fun is sitting and eating and drinking

Men Are Enigmas— Not Women

By Dorothy Booth

with a lot of other males—filling the atmosphere with a choking fog of tobacco smoke, and singing silly songs—I just fail to see. No woman could stand more than an hour evening, among other women, in a lifetime.

When I ask my brother what he does on such occasions he just grunts and laughs. Later on, he may say to a

friend "Grand evening, wasn't it, old boy?" They exchange a strange "free-mason" smile of pleasant reminiscence—and that is all. Men are the same in all such matters. There is a comradeship between them that no woman can understand.

Then, how perfectly absurd they are with their silly little "toys"! A new

play gives them joy for weeks. They pull it out even when they don't want to smoke, play with it, handle and polish it tenderly; and show it proudly to their friends, who discuss it politely with equally rapt attention.

They're as curious as small boys with a new clockwork engine. Even pictures will not put them to shame. They just smile in a superior and playing manner which implies that each thing is above a mere woman's comprehension.

Mutual Interest

And they are just as bad with new gadgets on their cars and motor cycles, with their golf and their "improvements" in the house and garden. What fun it is to watch them taking things so pieces and showing one another how clever they are! But no man has seen the joke yet!

As for dirt, nothing pleases them more than to show themselves—in rooms that have just been cleaned—covered with oil from the garage or mud from the golf course. They seem to regard self-imposed grime as a warrior does his battle-scar. And they delight in pottering about in public wearing old clothes that no self-respecting woman would be seen dead in—if she were a man.

And their precious politics! How heated they get arguing about them, when, all the time, they seem to enjoy the verbal battle far more than the subject under discussion.

Indeed, there seems to be only one subject that most men do not take seriously, and that is, to women, the

(Continued on page 23)

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Men Are Mystified—Not Why

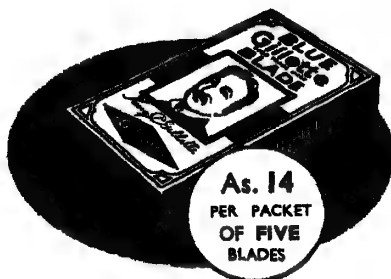
(Continued from page 22)

most important subject of all—love. How usually men discuss an affair of the heart and switch off their minds to another girl or some business or sport! How easily they seem to forget their wives and become completely different people—when they're away from home! People talk about that mysterious,

irresponsible quality that makes women such an intriguing study. Personally, I think the description applies equally to men. One part of the masculine make-up is forever piquing women's curiosity. She may know instinctively what he will behave in a certain way, but she is constitutionally incapable of understanding why.

Perhaps this is just as well. Both men and women are aware that, in certain respects, they are enigmas to one another. And so, they remain interesting for the baffling "opposite sex" for life.

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Tale Of A Bear

I MUST admit that when I first landed in India, my knowledge of hunting and shooting was very limited. I blush to recall that I did not even know whether a shikar was something to smoke or a change in the weather. Now of course, having experienced so many, I know it is a food for thought which fully tests the capacity for swallowing. My position would have been intolerable had I not endeavoured to educate myself in this respect, consequently I decided to hunt for myself. In so doing I found myself. As there are no carpets in the jungle I did not see the point of taking beaters, but one has to do the thing which is done, so I borrowed a couple of vacuum cleaners and set out to make a clean sweep of the jungle. My game was wild boar. My idea of banging the two vacuum cleaners together was very successful—almost at once a bear came along to see what the noise was about. As my gun was a twelve bore I had an advantage of eleven. When he approached I stopped the noise, picked up my gun and shot him. I observed that his head was at the front and his tail to the rear. The tail of this bear, unlike that of some of his phonetic club brethren, was very short. So is my tale!

H. C. Bear

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The Unconquerable Legion

By Frederick Raleigh

I SUPPOSE I must freely admit that, until quite recently, I have been smoking far too much. A good deal more than was good for me, and certainly more than I could comfortably afford at Rs. 2-10 for a tin of 50. If you insist on knowing the shameful details I must own to well over half a tin of cigarettes, several pipes and a few cheroots every day.

I can't really remember when I started to step over a sensible limit. It must have happened gradually during the war when so many things were short but cigarettes were always obtainable, anyway when one was in the army. I had reached that deplorable state when I couldn't look at my *cloche* *baggy* until I had inhaled a few puffs, and sleep wouldn't come until I had finished a cigarette after the light was out and, incidentally, let the fan scatter ash all over the bed-clothes.

A few nights ago I stubbed out the last butt and fell quickly asleep. For a while everything was peaceful, but then it seemed that I woke up with a frightening jerk. I know now, of course, that it was a dream and that I was still fast asleep. In my dream I seemed to hear a great noise outside my bed-room window. This in itself was most unlikely for my bungalow is on the very edge of the cantonment, the bed-room window looking out across a great *maiden* of semi-waste land.

Having reached the window I looked out. It was still oppressively hot but, for a moment, I thought that there must have been some incredible and unprecedented fall of snow. The whole ground, as far almost as I could see, was white with queer little patches of brown and black. Then I saw that what had looked like snow was moving, it was gradually unrolling towards me,



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The snow-tipped hills change from rose to mauve,
As the tangerine sun journeys on,
Awakening folk in far-away lands,
While the moon her yellow robes don.

Morning and night are one on this earth,
While the moon and the sun change places,
But the stars still shine all day and all night,
Though we see their glory in darkness.

Dorothy Hord

rather in the way that the bubbly surf from a big wave runs up a flat beach. It welled over the hedge in the end of the garden and then, seeming to gather strength and momentum, came swishing up to the wall of the house.

Weird Horde

I got a horrible shock when I realised that this white wave wasn't snow or locusts or flying ants or anything else even remotely possible. It was a sort of

sea of cigarettes. Cigarettes of all types, round Virginian, oval Turkish and Egyptian, rich Americans, long Russians with their hollow cardboard ends, cork tips and gold and rose petals. The darker patches I had noticed were cigars and cheroots. There were majestic Havanas, short, stubby little white, dark Burnas—some guarded and twisted like a twig. Right at the back I saw an even sturdier bastion consisting of pipes. Smooth bowls mixed

(Continued on page 23)

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The Unconquerable Legion

(Continued from page 34)

with natural brins, masticum, corn-cobs, clays, chessywoods, even Church-wisdoms towering above the rest. There was a line of majestic, hoodlums, their tubes floating up in the air as though they were wireless crystals.

I watched this unnatural mob with a feeling of terrified disgust. The thin outposts, seething below my window,

despised. At first they looked almost like some record catch of sandlines wriggling in a net; then I thought they reminded me of dead fingers reaching up towards me reverently. There came a heave and a bubbling. The mass rose until it poured over my window-sill into the room. I gave a scream of pain and fear as one landed on my foot where it seared my flesh like a red-hot poker. At my scream the great host leapt at me in a single horrible movement. They reached my knees, my hips, my arms, my neck, and I was submerged, suffocated, smothered in cigarettes.

Then I really awoke to find the end of the bed smouldering redly where some burning fragment from my last cigarette had been nourished into flame by the fan overhead. I jumped out of bed shouting for Akbar, my bearer, to bring water. It was not until the fire was out and the sweeper was cleaning up the mess that I realised that I had collected a nasty burn on my foot.

I still smoke, but never before breakfast and never in bed, and my total consumption nowadays is very moderate. The unconquerable legion had saved my life and won their battle at the same time.

Catastrophe

The fortune-teller gravely said
A sad and fearsome shock would come
Which might deprive me of my speech
And more than likely strike me dumb.

He looked at me with such concern
That sad forebodings filled my mind;
His sympathetic look inspired
Depressing thoughts of every kind.

I thought of earthquake, sudden death,
Of pestilence and roaring storms,
I thought of floods and foul disease,
Of terrors in a thousand forms.

In morbid mood I wandered home,
A prey to anxious, wild surmise,
And when I stepped inside the door
A sight of horror met my eyes.

How right was that prophetic man!
Unnerved, I swooned upon the mat;
A fearsome shock indeed had come—
My wife had bought a ghastly hat!

H. B.

Progress of chemistry ...

⑦



By about the third century of the Christian era, Indian chemists had reached a stage when, with any luck, they might have anticipated by some hundreds of years the developments in the West which led us to our present understanding of chemical changes. They had a theory of chemical combination based on an atomic system; they had extensive records of specific chemical reactions of which they were making practical use, chiefly in medicine. So far, they had been mainly interested in plant and animal products. They now began to experiment with metal and minerals, from which they prepared a large number of medicines, many of which survive to this day, having real curative powers. Nagarjuna, Buddhist divine and chemist, was the outstanding figure of this age.

From the earliest times, Indian chemistry had been an intimate part of religion. Its intellectual status, therefore, and the direction of the efforts of chemists, followed the course of religion itself. After the decline of Buddhism, the various creeds of Aryan Hinduism seem to have absorbed much of the cruder aboriginal worship of magic and sorcery. Inevitably, chemistry followed this downward path and declined into what is commonly known as 'alchemy' which in India was based very largely on the chemistry of mercury, one name for which - 'rasa' appears as the first part of the name of most of the alchemical writings in India. Mercury was believed to be the seed of the god Siva, and certain mercuric drugs were reputed to confer immortality upon human beings.

Indian chemistry thus became part and parcel of the various Tantric cults which dominated the scene until the fourteenth century A. D.

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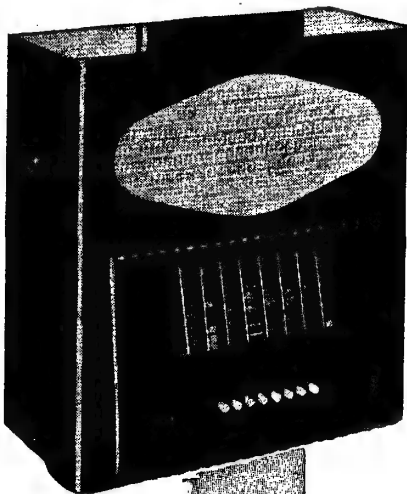
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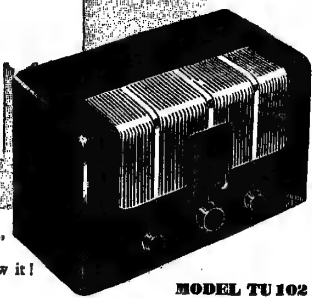
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THE Editor of *The Onlooker* invites authors and writers to submit short stories, articles of a "Hunting, Shooting and Fishing" nature, articles on women's subjects, and humorous articles and verse. He will also be glad to consider photographs of a social nature, such as appear in *The Onlooker* month by month. Payment will be made at the usual rates. Stamped envelopes should be enclosed with MSS and photographs if they are to be returned. Engagement and similar photographs will not be paid for. Photographs should be accompanied by descriptions typed separately. If written on the backs names must be clear and distinct.

"THE ONLOOKER"

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Sir Phiroozshah Mehta Road,
BOMBAY.

The ONLOOKER

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March 1947

No. 2

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Dr. P. P. Pillai, Director of the Indian Branch of the International Labour Office and Chairman of the I.L.O.'s Asiatic Mission which will tour India and other East Asiatic countries and prepare the necessary documents for the Asiatic Regional Conference of the I.L.O. to be held in October 1947.

The White Elephant

By Peter Mell

DINAI sat and gazed at the white elephant. He returned her look with an equally fixed stare but there was something in the curl of his trunk, the half-turned poise of the head and his absurd ears that fascinated her.

All white elephants were supposed to be useless. Was this one like the rest?

"Are you useless, too?" she asked. "I'm sure you would help if you only knew."

Light from the wood fire thickened on his eye. She could have sworn he winked.

As an ornament he was adonible. As a pit he was precious for he was the only present Chris had ever given her and . . . she loved Chris.

"Did Chris love her . . . would he ever let her marry him?"

She looked at the elephant as though he knew and might answer her unspoken questions but his eye was glassy—the expression on his wise old face inscrutable.

A dense ember fell to the back of the fire, flinging myriads of sparks whirling



Pearl Freeman

Miss Marian Afzal, W.R.E.N., who is Public Relations Officer (Wife Staff) at India Office, Whitehall, is the only woman to hold this appointment. Since her stay in England she has been televised and has broadcast several times. Mrs. Afzal is 25 years old and is the daughter of Khan Bahadur Dr. Syed Muhammad Afzal, one of Bihar's leading surgeons.

in the flames. The glow illuminated the thoughtful beauty of her face against the softer shadows that filled the night noth.

A door opened and a beater entered for a few last instructions. Chris was to dine with them tonight.

She switched on a standard lamp beside her chair, sending the shadows back into the night. The spell was broken. Her questions still unanswered. Rising to her feet, she decided that the

elephant must go. He could not stand the heat of the fire.

Picking him up from the niche, in the open fireplace, Dinai set him beside the table in the centre of the room.

Chris had laughed when he had suggested giving the elephant to her. They were talking about the latest gift her father, the Commissioner, had received and had been unable to refuse for fear of offending the donor.



Prof. T. J. Tanton of the Geological Survey, Ottawa, Canada (1111), and Prof. A. Alfano Fox of Bedford College, London, who were delegates to the Indian Science Congress held in New Delhi. They are now touring Indian Universities.

"Another white elephant for me to chest and look after," she had said pointing to the unwanted gift. "Father is always getting these sort of things and the house is simply cluttered up with them. He says we must keep it where it can be seen or the person who has sent it will feel it is not appreciated. Father ought to live in a museum."

Ever since her mother died she had kept home for the Commissioner. "What he is going to do with all this junk when he retires next year, I don't know," she continued. "Take it to England will be impossibly expensive. It certainly will not fit into the tiny house in Hampshire Father bought on his last leave."

"I'd rather like to have a white elephant," Chris had replied, "though I have never seen a real one. It could be amusing to collect it according to what one wanted to do. State elephants are decked out with all sorts of napkins and howdahs and dandied with paint for special occasions but a white elephant . . . well . . . think how useful it would be. Paint it khaki for pig-sticking races, or green for shooting in the jungle. I could even have red carpet colours on it and use it as a rostrum for point to point meetings."

"You're an idiot, Chris. I'm talking of these white elephants in the bungalow. We've not about any of them already, tucked away in various places."

It was then that he had laughed.

"I'll make it a thousand. This one can be your very own lion, of course, he will be just as useless as the others."

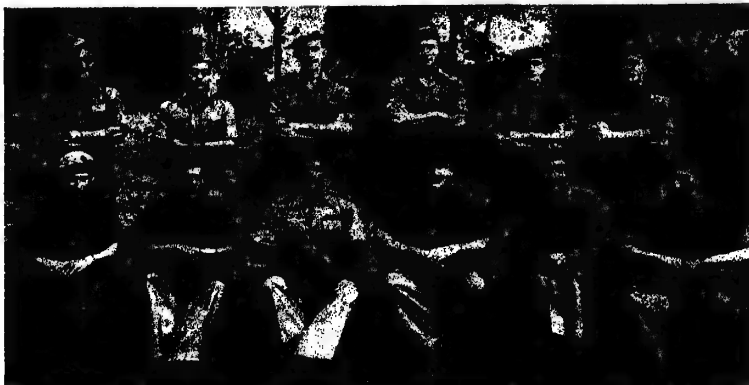
(Continued on page 65)



Mrs. Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit pours tea for Sir Terence Shaw, British High Commissioner in India, at a party given in New Delhi by the Hon. Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, Vice-President of the Interim Government, to meet diplomatic and consular representatives.



H. E. the Governor-General of Malaya, the Rt. Hon. Mr. Malcolm Muir Donald (1111), and his wife (SECOND FROM RIGHT), who were recently married in Ottawa, Canada, photographed in Karachi with Col. R. F. Craster, Military Secretary to the Governor of Sind, and Mrs. Craster (SECOND FROM LEFT), on their way back to Malaya.



Officers of the 1st Bn., the Burma Regt., taken after their arrival in Rangoon. The battalion served in Malaya and the Netherlands East Indies for nearly two years and has just returned to Burma. From L. to R. : (STANDING) Major N. S. Pal, Capt. A. K. Malik (R.M.O.), Capt. D. A. T. Wild, Capt. J. A. Jolliffe, Capt. J. F. Hickey (Q.M.), and Major G. E. Bowyer ; (SITTING) Major P. D. D'Arcy, Major D. M. Coshan, Hon. Capt. Anar Khan (S. M.), Lt.-Col. J. C. W. Cargill, O.B.E. (Comd.), Major Shah Nawaz Khan (2 I/c) and Capt. W. E. Dowling (Adj.).



Col. Bhajan Singh of the Indore Army who has been awarded the O.B.E. by the Military Adviser-in-Chief, Indian States Forces.



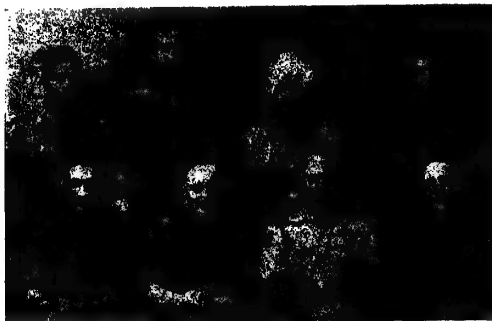
S/Ldr. N. Bhagwandas, Senior Administration Officer at 302 M.U., R.I.A.F., Allahabad, who has been selected for the I.C.S. He has recently completed a senior officers' R.A.F. Legal Course at New Delhi.



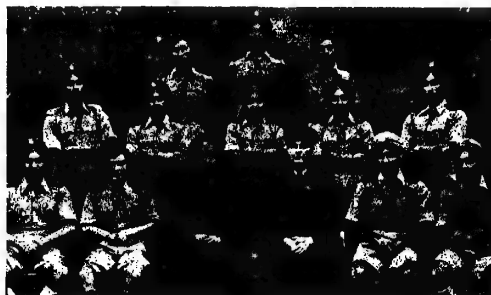
At a party given during the visit of H. E. Field-Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck, Commander-in-Chief, to the Indian Military Academy, Dehra Dun, by the officers of the Academy to the senior cadets on the eve of their Passing Out Parade. From L. to R. : (IN FRONT) G. C. Kaul, Mrs. Mahadeo Singh, Brigadier Barltrop (Commandant, I.M.A.), H. E. Sir Claude Auchinleck, Mrs. Puri and Major Puri.



Major John Bratton, M.B.E., Pilot Officer of the Port of Vizagapatam, who has been awarded a silver medal by Lloyd's, London, in appreciation of outstanding leadership in salvaging operations in the Bay of Bengal during 1942-44. He was then Admn. Major, Vizagapatam Harbour Units, D. of I. Corps (Docks), Vizagapatam.



A group of officers of Headquarters, C.R.I.A.S.C., British Troops, Slam. From L. to R. : (SITTING) Major S. N. Islami, Major J. K. R. Whittle, Major H. S. Foster and Major N. Heighton ; (STANDING) Lt. Pennambalam, Capt. Elliot, Capt. S. Gyan and Capt. Riaz M. Khan.



Some of the staff and Army Class cadets of the King George V's Royal Indian Military College, Jullundur. From L. to R. : (SITTING) Balbir Singh (Q.M.), Hastha Bahadur Rai (A.S.C.O.), Capt. Nar Singh (Training Officer), Lt.-Col. R. C. F. Caulfield, A.E.C. (Commandant), Ranjit Singh (S.C.O.) and Karnail Singh (Adj.); (SECOND ROW) Jagjit Singh, Garbakh Singh, Jasbir Singh, Bhartinder Singh Grewal and Baldev Singh ; (THIRD ROW) Dilbikram Gurang, Bachan Singh and Jai Kishan Rana.



Members of the Lahore Hunt at the Hunt breakfast, held at the residence of the Master, Brigadier C. Clarke. From L. to R.: Mr. R. Powell, I.P., I.G. of Police, Jammu, Col. Bolton, Babu Lal (kennelman), Lt.-Col. Filmer-Bennett, Major Harrington-Hawes (and daughters), Major Shebbeare, Major Burnan, Mr. R. O. Hibbett, I.C.S., Mrs. Burbridge, Capt. Bowen, Brigadier C. Clarke, Mrs. Jones, Mr. Marton, I.P., Lt.-Col. Newell (and daughter), Capt. Hill, Mr. Burbridge and Major Colbeck.

Equitation In India A Lone Horseman

By "Laddie"

WHEN a keen horseman is posted to a station where the other residents have no interest in riding, there are many ways by which he can vary his recreation.

We will presume that he has one horse and devotes a large portion of his spare time to riding.

There is the usual hacking round the country and exploring pathways, along which he would normally never travel. A comfortable saddle and a snaffle bridle is the ideal saddle for this type of riding. If one or two light saddle bags, which clip on to the dæss on the side of the saddle, can be procured, they are useful for carrying a light lunch.

By carrying some food the extent of one's travels are greatly enhanced and the horse can always be watered and fed on the way. A large scale map of the District makes for greater enjoyment in finding new places to visit and the horse will invariably find his own way home.

Schooling

It is surprising the amount which one can learn about one's horse during

a cross-country ride. The horse and rider seem to come closer together on such occasions and work as a team.

A regular feature of the lonely horseman's routine should be the schooling of his horse. Schooling improves all horses and also teaches the rider many things. A well-schooled horse is a pleasure to ride and the more proficient the rider becomes the greater will be his enjoyment.

Besides the usual riding school work, the horse should be taught to stand perfectly still when being mounted and also when the rider is getting off. There is nothing more annoying than a horse that won't stand still.

Practice should also be given in leaving the horse tied to a tree or gate-post, as one never knows when the occasion will arise when it will be necessary. If using a snaffle with single rein, take the rein over the horse's head and tie it round the post at the height of the horse's nose, with a single bow which can be undone by pulling the end.

(Continued on page 66)



Sardar Haji Mohd. Jamul Khan Leghari, former P.W.D. Minister, Punjab Govt., with the Governor-General's Cup awarded to him when his horse, Hooded Monk, won the race during the Fourth Day of the Lahore New Year Meeting.

Ode To Barbus Tor

From the northern mountain barriers

To the southern coasts of Ind,
From the mighty Brahmaputra
To the sandy wastes of Sind

Almost ev'ry stream and river,
Lake and banded reservoir,
In a far-flung distribution
Hold the sporting Barbus Tor.

Both the lively five-pound Mahseer
In a river of the plains
And the Himalayan monster—
Which colossal size attains—

Are the gamest of game fishes
One could ever wish to play,
For their strength and speed wher
fighting
Take one's breath (and line!) away.

Let the modest British angler
Speak of how his Salmon swi'd,
Of his savage fighting Muskie
Let the Yankee tell the world;

But to me the mighty Mahseer
Of my country's sunny clime
Is the nonpareil of fishes—
For a rod or for a rhyme!

T. M. Adcock



Snapped at the New Jodhpur Turf Club started this year which holds meetings every Sunday. From L. to R.: (LEFT) Mrs. Bushell and Mrs. Bate; (CENTRE) Lt.-Col. S. F. Martin, Mrs. Gregory-Jones, Mrs. Martin and Lt.-Col. C. C. H. Smith, Political Agent, Jodhpur; (BACK ROW) Mr. Lejeune and Mrs. Goldstraw; (RIGHT) Mrs. Allington, wife of Col. James Allington, Political Agent, Sibi, Baluchistan.





Sahai-Nath

Capt. S. Surendra Sahai, son of the late Rai Bahadur Sardar Jwala Sahai, and Krishna, daughter of Dr. Vishwa Nath, were married at Lahore.



Ganguly-Mukherji

Capt. D. N. Ganguly, I.M.S./I.A.M.C., 80 Indian Parachute Field Ambulance, and Miss Namita Mukherji were married in Calcutta.



Elisha-Kharoshing

Major J. N. Elisha, R.I.E., of Bombay and Miss Lecilda Kharoshing, A.N.S., of Shillong were married at Hyderabad (Dr.).



Charlton-Pigott

The wedding took place at Christ Church, Simla, of Capt. Frank Rawson Charlton, Royal Signals, Signals Directorate, G.H.Q.(I), and Miss Mary Kalliope Pigott, twin daughter of Mr. L. G. Pigott, I.S.O., B.E.M., and Mrs. Pigott of Simla and Jerusalem.



Sachdeva-Sachdeva

Major D. C. Sachdeva, R.A.M.C., and Sheila, daughter of Major D. M. Sachdeva, I.A.M.C., of the Defence Department, Government of India, and Mrs. Sachdeva, were married at Lahore.



Rea-Campbell

After the wedding at St. Thomas' Cathedral, Bombay, of Mr. Herbert Rea of Newport and Miss Gertrude Elizabeth Campbell of Southsea, England. From L. to R.: Miss Molly O'Sullivan (bridesmaid), Mr. V. J. Ramsey (bestman), the bridegroom and the bride, Rev. Mr. Stacey Waddy and Mr. A. E. Coffin, E.B.E., Commissioner of Police, Bombay.



Menon-Menon

Capt. V. K. S. Menon, Hon'y. A. D. C. to H. H. the Maharaja of Cochin, and Miss Bharati Menon, daughter of Rao Sahab M. N. Menon of Ernakulam, were married at Ernakulam. Capt. Menon is the son of the late Maharaja of Cochin and is at present with the Cochin State Forces.



Wakankar-Patwardhan

Capt. G. S. Wakankar, R.I.A.S.C., son of Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Wakankar of Sangli, and Kusum, eldest daughter of Major N. G. Patwardhan, I.A.M.C., and Mrs. Patwardhan of Nagpur, were married at Poona. Capt. Wakankar is at present an instructor at the R.I.A.S.C. School, Kakul.



Srivastava-Saxena

Mr. Krishna Chand Srivastava, son of Mr. Tara Chand Srivastava of Cawnpore, and Kumari Hemlata Saxena, daughter of Mr. B. B. Chandra of Allahabad, were married at Allahabad.



Kapoor-Chand

Mr. Mulkrish Kapoor, son of Lala Mehar Chand Kapoor, and Miss Chand, daughter of Seth Ramjilal and niece of Seth Badri Parshad, were married at Lahore.



Bhainagar-Bhainagar

Capt. C. L. Bhainagar, Personal Medical Officer to H. H. the Maharaja of Rajppla, and Miss Ved Kumari Bhainagar of Montgomery, the Punjab.



Seth-Maharaj Singh

Kunwar Kamuleshwar Dayal Seth and Rajkumari Prem Kaur, daughter of Raja and Rani Maharaj Singh of Lucknow, were married at Lucknow.



Akhtar-Ibrahim

Lt. M. A. Akhtar, R.I.A.S.C., son of Mr. and Mrs. Mohd. Ali of Jullundur City, and Miss Ismat Ibrahim, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mohd. Ibrahim of Sialkot, were married at Sialkot.



Nicolson-Robertson

After the wedding at the Scots' Kirk, Bombay, of Lt.-Col. K. W. Nicolson of Sunderland, Co. Durham, and now of Calcutta, and Miss M. H. Robertson of Edinburgh. From L. to R.: Dr. S. Awin, Mrs. Awin, Mrs. Lewis, Mr. Lewis, a friend, the bridegroom and the bride, Marjorie Lewis, Mrs. Kidd, Mr. W. R. Gray and Mr. Kidd. The bride has served with the W.R.N.S. in India and Ceylon and recently arrived in Bombay.



H. E. Sir John Colville chats with Major Colin Gulliland (left), Secretary of the Turf Club, and Mr. C. R. C. Gardiner, Steward.



Lady Colville and Lady Moly talk it over in the enclosure during the exciting race day.



The Maharani of Kolhapur and the Maharani of Cooh-Bekar in a thoughtful mood, with their race-cards.

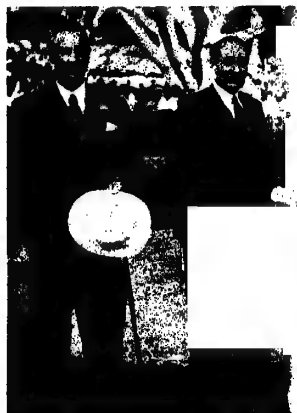


Capt. Steward, A.D.C. to the Governor of Bombay, with Mrs. D. Symington, wife of the Private Secretary to His Excellency, and Lt. Mark Gairford, A.D.C. to Lt.-General Sir Rob Lockhart.



Mr. and Mrs. Karaka appear to have important business on hand as they cross the crowded enclosure.

Eclipse At M.



His Excellency the Governor of Bombay, Sir John Western India Turf Club, Lady Colville and Mr. Jockey Cunningham had won the Eclipse Stakes. Jockey Cunningham Eastern Jett, Mr. O. Randall.

LEFT STRIP:

Mr. and Mrs. Mahomed Akbar A. Fazalbhoy watch the Course with interest.

Mr. M. N. Patel and Sri Paswanji Saheba of Idar show the contented faces of winners.

Mrs. G. R. Isherwood and Mrs. Duncan Smith punted together, in pretty printed frocks.

Miss Catherine Kynnersley in a decorative race hat at tea with her mother, Mrs. T. R. S. Kynnersley.

Pers A Bomb



A happy group in the Governor's Box includes, L. to R. Moly and Lt.-General Sir Rob Lockhart.



The ONLOOKER

... sees most of the game

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*A happy family group of Durbar Shree Suragevala Sahab
of Jaspur, Rani Prem Kumari and their infant daughter,
Rajkumari Gajra Kumari.*

Hamilton Studios.

Looking On!

These Changing Times

THE stepping-up of the tax on drink has blown off some of the froth in many a sparkling glass. Bacchus is inclined to resent this unfair treatment to his devotees. The rich drink just as much as before but the less fortunate have to watch and count their cups of wine. A sort of socialism in reverse is in operation when one works out the mechanics of the whole thing.

The world, and India, are passing through that awkward stage as when adolescents strive to become men. Six long years of war have left many ugly scars and sores which continue to open up fresh wounds. All energy appears to have died down, excepting the atom bomb. Sometimes men yearn for the peace of the countryside and the tuncful wheels of a bullock cart, which is disappearing fast. But the promised, hushed silence of peace is not forthcoming, and the quiet of living is often disturbed by human strife, by poverty, hunger and disease, which appear to sweep all over the world.

The situation in India continues to be confused and confusing. There is still much groping in the dark, still a wistful longing for some light to shine on the secret



H. H. Prince Wan Walthyakorn (right), head of the Siamese delegation to U.N.O., at the B.O.A.C. Marine Air Base, Karachi, on his way back to Bangkok. With him is Mr. K. Apaiwongse of Siam, also travelling to Bangkok.



An informal photograph of H. H. the Maharaja Jam Sahab of Nawanganar taken at the wedding of Lt/Cmdr. Heath Maskell and Mrs. Shelley at Jamnagar.



Sudarshan Lal Mehta, son of Mr. S. Mehta of Saharanpur, who is now studying agriculture and tobacco at the University of Madison, Wisconsin, U.S.A. As a freshman he received the high academic honour of "Phi Eta Sigma" and has recently been elected President of the International Club at Madison, organised for the promotion of international friendship and which represents students from all over the world. When Sudarshan Lal Mehta was at the Doon School at Dehra Dun, he was Secretary of the School Council.

India : A Farewell

Now I leave India,
This country I have come to love,
And these are my memories.

I'll see again
Delhi at dusk, with a coolness in the air,
A scented twilight, where balsam wood burned sweet,
And the three great domes caught the last day
And flung it to the minarets
As a coronet, until the moon rose
Lacing the shadows with silver.

Or Khyber, that barren land,
Where frozen hills run wild, far into Asia.
There was a stillness there, an emptiness,
A desert peace, a quietness I shall not find
In England. A far horizon where the eye could run
Unchecked by road or city
To an unknown range.

Nor can I forget
The Kashmir hills, a symphony of snow and sky,
White peaks above the pines and valleys green,
Lake mirrored, where the tall *chinar*
Sings to the ice-born wind
That spring will come again, and love be found
By Shalimar.

And I shall miss
The warmth and colour of this land,
The cowering plains beneath the sun
Where patient oxen tread the dusty soil,
Where temples kneel at the feet of pipal trees,
And a gypsy girl, with wanton wondrous breasts,
Walked like a queen, her red skirt flaring,
And smiled at me.

They say, in India, the finest view
Is Ballard Pier from a Westbound ship—I'll see that too
When I return.

D. S. F.

writing on the wall, which will reveal the formula of peace and good will in India.

There is, however, a growing desire for a middle-of-the-road way of thinking and a middle-of-the-road way of living. Slogans, flags and banners seem to have been over-shouted, over-hung and over-displayed. The people, tired of struggling, now yearn for some of the simple joys of life. They have become conscious that many of the ordinary pleasures of life will disappear from the scene, sacrificed to fads and formulas which are cropping up like mushrooms in many a political backgarden. Democracy will soon be possible only within the bounds of rigid formulas, till nothing will be democratic except by edict, ordinance or law.

Nevertheless, there appears to be nothing to be alarmed about, for nations striving to express themselves, in their first blush of freedom, often flounder.

So let us go on with the party—with parties and more parties, where men and women all meet together over a cup of tea or a glass of wine and exchange their thoughts, whether over hunting, racing, shooting, fishing or philosophy. It is this exchange of human thought which sustains one in one's darkest days and which lays the foundation not only of a nation ready to be born, but also of a new era of civilization which is about to unfold itself—the era following World War II.

We are grateful to be spared much of this anguish for we are content to remain merely . . .

"Onlooker"



Chellaram-Hemandas

Mr. Pritham Kewalram, eldest son of Seth Kewalram Chellaram, and Sundri, daughter of Seth Tirhadas Hemandas of Calcutta, were married at Hyderabad (Sind).

Calcutta Causerie

By "Kim"

THE anxiously awaited traditional "cold weather" did not reach Calcutta until well towards the end of January, and it was not until the middle of February that fans gradually came back into their own, and heavy suits and dresses were put away for another eight months. Though offices may have suffered from sporadic attacks of absenteeism due to transport strikes, the gay crowds at the race-course of a lark-to-peace-time R. C. T. C. foregathered undiminished in the sparkling sun.

A cocktail party was held at the Calcutta Club after the wedding of John Cochrane-Barnett, who served in a Guards regiment during the war and was a prisoner of war in Germany, to Miss Wynne O'Donoghue.

The bride had changed into a strapless gown of black tulle, the decollete trimmed with ice-blue satin. A bouffant skirt spread richly from the tightly-fitting hip-length bodice.

I saw Sheila Auden, wearing a blue sari which suited her admirably, in conversation with Mr. George Sen and Mr. M. K. Kipudanti. Mrs. Auden is taking her two children to England this summer. Miss Margaret Giddings, who has recently returned from England



Khan Bahadur G. Faruque, C.I.E., O.B.E., the new General Manager of the East Indian Railway. He succeeded Mr. N. C. Ghosh.



Mrs. Lloyd, a member of the 1st City Nursing Division, Calcutta, and Secretary of the St. John Ambulance Sisters' Baby Clinic, weighing a homely baby, one of many brought to this Welfare Centre. The Clinic was started in 1921.



A gay fancy dress ball was held at the newly-opened Burma Club, in Calcutta, at which are seen, L. to R.: The Secretary, Mr. M. O. Aykar, Capt. and Mrs. J. Benkers, Mrs. Chris Kowenhoven, Capt. Kowenhoven and Mr. J. W. d'Esperance.

with her mother, was there with her fiancé, Mr. Fred Spence.

Welcome-Back Party

Mr. and Mrs. Peter de Petersen, back in Calcutta after their round-the-world trip, entertained some friends at the 400 Club at a cocktail party. Mrs. Indira Talwar, accompanied by her

husband, looked very lovely in mauve. Mr. Gajanan Birla was there, talking to Mr. Weatherbever, who has just flown out from England to make an extensive tour of India.

I overheard Mr. and Mrs. R. Davidson and Mr. and Mrs. A. Hartley, who have recently returned from leave, exchanging views on the various places they visited.



Miss Helen R. Nicholl, American Vice-Consul at Calcutta, is one of the few women at present in the U.S. Foreign Service. At the time of her appointment last year to her post in India she was serving as Public Opinion Analyst in the State Department in Washington.

A general agreement was reached by all that it's good to be back now that "the great switch-off" is on in England!

Two prominent families of the Marwari community in Calcutta were in marriage recently, when the daughter of Mr. K. P. Gienka became the bride of Mr. Shyamundar Jalan, eldest son of Mr. B. L. Jalan. To celebrate this occasion Mr. B. L. Jalan contributed a sum of Rs. 11,000 to charity.

Miss Patricia U. Cronan, well known in the sporting world of Calcutta, seems to be having a most interesting time in Europe. Over four years ago she joined the U. S. Forces in Calcutta, and two years later she accompanied the Ordnance Service to England. Since then she has travelled in France, Belgium, Holland and now Germany, and is at present stationed in Frankfurt-am-Main, with the U. S. Occupation Forces. Her special job is doing statistical work.

Manipuri Ballet

During January Calcutta suffered a great loss in the death of that grand old "ditcher," Sami Sawdave, whose Chesterian figure, purity and kindness must have been known to several generations in this city, both Indian and European. Those concerned with charity will miss an untiring and successful worker, and many a "little" man has lost a friend, ever ready to switch his versatile wit with learned judges on their behalf.

Charities have benefited handsomely from an Indo-Singhalese dance and music recital organised at the New Empire by Haren Ghosh, at which all artists and technicians gave their services free, including the lovely *premiere danseuse*, Srimati Usha, a daughter of the talented Chatterjee family. Her rendering of "Potana" was a masterpiece of beauty

(Continued on page 34)



The Bengal W. V. S. launched its new peacetime programme by holding a rally early this year in the grounds of Government House, Calcutta. (Left) Lady Burrows (President) is in the centre of a group of members of St. John Ambulance Nursing Division; (Right) Mrs. T. A. Clark (second from right), retiring Vice-President, with Miss Renou Birnau, District Secretary, and members of the headquarters staff.



Mr. G. H. Gates-Reed, who, after being demobilised from the 2nd Royal Lancers (G. H.), has joined the Shalimar Paint, Colour and Varnish Co., Ltd., Calcutta, as Publicity Manager. He is a councillor of the Indian Institute of Art-in-Industry, and is a contributor to several leading periodicals in India.



Major Peter Goodwin and Mrs. Gertrude Baskine, Canadian war correspondent and authoress, in Tibetan robes, at Gangtok, Sikkim, where Major Goodwin was filming and photographing and Mrs. Baskine writing a series of articles on the famous Lama dances specially arranged for the Sikkimese new year.



Mr. H. W. Tristram of Wyndham, Mirzapur, U.P., who was awarded the M.B.E. in the New Year Honours List.

People And Places



Taken after a dinner given in Lahore in honour of Sardar J. J. Singh, President of the India League in America. The group includes: Mrs. R. N. Gupta, Bawa Gyan Singh, Mrs. Virendra, Begum Kamal-ud-Din, Bawa Arjun Singh, Mrs. Arjun Singh, Mr. Kapur Singh, J.C.S., Mr. Justice A. M. Jain, Mr. K. B. Datta (host), Sardar J. J. Singh, Rai Bahadur Kunwar Raj Nath, Kanwarani Raj Nath, S. B. Sardar Mohan Singh, Mr. R. N. Gupta, Mrs. Rameshwari Nehru and Mr. Jang Bahadur Singh.



Mr. and Mrs. Farrokh Coyajee who are on an eight-month leave in Ceylon. Mr. Coyajee was Agent of the Gorakhpur branch of the Imperial Bank of India, and is a brother of Mr. Justice Coyajee of the Bombay High Court.



Mr. Douglas George Littlejohn Pirie, Manager of the Shipping Dept. of Parry and Co., Ltd., Madras, who was awarded the M.B.E. in the New Year Honours List.



Mrs. Scott, Col. Johnson-Cole (retired) and Mrs. A. G. Hall at the Lahore races.



Mr. Vidyanagar Hasija, son of Rai Litaran of Montgomery, who is shortly going to the U.S.A. on business.

Stakes Luxmi



T), with Sir Victor Sassoon, Steward of the Royal owner of Eastern Jest, after the Indian-bred filly d the Governor-General's Cup, while the trainer of the extreme right of the picture.



RIGHT STRIP:

Mr. Geddis and his daughter, Margaret, give deep attention to their race-cards.

Mr. Nuri and his decorative wife, Isha, in the Members' Enclosure.

Mr. Buckley and Mrs. Beryl Stileman devote serious thought to the selection of the horses.

Mrs. W. Groundwater (LEFT) and Miss M. Gregory, Matron of St. George's Hospital, went racing together.



Sir Jamshedji Jeejeebhoy (LEFT), Steward of the Turf Club, with Mr. Tricundas Dwarkadas, Steward of the day, and Lt.-Col. Palk.



Li. M. Galsford, Miss P. Morrison and Miss Rosemary Colville hurry across the enclosure to make a bet.



Nandini (RIGHT), wife of Mr. Bhagwanadas V. Mehta, who has recently been appointed Chairman of the Bombay Millowners' Association, with her sister, Anura Jayantilal Mehta.



Lockhart, Sir John Colville, Lady xi.



Mrs. Stewart Neilson, in a feather-nodding bonnet, punts with Their Highnesses of Palanpur.



Mr. and Mrs. David Cowan look well pleased with themselves, as does Mrs. E. W. Dixon (CENTRE).

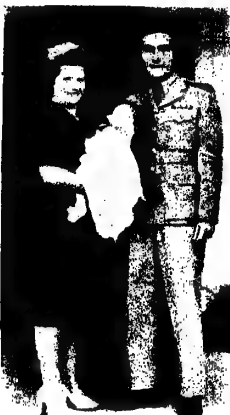
Photos by Budgeer.



Lt. T. R. Buchan, R.I.N., and Mrs. Buchan with their infant daughter, Jane Hunt, after her christening at the Afghan Memorial Church, Colaba, Bombay. Others in the group are the god-parents, Mr. and Mrs. White, and Mrs. Pope.



After the christening of Paul Dunkley, infant son of Capt. W. A. Wells, R.I.A.S.C., and Mrs. Wells, at Trinity Church, Bangalore. From l. to r.: Major E. Blessington (godfather), Mrs. Blessington (godmother), Capt. Wells, Mrs. Wells with Paul, Major G. Roberts (godfather), Major Squires and Miss C. Nash.



Flt. and Mrs. F. F. S. Cox with their infant son, Michael Stephen, after his christening at St. Christopher's Church, Digh Road, Karachi. Before her marriage Mrs. Cox was Miss M. Hills of St. George's Hospital, Bombay.



Mr. and Mrs. Homoe Bunker, with their two daughters. Mr. Bunker is Agent of the Poona branch of the Imperial Bank of India.



Mrs. Tapper, wife of Mr. W. R. Tapper of the Imperial Bank of India, Calcutta, with their eight-months-old son, Robin, at Digha.



After the christening in Lucknow of the infant daughter of Lt.-Col. R. M. Manning, R.E., and Mrs. Manning. From l. to r.: Capt. Owen, Mrs. Owen, Brigadier S. A. Bowden (godfather), Mrs. Manning, Lt.-Col. Manning, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Conrad and Mr. F. Miller; (IN FRONT) Rosemary and Peter Manning.



After the christening in Lahore of Terrance Gilmore, infant son of Capt. W. Hunt, R.A.M.C., and Mrs. Hunt of Karachi. From l. to r.: The Lord Bishop of Lahore, Mrs. F. W. Blencowe (godmother) with Terrance and Capt. W. G. Wilson, M.B.E., R.I.E. (godfather).



Hamilton Studios.

Little four-year-old Melaine McDougall, her face alight with pleasure in this study, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. McDougall of Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada. Her father is with the Ford Motor Co. of India, Ltd., Bombay.

Nonsense Verses And Serious Tales

"Did you ever see a purple cow
kneeling in the grass?"

"Did you ever see a pink horse in
your looking-glass?"

THESE two whimsical queries open the pages of a brilliantly-coloured children's book, "Did You Ever," by Elizabeth Honness and Pamela Doane (Oxford University Press, Bombay).

The book is a riot of animal paintings in vivid yellows, blues, purples, scarlet, emerald, cinnamon-brown and black, packed with humour and imagination that will delight the heart of the very young.

Another heart-lifting booklet, which I anticipate parents will grab at before their children get their hands on it, is "Spring Is Here," by Lois Lenski, the American children's author, with illustrations by Hilda Scott.

A verse to each page, with a corresponding coloured drawing, this book has the hoppest-skippety-jump air of



Kartar, the 14-year-old daughter of Sardar and Sardarni Bhagat Singh of Lahore. She is studying at Queen Mary's, Lahore, and is well versed in Indian classical music.

spring, all pastel and gay. (Oxford University Press, Bombay).

"Pam Pam," with the story by Harriet Osgood and the pictures by Lilian Neuner, is the satisfying tale of a plump little girl of three. Pam Pam dashes busily through the book, immersed in all the things dear to a little girl of her age, until her love for ice-cream causes leads her into mischief. This is a simple little story for the nursery school, presented by a new author and artist.

For the more advanced ages of six to ten, I should say, is the enchanting tale of "The Flop-Eared Hound," drawn on a tobacco plantation in North Carolina. This is a photograph book which is primarily a story, telling of the

adventures of the flop-eared hound and the little Negro boy, Boot-Jack.

Hilda Credle has written the story, with great charm and sincerity, introducing the animal life and the vegetation of North Carolina, and leading the tale to a pleasing climax.

Her husband, Charles Townsend, has taken a series of 27 full-page photographs to illustrate the adventures of the flop-eared hound and Boot-Jack, and as a photographer his work is striking and full of life. It is difficult to know which the child readers will love most—the story or the pictures. (Oxford University Press, Bombay).

P. H.



Sylvia Lilan, 18-months-old daughter of the late Major John Knapp, R.A., and Mrs. Betty Knapp, who was born in Poona and is now at Cumberley, England, with her mother. Major Knapp was killed in action shortly before the end of the war with Japan.

Don't Throw Away

An Old Umbrella or Samsade Frame

Instead . . .

CUT off the handle about midway between the extremities and replace by a small circular platform of wood. Remove the ancient covering and create a fresh loose cover to facilitate frequent tubbings. White or coloured muslin or mosquito netting to match your room is the most suitable. The loose cover should be made thus: First cut out a circular piece to fit the umbrella when pruned open. A small hole in the centre to accommodate the ferrule ensures the covering keeping in place. Now, from a straight length of material, make a slightly gathered frill deep enough to reach the table surface. Attach it neatly to the outer edge of the circular top piece, and finish off the bottom with a few beads or washing lace. Behold a most obliging folding flyproof umbrella to cover the whole table instead of a lot of little flukes all over the place.

"Kukri"



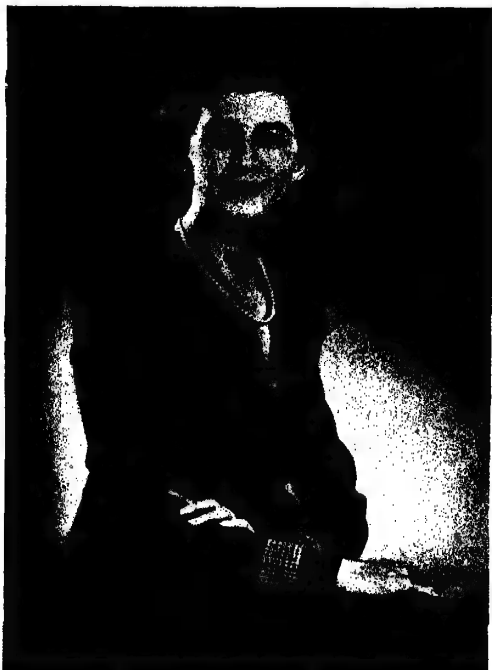
Angela, aged 4, daughter of Lt.-Col. D. A. Yates, 7th Gurkha Rifles, and Mrs. Yates, taken at Dehra Dun. She has now left for England with her parents.



Afza, Azra and Hamid, children of Mr. Bashir Ahmad, Ordnance Officer, G.H.Q. (I), Simla.



Alston David Zachariah with his little friend, Sally Yvonne Raphael, snapped in Calcutta.



A handsome study by Hamilton Studios of Mme. Berthelot, wife of Mon. Pierre Berthelot, Consul for France in Bombay. They have two children, Jacques, who is at present studying in France, and Françoise, who is in Bombay with her parents.

Vegetarian Dishes

By "Nina"

Vegetable Souffle

ONE small cauliflower, half a cabbage, two carrots, 1 lb. green peas and bechamel sauce made from 2 oz. butter, 2 oz. flour, a tumbler of milk and 3 eggs.

Cook vegetables in salt water. Make the bechamel sauce as follows: Melt the

butter in the pan and add flour, then stir in milk until the mixture leaves the sides of the pan. Leave to cool slightly, then mix in yolks of eggs.

Now fold in diced vegetables and lastly stiffly beaten whites of eggs.

Put in well greased mould, steam slowly for three quarters of an hour, turn out, and serve for three or four persons.

Bean Cutlets

Take a half pound of cooked beans, one large onion (pat-boiled), 2 oz. of butter, bread-crumbs, flour and seasoning.

Put the beans through a sieve, mix with melted butter and the yolk of an egg beaten well, season. Shape the mass into small cutlets with floured hands. Dip them in egg and bread-crumbs and fry in very hot fat. Drain, arrange neatly on a hot dish and serve with tomato sauce.

Roast Nut

You need 1 lb. nuts, two tomatoes, one large onion and 1 lb. brown or white bread-crumbs.

Put nuts, tomatoes and onion through a mincer. Add bread-crumbs and bind together.

Add salt and pepper. Put into a greased tin, place little knobs of butter on top. Bake about half an hour in a moderate oven. Serve with a nice brown gravy, as with a joint.

A little liquid usually comes from the roast nut. Add this to any vegetable water, thicken with corn-flour. This is a very savoury and tasty dish.

Overture For The Overweights

By Irma MacDonald

AS a woman advances in years Nature is in rarely kind to her. The bogey, middle-aged spread, is an arch enemy to which many unwillingly succumb. A common mistake then is to continue dressing in the styles and colours that were becoming in her when slim.

The blonde, who during her youth was admired for her milk and roses complexion and china-blue eyes, so often carries into later years the mistake of persisting in wearing the shell-pink and baby-blue shades that once had enhanced the delicacy of her colouring, but which put years on her now that she's fair, fat and forty.

Pastel shades for the no longer slim are fatal. They emphasise the thickening waist-line, the swelling hip contour. Yet in India, where dark colours are considered hot during the summer months, stout women invariably make these their choice.

The brunette whose outline has strayed out of bounds is foolish in continuing to draw all eyes with her brilliant-hued dresses.

No Fussy Details

One of the smartest women I know is turned 50, is no longer slender, has a small dress allowance, and yet compels attention for her clothes wherever she goes.

"It's just knowing the secret of what suits me," she says. "So few women do. They follow fashion blindly and imagine that by being a *fa mode* they cannot but look smart."

"I am not guided against my better judgment by the dictates of fashion. I do not wear a shade unbecoming to me merely because it is in vogue. The latest hair style—unless it is kind to my facial contours and easy to manage without my having to live in a hair-dresser's pocket—leaves me cold."

"One lesson I have learnt with success, as I have left youth behind, is to cut out fussy details. Too elaborate clothes are rarely smart and more rarely still useful."

This is wise advice to which many could pay heed with advantage. To be a slave to fashion regardless of what suits one is fully and caricatures many women.



Vienna Studio.

Mrs. PERRY Barr, wife of Mr. Ralph O. Barr, Asst. General Manager of Standard-Vacuum Oil Company, Bombay. She arrived in Bombay recently.

Saria

Saria, pretty Saria,
In a sari blue,
Will you love me, Saria,
When I marry you?

I shall be the husband
That your parents chose,
Will those cheeks grow pallid,
Now so like a rose?

I will curb my passion,
Till your heart shall beat
Madly with excitement
Every time we meet.

Life so soon is over,
Love you must not spare;
Moments that are wasted
Never will return.

"Yasmar"

The older a woman grows the less she should expose of her limbs. This perhaps may not be as easy to follow in the East as in temperate climes, but common sense and the critical eyes she is apt to turn on other women should be strictly focussed on herself to ensure pleasing results.

Obvious Pitfalls

The possessor of buxom legs, who will wear abbreviated shorts, must either

(Continued on page 68)



Miss Roshun H. Marker, of Bangalore, who has left for the United States to study for the degree of Doctor of Education at the University of California, Berkeley. She is the daughter of Mr. H. F. Marker, retired Superintending Engineer, F.W.D., Mysore.



Mrs. Rajendra and Vijay. They are the wife and young son of Lt. Rajendra, R.I.N., Karachi.



Ratlam—Nepal

One of the most glittering and important social events of the new year in Bombay was the wedding of Shri Yuvraj Saheb Lokendra Singhji of Ratlam and Maharani Prava Raj Laxmi Devi, daughter of H. E. Lt.-General Sir Shankar Shamsheere Jung Bahadur Rana of Nepal. The reception, which was held at Bikaner House, Bombay, was attended by the heads of many Princely houses, and was conducted with official ceremony, continuing into the early hours of the morning. The photographs on this page show some of the relatives and distinguished guests of the bride and bridegroom's families, while in the picture above the palanquin carrying the bride can be seen moving off to the Sumvar ceremony.



The bridegroom, magnificently dressed, leaves for the wedding ceremony in a decorated car. His accession to the "gadi" has since taken place.



His Highness the Nawab of Sachin and Lt.-General Sir Shankar Shamsheere in a happy mood at the reception.



Important guests listening to music at Bikaner House are from L. to R. (IN FRONT) His Highness the Nawab of Palanpur, His Highness the Maharaja of Kashmir and His Highness the Maharaja of Burdi.



Miss Shirin Advani sits on the lap of her father, Mr. K. U. Advani, while her mother and Mr. Homi Karaka watch the Sumvar ceremony. Mr. Advani has been connected with the Royal family of Nepal for over 22 years.



Singh—Singh

Sardar Harjinder Singh, son of Sardar Kahon Singh, Municipal Commissioner of Quetta, and Bibi Haraswar Kaur, daughter of Sardar Khar Singh, Raja of Hafizabad (Punjab), were married at Hafizabad.

The Voice Of Delhi

By "Mrs. Haulsbee"

DELHI'S social life is as gay as ever. There have been innumerable parties by diplomats for diplomats; by Pandit Nehru; for Pandit Nehru; for Mrs. Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit; for Mr. Asaf Ali and for Mr. K. P. S. Menon, the new Andras Sadr to China. Dances at the clubs have continued to draw crowds. We have had dance and music recitals, plays, exhibitions, art and photographic, and the Y.W.C.A. Jubilee.

The Hon'ble Pandit Nehru's "cup of tea" for the diplomats and consular representatives and for personal, under and deputy secretaries, also the pen and ink men and their wives was a very pleasant party. Indira Gandhi, who usually acts as hostess for her father, looked lovely in her white silk sari with colorful embroidered border. Her father was dressed in the customary *sherwani* and tight pyjamas, sporting a red rose. Tajik Singh was doing his bit with introductions. Mrs. Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit was dressed in a silver grey sari, and



Mrs. Rita de Mello, wife of Mr. A. S. de Mello of New Delhi, who has been decorated by His Grace the Archbishop of Delhi and Simla with the Gold Medal of "Pro Lectione et Pontifice" awarded by His Holiness the Pope. This is a unique honour, as it is the first decoration given to a Catholic lady in India. It will be remembered that Mrs. Kennedy, wife of a former American Ambassador to the Court of St. James, received a similar decoration from the Vatican in 1940. Mrs. de Mello also holds the Gold Medal for special work in Queen Charlotte's Hospital, London, with her C.M.B. diploma.

Rajen Nehru was in a rust sari with a beautiful Kashmiri border to match and a shawl draped over her shoulders. Members of the Central Government and Constituent Assembly stood around and met the diplomats.

George Merrell and his sister, Ruth, moved around knowing almost everybody. Sir Terence and Lady Stone were distinguished guests, the latter looking charming in a sage-green two-piece and hat to match. Sir Gurnuth and Lady Bewoor were there, also Rani Maharaj Singh in a light blue tissue sari. Sarojini Naidu, in a Madras deep blue sari, in her usual humorous way, chatted to everyone; her daughter, Padma, who wore a black sari with a wide red and gold

border, looked charming. Mrs. Anna Swaminathan and Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Malik were among those present.

From the U. S. colony were Tom Weil, Jim Billman, Dick Gatewood with his wife, Merle, and the newly arrived Mr. and Mrs. Dave, Bill and Ann Johnstone, Ernie and Mary Fisk and Mr. and Mrs. Dixon. Grace and Walter King, Mr. Simon, Deputy High Commissioner, and Mrs. Simon, Sir Iven Markay, the Australian High Commissioner, Mr. Mordie, Mr. and Mrs. Wignmore, Mr. and Mrs. Brand, Mr. and Mrs. Shi, Mr. and Mrs. Orestro, among a host of others, moved through the milling crowd.

Asaf Ali, the first Indian Ambassador to the United States of America, caused a riot in Delhi's social life for everyone wanted to entertain him. There were ongoing lunches, teas, cocktails, and dinner parties, in fact, as somebody suggested, "had there been another week of them we would have collapsed." Indian hospitality was bountiful as usual, and though many people were at



Singh—Swarup

Li, Radhachandra Singh, son of Rao Bahadur Ch. Ghad Ram and Mrs. Ghad Ram, and Kumar Raj, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ram Swarup, were married at Lahore.

every party, each tried to do their bit in bidding him a hearty farewell.

George and Ruth Merrell have been entertaining a great deal too. They asked Asaf Ali to meet the U. S. Diplomatic Staff, Liaquat Ali Khan and K. P. S. Menon were invited to dinner. The Stones too have been busy giving drink parties and increasing their acquaintances. The Shis are also doing more than their share of entertaining, treating their guests to Chinese dishes—complete with chopsticks.

Bill and Ann Johnstone (U.S.I.S.) had an interesting informal drinks, supper and movie show at which Kailash Kishan, the artist, showed two reels of films he had taken during his visit to Tibet with the Goodwill Mission in 1946. The Technicolor film on his journey through Sikkim to the first habitations of Tibet, accompanied by Tibetan folk music, could compare with the best news reels of Hollywood. The second reel which showed the installation ceremony of the Dalai Lama at Lhasa held after five years—is fascinating.

A weekly *musical* to feed the appetite of music lovers is being run by Mary and Ernie Fisk who play "request, recorded classical music" every Friday.

Tall and handsome, J. L. Singh, President of the India League in America, is back in Delhi after several years in the United States. Also in India is Brigadier Dimayaya, after commanding the Indian Occupation Forces in Japan, on a special job.

At the Imperial, the Tavern, which has been adorned with rustic sketches on

(Continued on page 51)



Their Excellencies Lord Wavell and Lady Wavell with their host, Sir Sultan Ahmed, at a distinguished party Sir Sultan held in Delhi.



F.Lt. Sultahuddin of the R.I.A.F. has been appointed A.D.C. to H. E. Field-Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck, C-in-C, India.

This Is A Tarradiddle :

The conceited young man was even more boring than usual.

"It's a fact," he said with pride, "that people often take me for a member of the Guards."

His pretty companion was not impressed.

"Really?" she drawled. "Fine—railway—mud—or black?"

And This A Tale :

First Husband: "I say, has your wife been fighting?"

Second Husband: "Fighting? Why, no."

First Husband: "Well, what's that pad over her eye?"

Second Husband: "Pad? That's no pad. That's her new hat!"

Second Chance :

"So because of her you gave up drinking and smoking?"

"Yes."

"And you didn't back horses because she didn't approve of it?"

"That's so."

"And you never play billiards or cards?"

"Exactly."

"Then why didn't you marry her?"

"Because I was so reformed, that I saw I could do much better!"

Tongue-Tied :

The impressive-looking man in striped trousers and frock coat stepped solemnly to the bar. "I say, old man," he mouthed from under a walrus moustache, "nip me up a spot of whiskey with a dash of Pims Number One."

"I don't get you," said the bar-tender.

The party repeated his order impatiently. "I'm afraid I still don't know what you're talking about," said the barman. "I guess you're English, aren't you?"

"My dear fellow," said the customer, with some dignity, "if I were any more English I couldn't even talk."

CLUES ACROSS

1. Descending from Jerusalem (9)
2. Reilly (6)
10. Standard gold coin of ancient Greece (6)
11. Real chief of (6)
12. Fruit (6)
13. Surrounding (8)
14. Spores of fish (5)
15. Division of a poem (6)
16. Reckless, but calm (8)
21. Church directory (7)
22. Milk angry (7)
24. Unknowingly (6)
25. Theatre attendance (8)
26. Gave old (5)
27. Antenna (5)
28. Three leaves (6)
29. Beliefs (4)
30. Delight (6)
31. Green (5)
32. Admiring by each (7)



"Bored, darling! But I was told that you came to India specially for the fishing."

Wanted :

"Yes, my son went out West several years ago to make his fortune."

"And what is he worth now?"

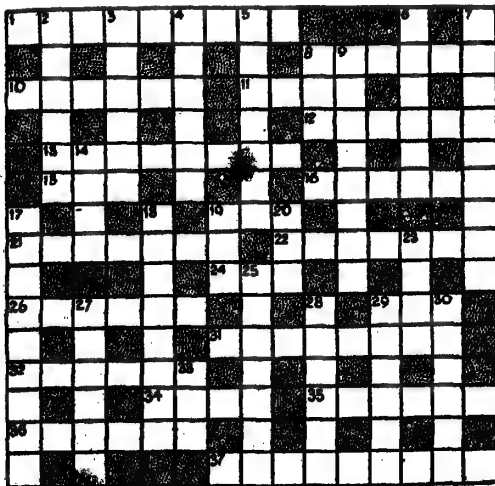
"I don't exactly know; but six months ago the authorities were offering £4,000 for him."

Cold Reception :

"Pretty late home weren't you—was the wife annoyed?"

"Was she annoyed! I'll say she was. She left a note: 'Slippers in the refrigerator.'"

"Onlooker" Crossword



(Solution on page 68)

Star-Gazing Jenny

II

No longer an eye on
The Belt of Orion,
Had Jenny at twenty-four,
And not so eager
To point out Vega,
As she had been some years before.

But she did appear
More willing to hear
Of love and its complications;
When out at night
She expressed delight,
But not with the constellations.

She was quite gay
In a proper way,
But loathed to be settled for life,
She wanted to date
A moneyed mate
Who would take her on as his wife.

It was too bad
She fell for a lad
Who was planning a trip to Mars,
For Jenny thought tough
Had had enough
To do with the planets and stars.

"Yassar"

The Truth :

My wife's guiding principle is honesty—she never fails to tell me what she thinks of me.

Success :

The young daughter of a well-known woman painter danced in glee on hearing that one of her mother's paintings had been purchased by a famous museum. "Oh, Mama," she exclaimed joyfully, "that makes you an old mistress, doesn't it?"

Down Under :

They were receiving a little conventional advice from the minister. First the husband was charged with his responsibilities, and then came the wife's turn.

"You must love, honour, and obey your husband," droned the parson, "and follow him wherever he goes."

The wife looked aghast. "Fancy!" she exclaimed, "and Jim a deep-sea diver!"

CLUES DOWN

2. Bunch (6)
3. Lane (6)
4. Extreme fear (6)
5. Increase (7)
6. Fused (6)
7. Emblems of war (9)
8. Organ (3)
9. Soothe with praise (8)
14. Memorandum (4)
17. Effects saliva while speaking (9)
18. Fresh (8)
19. Head with a needle (5)
20. Buzzer (3)
22. Fledge (4)
25. Examine (7)
27. Fatigue (6)
28. Trouble (5)
29. Away (5)
30. Famous inventor (6)
31. Swallow (3)

Looking At Britain

By "Onlooker" In London

ALTHOUGH the Indian sari, the Sikh turban and sometimes even the dhoti are seen weaving through the pedestrian traffic of busy London streets, it is a rare treat to catch a glimpse of Burmese national costume. But, during the visit of the Burmese leaders Londoners have been captivated by this picturesque dress.

Only recently the lady and the gentleman gave a striking note to H.M. Government's reception for the Burmese delegates, held at Lancaster House, St. James's, Lord Pembroke-Lawrence, Secretary of State for Burma, received the guests, and I saw U Aung San, the youthful leader of the delegation, wearing a plain khaki uniform, chatting animatedly to the Prime Minister, Mr. Attlee.

Three ex-Governors of Burma were among the guests, Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith (with Lady Dorman-Smith), Sir Archibald Cochrane and Sir Charles Innes. The High Commissioner for India and Lady Rungtunah were also present, as were Viscount Mountbatten of Burma, Sir Atul and Lady Charteris, General Sir Thomas and Lady Hutton, Sir Reginald and Lady Maxwell, Major Marchmont of Wellington, Sir Frederick Puckle and Professor and Mrs. L. P. Rukhshir Williams.

The Earl of Scarborough, President of the East India Association, and the Countess of Scarborough were other hosts and hostesses to the Burmese delegates during the month. Their reception was held at their Eaton Square home, and among those who attended were Doreen Lady Hinchin, General Sir William and Lady Slim, Sir Jeremy and Lady Ransman, Lord Lisowick, Mr. L. S. Amery and the Deputy High Commissioner for India and Mrs. Vellodi.

High-landers

And, talking of General Slim, did you hear him discuss from the B.B.C. the prospects of 1947? He used his effective command of language, too, to address a meeting recently at the Tote 11 birthday celebrations when he spoke of the great work done by Tote 11 in SEAC for the men of the 14th Army.

At a dinner dance at the Savoy during the month, in aid of the Royal Liffboat Institutions, I saw W.G. (and Mr. Paul "Fighter-Pilot" Ricky, now in civilian, dancing with Mrs. Charles Sweney, looking every bit as lovely as her pictures show her to be. Lady Mountbatten, also present, wore rope upon rope of beautiful pearls.

Major-General Robert Cotton Money was among those attending the recent Investiture at Buckingham Palace, when he received the C.B.E. He was accompanied by Mrs. Money, wearing a smart fur cape and flower-trimmed hat, and by his daughter, Felicity, who had chosen a double-breasted coat and a fashionable pill-box hat tilted well back on her head. You will remember "Robin" Money when he commanded the Camerounians in Lucknow.

Others out and about socially in Town were Air Vice-Marshal and Mrs. "Tup," Mellish, and Air Vice-Marshal Sir Alan ("Uncle") Lees, K.C.B., now A.O.C.-in-C. of the Reserve Command. Lady Lees, also at this Command Dance, was looking very decorative.

Two sprigs of Indian nobility have, friends tell me, distinguished themselves on the ice at St. Moritz—Prince Bhawani Singh and Prince Jai Singh of Jaipur.

Eastern Command, whose headquarters are at Hounslow, repeated their success of last year with a truly super dance at



Princess Katherine of Greece, youngest sister of King George of the Hellenes, and her fiancé, Major Richard Campbell Andrew Brandram, M.C., during a recent visit to Plymouth, Devon. Major Brandram is serving with the British Military Mission in Iraq. Their marriage is expected to take place in Athens within the next two months.

their H.Q. Held in the Gym, it was excellently organised, with good parking arrangements, a rhythmic Gunner band, and a wonderful buffet supper—so good, indeed, that the guests made almost a stampede when the supper hour came. Brigadier A. G. ("Tony") O'Connell Scott was there, and Col. and Mrs. "Felix" Lee, Kna looking smart as ever in black velvet with a pale blue satin blouse heavily embroidered with bead sequins. I also saw Capt. Alex Greenwood, who not long ago was A.D.C. to Sir Claude Auchinleck in Delhi.

Wellcomes And Weddings

The first reunion dinner of ex-officers of the 4th (Red Eagle) Indian Division was held a short while ago at the Charing Cross Hotel, when Lt-General Sir Francis Tucker, who presided, paid a glowing tribute to the Indian soldiers. Steps are being taken to form a permanent 4th Division Association in England, and General Tucker hopes that a similar organisation in India will devote itself to the welfare of veterans.

Miss Jean Begg, now Director of the Y.W.C.A. British Welfare Service in the Far East, is well known to India,



May, wife of Major "Frisk" Steel who is Finance Minister in Jodhpur, with her two Siamese cats, "Kim" and "Mink". She will be returning to England shortly.

whether flitting through a Middleton Row, Calcutta, or shedding the light of her vitality upon a conference at Viceroy's House, New Delhi. She has just flown from India to England on her way to attend a meeting of the International Y.W.C.A. Executive Committee at Geneva.

I am sure you will like to know that Miss Begg has spoken most highly of women's work in India and still further East, and that, through the Y.W.C.A., she has been in touch with the best women in the country, and able to work with and through them.

Daphne van Wart (O.A.I.M.N.S.C.R.), elder daughter of Mr. R. B. van Wart, O.B.E., of Llynwyl, Wales, made a charming bride for Major W. A. Ingram at their recent wedding at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. A halo of orange blossoms secured a tulle veil, and her long gown buttoned down the front of the corage.

Remember Mrs. R. W. C. Was? Her son in the Grenadier Guards has just been married to Heather, daughter of Lt-Col. and Mrs. G. H. Mills of Sharnley Green. Heather looked a picture, and carried a lovely sheaf of lilies.

Holy Trinity, Brompton, was the scene of a pretty nuptial wedding when Lt. (3) H. Desmond Nixon, whose home country is Lincolnshire, led to the altar Elizabeth June, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Witherington of Berkshire and India. The bride, looking young and very sweet, wore an ankle-length gown with a closely-fitted corage and an unusual heart-shaped neck. Brother officers of the bridegroom formed an archway of swords.

David Hensley, who served in India as his father's A.D.C., continues to make a name for himself in Tin Pan Alley. Perhaps you heard the glamorous Anne Shelton sing her newest song, "If You Can Dream," in response to birthday greetings on one of Christopher Stone's Sunday Revue Programmes.

People You May Know

Remember how you used to laugh R.P.H.'s Crazy Page in *Victory*? Rodney Hobson has already written some radio features, and is now collaborating with Ted Kavanagh (famous for his I.T.M.A. scripts) in a new television series, "Flavours of Progress."

The Kennerly Daughters (U.P.) are installed in a flat hard by the Albert Hall, but rather wish they were a little farther away from the nightly crowds festering in the only remaining large hall in London suitable for festivals, reunions, boxing and large-scale concerts. The Douglas Betts are in London again—this time permanently. They have just moved into a house in Belgrave where Jane is going to a day-school. She will find several other

children there who spent their very early childhood in India—George Silli's daughter, Allison, and Duncan Geddes, Rene and Hugo Rall. Until recently Alec and Joanna Tombarzi were also at this school.

Lord George Montagu-Douglas-Scott was a bachelor when he served in India with his regiment, but on one of his leaves he married Miss Molly Bishop, the well-known portrait artist. Lord George, who is the third son of the seventh Duke of Buccleuch, and brother of the present Duke, is now commanding the 1st Bn. of the Northamptonshire Yeomanry with the B.A.O.R. He has three children: Georgina and Charmian, who inherit their father's fair complexion, and David who is darker.

Mlle. Maud de Querin is yet another, whom I have met recently, who holds tender memories of an Indian childhood. Although she is now of a considerable age, she is still keenly interested in her own family connections with India, and in the many old girls whom she taught. Those she can call to mind include Frances Cophlan, Molly Mallaby and Vera Gratton (to give them their married names) who were "finished" at Mlle. de Querin's establishment on the outskirts of Paris. "de Q." as she is known, lives in Fulham, but ships apishly about the West End, and recently undertook a day-long trip to Southend with a party of journalists.

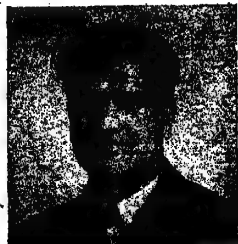
Service Changes

Major-General F. W. Festing's many friends in the East will be interested

(Continued on page 63)



H. E. the Nepalese Minister to the Office of the Queen, Sir Shree, who has returned to Nepal after eight years in London. He was accompanied by H. R. H. Princess Rama (sister of the King of Nepal) and their daughter, Rajkumari Khani, who has travelled extensively with her parents in Europe and the United States.



Mr. R. K. Kochar of the United Provinces Service of Engineers, who has recently returned to India after being on a Government of India deputation to study highway bridges in the United Kingdom and the United States of America. During the war he was with the Royal Indian Engineers.

Poona Prattle

By G. P. Gnanak

THE principal attraction in Poona has been the Services' Week, which was held on the Race Course in aid of the Sub-Area Indian Military Families' Welfare Fund. The R.W.I.F.C. generously placed the course and stands at the disposal of the organisers without charge and the fund benefited enormously thereby. The arrangements were in the capable hands of Brigadier "Tiger" Smith who divided his show into two parts: the Exhibition and the Tattoo.

The Exhibition was opened by Major-General T. W. Rees who was accompanied by his wife and daughter. There was a great deal to see and it was very gratifying to note the number of junior Indian officers who were showing their families the various exhibits. Much has been written already elsewhere about the Exhibition but special commendation must be made of the "cottage industry" and "home" exhibition organized by 3 T. and D. Centre, I.A.M.C., from Deolali.

Col. Alex Craig, I. M. S., the new Commandant of the M.A.T.C., was just in time to take over his new command and see the Exhibition laid out by his staff. He is well known to old Delhi and Simlaites, having been on the D. M. S. Staff for many years, off and on. He and Mrs. Craig have lately returned from a well-earned leave in the U. K.

Tattoo Success

To return to Services' Week, the Tattoo, which had fittingly a large Maharashtra flavour, was a great success. The opening night was attended by the Army Commander and the Area Commander, as well as a number of local celebrities. The massed bands of Sub-Area provided the colourful side of the performance, together with the vivid costumes and head-dresses of the dancers. The Boys' Bn. of the Royal Bombay Regimental Centre, R. I. E., in their P. T. display showed how training and diligence can produce a model of rhythm and perfection, and the Heavy A. A. Regt., whilst emphasising these attributes, proved once again that all is not play in the Army.

The Poona Club is the place where most of the new-comers to the town are seen and it was there that I saw Mrs. Webb who had just returned from the U. K. to join her husband who is commanding the Raj. Rif. at Dahu. They were in a party with Brigadier



Brigadier Hamish Forsyth, who is with the Headquarters of the Southern Command at Poona, is one of the youngest Brigadiers in India Command, being only 37. Born at Shanghai, he was educated at Lansing College and joined the Royal Scots from Sandhurst. At the outbreak of the last war he was serving with the R.W.A.F.F. in Gold Coast. Brigadier Forsyth saw active service in East Africa and was later posted to Abyssinia. During 1944 for eight months he was at Southern Command Headquarters at D.A.Q.M.G. and rejoined his old unit, the 81 West African Division, in August 1945 he returned to Southern Command.

and Mrs. Stephenson who are going to England shortly. His job as Brigadier Administration in Southern Command is completed. Also there was Brigadier Young of Southern Command. Welcome visitors were Major Bell and his attractive Greek wife, Roula, who were on leave from Lake Beale. They were warmly welcomed by several old friends in the Division.

The R. I. N. Band played on Sunday night in the C. W. I. to a very small but appreciative gathering. I am afraid the coldness of the evening rather spoilt the attraction of the open air.

One of the highlights of the month was the visit of the senior officers of 4 Div. for a conference and we had the benefit of meeting several old friends and making some new ones. Several of them came to the Poona Club dance on Saturday night. I saw Brigadier Scott, from Lake Beale, dancing with Mrs. Woodridge. Lt.-Col. Neville Storer and his wife, Margaret (who was looking very attractive in a black floral frock), had a party which included as cheerily as usual. Lt.-Col. Watchorn, R. I. A., and Mrs. Watchorn were in from Dhond and were dancing with Mrs. Dobbin and Major Advice respectively. Lt.-Col. Jansen of the F. F. R. was in General and Mrs. Rees' party, with

Brigadier H. W. D. MacDonald and Major Peckson, the B. M. of 11 Dde.

Another distinguished visitor was Brigadier Williams, R. E., from the School of Military Engineering, who was at a table with Col. and Mrs. Clarke. Southern Command was represented by the Scott Larkins, Marjorie looking very striking in a black, white and red frock. Mark Gaisford was dancing with Mrs. Higgins, wife of Major Stevens, attractive dancers.

Lt.-Col. Radford was dancing with his wife, who looked very striking in an unusually-cut gown. True Lixley was wearing a lovely green frock; we are all waiting for another cabaret turn from her.

New "Whip" Wanted

The C. W. I. cocktail dance had a small, if distinguished, attendance, in which Brigadier and Mrs. MacNanana had a number of "red tube" in evidence in the party which included General and Mrs. Rees and Ronnie.

The Poona and Kierke Hunt, who share hounds with the Bombay Hunt, are looking for active new members and in particular for a new Secretary and Whips. Brigadier "Pull" Turnbull, the C. R. A. of 4 Div., is the Master, but Col. Parks, who was Secretary and Whip, is to leave shortly for the U.K. Major John Rubens, another Whip, is on "longer leave" and his return is doubtful.

It may interest some of the old members to know that "Daffodil" and her 12 pups which were on show at the Handy Hunter Trials are flourishing.

Among Poona well-knowns, who have left, are Jack Mapp (he took part in "Hay Fever") and Johnny Beome from Sub-Area. Jack Stewart and Tommy Morison are expected to leave shortly. Tommy's place was to have been taken by Major Tyndale but he went into a vacancy in 4 Div.

Other new arrivals under the Red Eagle are Lt.-Col. Atkinson in Div. Signals and Mrs. Atkinson, Lt.-Col. Richman who took over Tony Crosswell's chair (he is on longer leave), and the Alex Sampeys who have left I.A.M.C. Records for the Div. Field Ambulance, Guy Hughes of the P.A.V.O. has joined their G. Staff. Capt. Anant of 17 Field Ambulance is attached to Southern Command and was sent to the Club in a party which included Major Krishna-moorthy, who was well known to many. Capt. Price, the new S.S.O., who took over from Jack Stewart, did not stay long and in turn handed over to Capt. Cronin.

The Voice Of Delhi

(Continued from page 46)

the walls and checked red chairs and curtains, has been drawing a large crowd of dance lovers who come to "grill, dance and cabaret" I saw Grace King, always so beautifully dressed—with Walter, her husband, also John Sargent and General Bird with his wife.

The red carpet was unrolled twice lately. Once when Lord Wavell met the foreign and Indian delegates to the Indian Science Congress, and the second time when Sir Sultan Ahmed had Princes over for drinks. Their Highnesses of Patiala, Bhopal, Kota, Bharatpur, Sir-mur, Gwalior and many more were present.

Hunt Ball

Horse lovers showed a keenness for another sport than hunting when they met to shatter on champagne dais flour with peach blossoms everywhere at the Gymkhana Hunt Ball. Spring was in the air and the women had turned out in all styles of dresses, from Victorian Highland to 1947. Blues and greens were most prominent, with a smattering of whites and reds. With the sounding of the horns the hounds pricked up their ears wondering where the hare was, and moved along with the Master of the Hunt, Major Calmady-Hamlyn. The band followed it up with "Do ye ken John Peel" but drowned it with "Daisy, Daisy."

Lady Wavell with her daughter, the Hon. Miss Felicity Wavell, and their party, as well as the Col.-Gen., Field-Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck, enjoyed the ball immensely. On the floor facing the hand were the Hunt Committee with Major Calmady-Hamlyn, the Master, Kilmenny, his wife, Major and Mrs. Du Sautoy and Brigadier and Mrs. Commander, Delhi District, and Sir Frederick Tynms, President of the Hunt Committee. In a corner under the blossoms was Mrs. D. Cunningham, who looked lovely in white silk. Also at the Ball were the Maharaja of Sirmur, Mr. and Mrs. MacFarquhar, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Malik, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Izard and Mr. Collin Reid.

Here And There

The De Mel of Colombo have been here to celebrate the wedding at St. James' Church of Ahyas De Mel, son of the late Sir Henry De Mel and of Lady De Mel, to Mona Joseph, daughter of the late Mr. A. V. Joseph of Rangoon and of Mrs. Joseph, at present in Delhi. Bishop De Mel, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Fenwick, officiated at the ceremony.

At the reception were Rani Mahari Singh, Mrs. Indira Gandhi, Mrs. Ammu Swaminathan, Mr. and Mrs. B. K. Nehru, Mr. M. W. A. de Silva, Government representative, and Sir P. Rahimtoola.

Bob Neville (Time and Life representative) who went to Bombay to find a "story," found a wife instead and was married there. Percy Wood (Chicago Tribune) was here again.

Delhi has not ignored the cultural side. We have had a number of exhibitions, ranging from labour and industrial to photographic and art, also dance and musical shows. Ravi Chopal and his troupe, who have to visit the United States, were performing for the delegates to the Indian Science Congress and special guests. They all enjoyed his grace of movement, his colorful costumes and the dancing to soft music with "jingle bells."

The Delhi School of Hindustani Music and Dancing gave their annual "Basant performance at the Regal and played to a crowded house. Usha Bhatia's dance in Kathakali technique was excellent and the turns by Kapila Malik were fascinating. Lady Wavell honoured the recital by her presence.



The engagement has been announced of Lt. Brendan (Paddy) Donnelly, Royal Garhwal Rifles, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Donnelly of Limerick, Eire, and Winifred Mary, eldest daughter of Major L. H. Fenney, the Bihar Regt., attached H.B.T.D., Deolali, and Mrs. Fenney, of Birmingham and Eire.

The Razor's Edge

About Films Of The Month

Brickbats And Bouquets

By "Candida"

FOR once in many a long film day the script of a well-read book, adapted for the screen, has stuck to facts and characterization. You will find all Raymond Chandler's tough characters so vividly described in his books strikingly alive in "The Big Sleep," which Warner Brothers have made under the production of Howard Hawks.

That lovable person, Philip Marlowe, ace-detective of Chandler's novels, comes to life in Humphrey Bogart's no longer sinister, macabre and shriek-making, but truly lovable, with his worried face, his dry, cynical approach, the familiar Philip Marlowe habit of pulling at his right ear, and of chain-smoking.

Dumb Carol

The picture opens with Marlowe being interviewed in a fabulous hot-house by General Sternwood, a sick old man slowly approaching his "big sleep," who needs the steaming heat to keep his body alive. The old soldier summons "charmy" Marlowe to get him to bring to heel blackmailer Gelger, who is pursuing young Carmen Sternwood.

And on that note Philip Marlowe goes to town. Soon we meet young Carmen herself—a sullen nymphomaniac, played by newcomer Martha Vickers, who is as pretty a girl as I've seen on the screen for many a day. Despite her thumb-sucking, mentally-deficient behavior, Martha Vickers gives more character to her sordid part than frigid, bony Lauren Bacall.

Guns blaze round "The Look;" gangsters hold her in their clutches; she is well and truly kissed by Humphrey Bogart several times, but throughout is Bacall gives only her slanting look, and her face registers as much expression as a dead comfort on a slab. What is this woman's hold on the screen? Even as a clothes' horse her frame is too angular.

However, there she is playing Vivian Rutledge, the elder daughter of General Sternwood, who has a passion for protecting her sister, Carmen, from the

clutches of the shady rump with whom she associates. Vivian herself manages to get around with more blackmales, gambling kings, racketeers and gunmen than one would imagine necessary for a girl of her wealth, but that's the story, and "Calabaz" Marlowe estricates his clients from all their nasty little schemes.

There is, of course, a great deal of exciting action in "The Big Sleep," but Hawks has aimed his camera with monotonous frequency on Bogart jumping in and out of cars, and Bogart entering and emerging from a hundred doors. The dialogue is fast, slick and witty at times; tough, tense and corner-of-mouth spitting at others. All the shady lot of Chandler's underworld emerge in the film, doping, drinking, shooting, blackmailing, kicking in the stomach, double-crossing, administering poison, lying and cheating. Nice people? But then you have to be a Raymond Chandler fan, as I am, to appreciate them.

After all, when we were children we lay on our stomachs for hours, breathless with excitement at the exploits of "Hairbreadth Harry" and the like, portrayed in our *Comic-Cuts*. Now that we are adults the Philip Marlowe, Lenemy Cautious and film Cautious that that adventurous gland in all of us.

No Plain Jane!

So, now we have seen Jane Russell. And I, for one, am inclined to say, after four years of breathless anticipation of this half-on-ice film actress, "Is that all?"

Amusingly enough, it is not her censored and much-discussed first picture, "The Outlaw," which has given filmgoers in India their first introduction to Jane, but her second, styled "a romantic drama," and called "Young Widow," on which we base our opinions.

The man who accompanied me to "Young Widow" muttered, "terrible sex appeal," as we shuffled down from the gallery. I opened my mouth to protest, but thought better of it, for everyone has a different conception of this worn-out phrase. I could be caty and mention that Jane has strikingly



Gene Tierney as Isabel and Tyrone Power as Larry Darrell.



John Payne as Gray Maturin with Gene Tierney.



Frank Latimore as Bob MacDonald and Anne Baxter as Sophie.

The remarkable make-up of Cecil Humphreys transforms him into the Eliot Man, in the film version of Somerset Maugham's best-seller, "The Razor's Edge."

obvious knock-knees, but I prefer to dwell on her soft century mouth—wide, sensuous, and inclined to droop—her usual firm-set nose-on-shoulder hair-do, and the rather aloof manner which American producers love to build up—"class," I believe, they call it.

She had full scope for this aloofness in "Young Widow," for here she was recently bereaved during the war years (her husband was an aerial reconnaissance photographer), and she could be as snooty as the liked with would-be admirers and hang-on. Barbara Stanwyck made a much better job of her widowhood in "My Reputation."

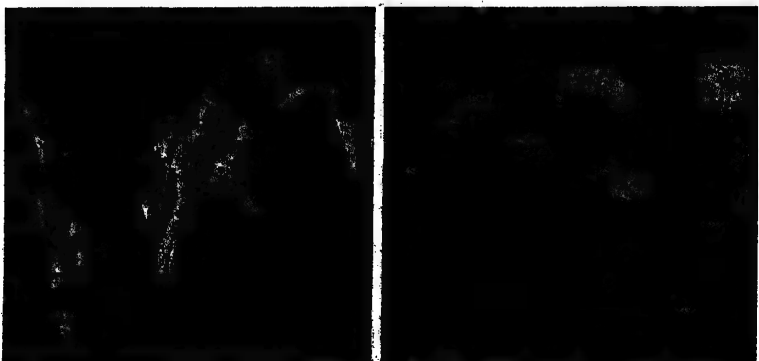
The film left no impression on me and the star less.

Worthless Mildred

It is many years since I read "Of Human Bondage," but I can remember very clearly the amazing characterization of Mildred, the waitress, given by Somerset Maugham. Mildred with her "green complexion," her shady home background and her horrid, little little mind.

And who could ever forget Philip Carey, the artist and medical student, who was so deeply tortured by the abnormal

(Continued on page 33)



W. Somerset Maugham's famous book, "The Razor's Edge," has been produced for 20th Century-Fox by Darryl F. Zanuck and as you have been offered to bring to life on the screen the first married couple whom (Larry) Somerset Maugham (Harriet Marshall) meets in an exclusive district of Chicago. The principal character, Larry Darrell (Tyrone Power), is an ex-World War I aviator who, after release from service, cannot make up his mind to settle down to a normal life as a routine wage has come upon him, and after years achieves complete spiritual harmony. He is engaged to his childhood sweetheart, Isabel (Gene Tierney), and finds himself unable to marry her and accept a life of work and routine. Isabel, unwilling to give up her life of luxury in pursuit with Larry his quest for justice and faith, is pursued by her uncle, Elliott Templeton (Clifton Webb), a superficial dilettante whose only existence is international society's high living, to marry Gray Maturin (John Payne), the son of a well-to-do stockbroker.

Brickbats And Bouquets

(Continued from page 53)

fascination Mildred exerted for him? Paul Henreid played this part with great understanding, and one was aware constantly of his deep sensitivity due to the physical deformity of the club-foot with which Philip Carey was born.

But why not more of Mildred herself? Eleanor Parker, who plays the part, made a most convincing cocotte, with her fringed "bang," her vacant expression, and her silly, common little phrases.

Her shallow nature and cheap upbringing could have been much better emphasized, however, by more accent on her work as a waitress in a London tea-room, and the depths to which she sunk when she had no more of her current admirers upon whom to prey.

One of my real pleasures in this picture was derived from seeing Edmund Gwenn on the screen again. He gives a little cameo of a hospital patient suffering from gout; peppery, dynamic and full of personality. Later, as the father of the girl Philip Carey decides to marry, he makes a delightful family man.

Apart from scenes of glorious ice-skating by the British ballerina star, Belita, I can think of little to commend "Suspense," hailed by Monogram's as their first million-dollar production. The ice-skating, on a vast stage, is superb, with a whole company of ballerinas weaving a beautiful pattern, and Belita herself flaunting her lovely legs through a hoop of knives, and across acres of ice.

The story of "Suspense" is a nasty one, bringing in unattractive Barry Sullivan as a wife-stealer and murderer, and Albert Dekker as a would-be murderer and sadist. Belita, the center of the eternal triangle, remains beautifully aloof in all these undercurrents, and while she may sate and dance like a dream, she certainly can't act, and should not have been allowed to do as much as she did.

Film Come-Backs

Is it paucity of new productions or public demand that has conjured up so many re-releases of old films this month? No matter what the reason, it does seem rather like cheating to bring back some of these dated pictures, with a great fanfare of trumpets, press shows, advertising build-up, and a general hood-

winking of audiences. I refer mainly to "Juarez," which had most of us guessing until we were actually in the cinema, and then remembered that we had seen it some eight years back.

And so little to commend "Juarez," too, for re-showing! Paul Muni at his most sinister, as the Mexican President; Brian Aherne, looking rather cynically amused throughout his performance, as Emperor Maximilian of the Hapsburgs; Bette Davis, more than usually pop-eyed and spiritual as Carlotta, wife of the Emperor; John Garfield thrown in as a naïf, American-speaking Mexican Republican, and many hundreds of phoney Red Indian-descended Mexicans, all speaking at once, fighting, shouting and plotting. No, "Juarez" is not my cup of tea at all—historically inaccurate, and altogether nonsense.

Now, I can see some good reason for re-showing Laurence Olivier's "Henry V," which can live on forever as a rich and rare tapestry: its film technique perfectly in the Shakespearean stage tradition, its characters magnificently cast, and the voices a joy to listen to—above all, distinguishable, which is more than can be said for most films I have seen of late.

Undoubtedly, "Henry V" is caviare to the general. On the night I went again my enjoyment was completely marred by the staccato cat-rat of seats shooting back as the audience streamed out in their mumbling dozens. Oh, oh, has all artistic appreciation been dulled by the screen-drugs dished out to us?

Nearly 15 years old, but still bright entertainment, "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" was worth a re-showing in India this month. The clothes are amazingly dated, and the cinema technique equally so, but Gary Cooper appeared his young and charming self, and that was sufficient excuse for showing the picture again.



~Hedy Lamarr who is co-starred with George Sanders and Louis Hayward in "The Strange Woman," produced by Jack Chertok for the United Artists.

The Traveller

Oh, I have seen the glory of a Himalayan spring,
And heard the silver piping of a blackbird on the wing,
And tasted dainty dishes fit to set before a king:

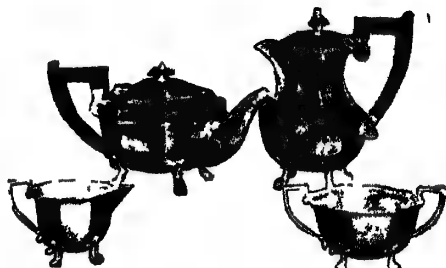
And touched the softest larvae and silk 'twixt China and Peru,
And smelt the rarest blossoms that were drenched with morning dew,
But all the time, I found, these things reminded me of you.

C. L.



Larry restlessly continues his struggle. He works as a miner in a small French coal mine town (LEFT) and from there goes to Germany, to Spain and finally to India (CENTRE) where he meets and falls in love with a girl who teaches him a faith beyond mortality. Ten years pass and Somerset Maugham meets Isabel in Paris. This time she is living with her uncle after she and her husband had lost all their fortune in a stock market crash. Larry is back from India and one evening in a low Parisian cafe they all meet. Sophie (Anne Baxter), a childhood friend of Isabel's, who, after the tragic death of her husband, Bob MacDonald (Frank Latimore), and their child, has come to Paris where she has become a diplomat. Larry feels that Sophie should have another chance and offers to marry her but his efforts are doomed by Isabel who still loves him and, realising Sophie's weakness unconsciously tempts her to drink (RIGHT). By doing this Isabel ruins her last chance with Larry, who, after Sophie's murder in a third class hotel in Toulon, sails as a deckhand on a ship bound for America to live among his people, hoping to help them with his own ideals.

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At a garden party given by Mr. M. R. A. Baly, Consul for India at Nova Goa, in honour of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Valerian Gracias, Vicar Bishop of Dada and Auxiliary Bishop of the Archdiocese of Bombay, during his visit to Goa. The group includes The Governor-General of Portuguese India, Madama Brown, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Valerian Gracias, Lady Baly, the Vice-General of Goa, Father Lobo and Mr. M. R. A. Baly.

Calcutta Causerie

(Continued from page 47)

and a perfect interpretation of the demerit of this strange legend Gopal Krishna Nambhary's "Bhum Prabham" in Kathakali style was a first rate performance which concluded the first half. Though the entire programme was most pleasing, I feel particular credit should go to Amata Devi's two Kathak dances and to the Manipuri ballet. I do hope that we will see more Indian dancing of this kind in the bigger Calcutta theatres.

Among the many struts of disposals which Calcutta has inherited in post-war (and the list of these is endless!) a very welcome one would appear to be the Burma Club, of late the Club of American Officers in Bengal, and now a social club of first rate order, which offers residence and entertainment to over 300 members at the lower end of Lower Circular Road. I understand that Mr. Subramanyam has taken a keen personal interest in the promotion of this club, and I must say that the plans have borne excellent fruit. Spacious public rooms afford excellent opportunity for dining and dancing, and the type of entertainment offered there is of an exceptionally high standard. On the night I was there I saw some first-rate dancing by Daniel and Xenia. The social Secretary, Mr. M. O. Aykut, certainly must have his hands full, running some two hundred apartments and laying on the masses of delicious meals for which he is responsible.

Cabaret At The "300"

The Burma Club has become popular as the rendezvous for bigger events

I saw Khan Bahadur Dossani, our own Sheriff, being entertained there by a large group of well-wishers on the same day as the Calcutta Aluminate Distributors' Association honoured Rai Bahadur Hunchand K. Shah, with Mr. H. M. Patel, C.I.E., in the chair.

It may be some time a coincidence that the zoo Club has executed some very nice caricatures, and that they also offer cabaret three days, with that sick little dancer, Loretta, and Paul Strauss presiding with his violin.

From Mr. and Mrs. K. A. M. Royston Brown, now back in Calcutta after leave spent in England (where they have left small Anne Marie and Penelope with their grand parents in Pembrokeshire), I have heard news of several popular people from around these parts. They tell me that Col. and Mrs. George Phipps have settled down at St. David's as a home with a magnificent view of the sea and the islands over the Cathedral, and that their garden is as attractive, in a different way, as was their lovely one at Flagstaff House, Belgium.

Among those whom the Royston Browns met at the "local" at Goodwick were Peter and Peggy Lightbody, with Peter's brother, John, from Assam. Peter will be remembered in the Naval Control Service during the war, when he was stationed in Bombay, Madras and Calcutta. They have now left Wales and bought a house in Essex.

Eluned Lewis has her family at Newport, Pembrokeshire, during the short spell of mild weather that preceded the great "freeze-up". Edgar Lewis, late of Rangoon University and Army Headquarters, Delhi, is now working in London, and his wife has finally found a house in Wimblesdon.

Jack and Billie Olden, and the S. J. Brownes, late of Bombay, are now all settled in Cape Town.



Gore, six-month-old son of F.L. Subimal Kumar Ghose and Mrs. Ghose of Murumbur, Calcutta.

Bangalore Lore

By "William Booth"

SIR Walter Campbell, the Resident, has been in Mysore, where he joined the Governor of Madras and Lady Nye, who were guests of the Maharaja at the latter's shooting camp. From there, Sir Walter flew to Madras to meet his two elder daughters, Maureen and Cecily, on their arrival from Singapore and Malaya, where they have been working as Welfare Officers, and he brought them back with him. They were seen soon after, together with their sister, Elizabeth, at a dance at the Club in Major and Mrs. Wilson's party.

Recent visitors to the Residency have included General Sir Rob Lockhart from Poona, who was accompanied by Brigadiers Steadman and Dibb. General Lockhart's son, Neil, recently announced his engagement to Brigadier and Mrs. Beeson's daughter, Audrey, in Poona. The engagement did not come as a surprise to their many friends in Bangalore who had seen the young couple about together a great deal while they were here.

Air Force Party

Other visitors to the Residency were Air Marshal Walmsey, Air Officer-Commanding-in-Chief, and Mrs. Walmsey, from Delhi. They were entertained to a big cocktail party given by the hostess, Mrs. Walmsey. The hostess wore a smart, cocktail dress of black satin with diamond buttons down the front, and Mrs. Walmsey wore black velvet. Lady Campbell was also present. She was wearing a looking glamorous in a white, shawl-like dress. Other guests included Lady Thumbo Chetty, W/Cmdr. and Mrs. MacDonald, W/Cmdr. Patricia from Yokohama, Singapore; Langlands, the new wife of the W/Cmdr. Langlands; Mr. Spencer, charming Althes Thomas with her husband, who is now back in a civilian job in Bangalore after serving with the Chindits in Burma, S/Ldr. and Mrs. W. J. Thomas, and a group of young friends after their return from Burma, F/O. Ram, P. A. to the Air Commodore, and W/Cmdr. Tomalin and his pretty wife, Maxie. This popular young couple had a very cheery and happy party the whole week for a lot of young friends.

At Yelohanka

The C. O., and officers of the R.A.F. Station at Yelahnaka made elaborate preparations for their first big dance held at the Mess, and the many guests who roared 15 miles out to Yelahnaka found a cheery cocktail lounge, a gaily decorated ball-room and a marvelous supper laid out in a *chambers*. S/Ldr. Stringer and Dutt received the guests among whom I saw the A.O.C. and Mrs. Adams, Miss Elizabeth Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Jayasim, Mrs. Willing and her sister, S/Ldr. and Mrs. Gordon, S/Ldr. and Mrs. Golder, D/Ldr. and Miss Gillett. P/Lt. Bears as Mess Secretary was indefatigable in looking after everyone.

Lalita and Gurudas Ubheykar celebrated their third wedding anniversary with a big cocktail party at the B. U. S. Club. The hostess wore a striking cream and gold sari, and among their guests were Sir Albion Banerji, Mrs. Denrow from Vienna, and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Lenore, Bill Bayley of Hindustan Aircraft and his wife, recently arrived from the United States, Mr. and Mrs. Lalvani, Mrs. Balduf in a smart coffee and beige ensemble, Mr. and Mrs. Sedanam, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Campbell and the Sundarmurthy sisters.

Dr. and Mrs. Kameiam gave an "at home" at their lovely residence in Paradise Valley, which they are now converting into a Hydro District Centre.

with boating, fishing, swimming and riding available on the spot. Numerous tea tables were arranged over the extensive terraced gardens, and, after tea, Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar, Dewan of Travancore, declared the Hydro open. The Resident and Lady Campbell were present.

Major and Mrs. Forth of 41, C. M. H., gave a reception at the Officers' Mess at Jalaballi after the christening of their son, Robert Edwin. Sister Jones of the O.A.I.M.N.S., who had been bride-

Prince Muzafer of Palampur with his cousin, Sahabzadi Nohad, among his favourite ladies and eunuchs.

maid at their wedding last year, came on leave specially from Deolali to be god-mother to the baby. Among other friends there were Col. Prower of the R.A.M.C., Major and Mrs. Hyde, Capt. Nicholls, 19th Field Regiment, and his wife recently out from the U. K., in an attractive blue costume, Capt. and Mrs. Kelly, Capt. and Mrs. Lane, Major Squires, and Capt. Davis, the Chaplain.

Staff Changes

Mr. Green who has been Police Commissioner here for the last five years, sailed for England recently. Mrs. Green and the three children having preceded him a few months earlier. The Green family is now in London. Road, who had been spending short leave here with his mother and sister, Joyce, has been posted to the Persian Gulf. Col. J. O. P. Maurice and Capt. Barclay are back from the U.K., and are now in the 10th Light Cavalry. Mr. Stewart-Grattan is en-viaiting Bangalore after three years. Col. and Mrs. Hazley are back from Australia, and he has been posted to Burma. General Chambers, who has been in the U.K. for some time, is now in the 10th Cavalry. General Mac Dennis from Delhi have been here on short visits, and are seen dining with Brigadier and Mrs. Mansland at the Club on a dance night. Capt. Tully was also in the U.K. and is now in the 10th Cavalry. Mrs. Gordon has been in the U.K. for some time, and is now in the 10th Cavalry. A cherry party which included Cecily Campbell who had worked in Col. Gordon's hospital in Singapore. Mr. Lewis from New York is now staying with Mr. and Mrs. Gordon. Mr. Signals. Col. Copeland's predecessor, Col. Halliday, is now at Belgium, while his wife, Sylvia, is with the British Occupation Forces in Japan, having an interesting time travelling as an official artist.



Play—Wanda Max

Mr. J. Krishnamoorthy, son of Mr. M. L. Janardana Pillay of Alleppey, and Leeluvathi, daughter of Mr. A. G. Senapathy Mudaliar of Bangalore, were married at Bangalore.

Wake up your rooms with



Gateway Gossip

(Continued from page 44)

smart wife resembled a Monet painting in her bustled gown of panna violet satin, with the Impressionistic effect heightened by a fringe on her forehead. Among those who were introduced were Sir Homi and Lady Mody and Lt.-Col. Sir Sahib Singh Sodhey, who returned from England a short while ago. Mrs. Smith, wife of Brigadier T. N. Smith, D.S.O., O.B.E., was another guest who looked cool and charming in a white dinner frock, and Mrs. Velthout, wife of the Consul for the Royal Netherlands, chose a striking black frock with touches of scarlet.

One of the most attractive ensembles in the ball-room was worn by Mrs. Palk, wife of the Military Secretary to the Governor. In classic-cut corse robe, she wore a top-knot of puppies of the identical shade.

Mr. and Mrs. C. K. Daphary, Sir Rustum Narsani, the Rt. Rev. Dr. V. Gracias, Auxiliary Bishop of Bombay, and Dr. H. A. Sonderegger, the popular Consul-General for Switzerland, who came back from leave in Europe recently, were among others I noticed.

Also present were Major-General and Mrs. Richardson, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Ciffin, Sir Ardesbahr and Lady Lalal, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Gillan, the Hon. Mr. Justice N. H. C. Coyajee, Sir Victor Sassoon, Bart., Sir Fazal Rahimtoola, Admiral Sir John Grace, the Hon. Mr. Justice R. S. Baidkar, Sir Hugh Clayton, the Rev. R. P. Stacy Waddy and the Hon. Mr. Justice G. S. Kajadhyakata.

At The French Consulate

A very pleasant cocktail party was given by Mon. Pierre Berthelot, Consul for France in Bombay, and Madame Berthelot in their spacious residence at Nepean Sea Road, which was attended by His Excellency the Governor of Bombay and Lady Colville.

The party was given in honour of Prof. Jacques Hadamard and Madame Hadamard. One can only describe Prof. Hadamard as a typical scientist with his "imperial" head, broad forehead and calm bearing. He is one of the world's greatest mathematicians and came to India as a delegate to the Indian Science Congress. He is a Doctor Honoris Causa of the University of Delhi and a Member of the Indian Academy of Sciences, among many other honours. During the war he was obliged to leave France as he was in disfavour with the Nazis and went to America where he taught at the Columbia University, returning to France only after the liberation. Madame Hadamard reminded me of Whistler's famous portrait with her simply gathered white hair, plain black frock and lovely white shawl. They had a busy time meeting some of Bombay's best-known scientists, such

as Dr. H. J. Bhabha who came with his mother, Dr. Prasad, Prof. K. R. Dikshit, Sir Jarneshoji Duggan, Prof. Bharucha and Lt.-Col. J. M. Shah.

Madame Berthelot was wearing a beautifully-cut black frock as only a French woman can wear it. Black was, indeed, very much to the fore that evening; Lady Colville wore a most becoming black lace dinner gown, Miss Morrison, who accompanied her that evening, wore plain black with a square cut white collar, Madame Mosse, who with her husband has recently returned from an eight months' stay in France, looked very chic, particularly noticeable was the lovely diamond brooch she wore on her severe black evening gown. Lady Duggan, in a stunning black sari sparkling all over with gold stars, was seen talking to petite, attractive Rodabeh Tera and her brother, D. R. D. Tata.

French was naturally heard everywhere that evening. I saw Dr. Lenczner who is quite a linguist and speaks French fluently, having studied in Paris for years where he was a pupil of the famous late Dr. Thierry de Martel. Dr. Lenczner is the Vice-President of the Alliance Française, the world known organisation which fosters French culture in foreign countries. Talking to him was Mon. Petit-Dutailhies who is the Hon. Secretary.

Amongst the members of the French colony were Mon. and Mme. Arnaud. He is one of the Directors of Michelin Tyres and has been staying a while in Bombay before returning to France. During most of the war years he and his family were in New Zealand which has completely enchanted them. Also there were Mon. and Mme. Cochain who were shortly leaving for Shanghai after having been in France on leave.

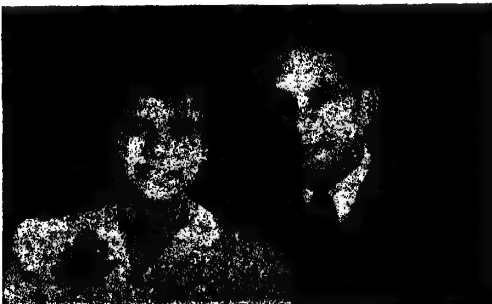
Mon. Frederic Max, Oriental Secretary, Attache to the French Consulate, and Mon. Papoussami, the Vice-Consul, were busy seeing that everyone met everyone else.

Amateur Photography

Among the many other important guests were Mr. and Mrs. Symington, she looking attractive in green. They were talking to Lt.-Col. Palk and I wondered if they were discussing the lovely selection of photographs that Col. Palk showed recently.

Col. Palk's principal hobby is photography; he took it up two years ago, and while on leave he made a point of making a complete photographic record of his tour of South Africa from the moment he and Mrs. Palk left Bombay. Their many friends had an opportunity of enjoying the complete selection of these beautifully arranged photographs in the attractive Durbar Hall at Government House.

(Continued on page 57)



The engagement has been announced of Capt. Kenneth Curllon and Miss Sheila Simpson. Capt. Curllon is the son of Mr. Fred J. Curllon, J.P., General Secretary of the National Union of Railwaymen of India and Burma, Bombay.

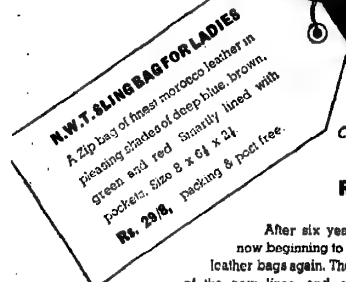
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Gateway Gossip

(Continued from page 50)

Mr. John and Lady Colville dropped in informally with their daughter, Rose Mary, and Priscilla Morrison. Mrs. Halls was animatedly talking to Mrs. Magnusson about her leaving and the new company she was starting in London. At Cavendish Hill Mrs. Magnusson was to come back after a long stay in Europe and she looked particularly smart that evening in a black cocktail suit trimmed with sequins which she wore beautifully. Mrs. Magnusson's sister, Mrs. Durrant, and her Lady Duggan had brought with them, Aben, her daughter-in-law, who had come from Madras on a visit. Mrs. Gernard was making one of her last appearances in London before she goes to the U.K. on the "Strathmore." Durrant is one of the very few sculptors who has had the honour to be elected a member of the Royal British Artists. Sir John and Lady Colville, Sir John and Mrs. Francis Low, Sir John and Mrs. Phillis. Lill Stars was accompanied by her husband, Dr. Hans Handell, and Leah, who was practising very hard to get into the dancing class she has given recently in Bombay.

Comings And Goings

Two close friends, Ian Grant Smith and Dick Preston, who share a flat near Breach Candy, gave a slap up farewell drinks party during the month, just a few nights before they left India to join their wives abroad.

Jan has now been appointed South African Trade Commissioner in London, but has flown to Pretoria first to collect Audrey, his wife, and arrange about the transfer of their three small children.

Very soon he will be meeting up with Dick Preston in London, for he was one of the "Strathmore" passengers who is taking his first home leave for seven years. Dick's wife, Lilian, has been in England nearly a year, putting their son in a school in Yorkshire, and they plan to spend their leave in Devon with his parents, and generally reviving memories of England.

There was much talk of coming and going at this gay party, for so many people seem to be on the move just now. Mr. and Mrs. Parker, who had been up since 5 a.m. on the morning of the party hunting at the Jackal Club, Chola, acted as co-host and hostess. They two.

are soon U.K. bound and plan to spend their leave on a hop farm in Kent.

Mr and Mrs Hugh Powell themselves only just back from home leave are now settled in a flat near the Taj and are frequent guests at many Bombay parties. "Maggie" is a most gifted matinee actress and is singing in something in the theatre here.

George Brown the Canadian Trade Commissioner brought his attractive

French Canadian wife, Audrey, to this party. I saw her welcoming the Dais, a new Canadian couple who have arrived to live in Bombay.

Another recent arrival in Bombay is Sue Sutherland whose mother owns the lovely place in Delhi. "Sutherland's" Sue tells me that she is starting a branch in Bombay, which will be most welcome in the city. She flew out from England only a short while ago having previously been travelling in America and on the Continent.

It was very nice to see Sheila Hynes after her long stay in England. She arrived during the month and was welcomed by her husband, Lt Col Pierce.

J. Laves, who came down especially from
Roxie before running with him.
Shukla and her two sons stayed with her
uncle Mr. C. N. (sic), who on the
night of her arrival by ship gave a large
party at the Byculla Club of which he is
President. At the party were many of
the Thyges' old friends as well as Mr.
Hallénberg, Swedish Consul-General in
Bombay and his wife, and Sir Alister
Ramsford, who will shortly be leaving
Bombay on retirement after having
been for so long Master of the Bombay
Mint. He is very much looking forward
to joining Lorraine and their children

Among Our American Friends

When the "Proud at Munsie" finally made up its mind to sail, it carried away many American friends. Among them were Johnny Bennett and slim, blonde Kay, George Cole and artistic Missy with their two sons, vivacious Ruth Jones whose clever remarks will surely be missed charming Dorothy Earl and her two children and General Vogel of the American Marine Corps.

who was in charge of several invasions in the South Pacific during the war. I understand he is transferred to London, a sad fact for the American community. Also the John Dixons surely no party will be the same without John's infectious laugh and Irene's charming presence.

There has been a long succession of farewell parties for all these people, and while the hat dabbled here, there was always an excuse for just one more. They tell me that they all were positively embarrassed, continually meeting their friends to whom they had bid an affectionate farewell the evening before and seeing that "What haven't you gone yet? Look on their faces!

The Magills (Ot and King) and Frances Brough know all about that feeling too for they waited in New York during the shipping strike for weeks! The Steel Artisan finally deposited them at Bahrain Island where the "Calcutta" Americans got them on a plane and they triumphantly arrived here in time to attend the lively party at the Willingd in our New Year's merriment, given each year by the American Men's Association.

Ivlyn Teaber the attractive wife of "Chet" of National City Bank fame, did not get here by Christmas being the first American woman to come all the way by air. Al Young and George Hurdick have also arrived straight from New York.

I'ven though so many of the girls who helped with the American Women's Club dance last year have now left, there are many new arrivals who look very energetic, and am pletely capable. Tall dark Audrey McHugh has agreed to be Chairman and Selma Wende, who is the President this year will be a wonderful help. Plans are already under way for this dance to be held at the Taj

Parties these days seem bigger and better than ever. Jell Jones of the American Consulate and Ted Richardson of Standard Oil gave an excellent party at their flat in Marble Arch. It was an after dinner dancing affair, complete with orchestra. It was a cosmopolitan group and everyone invited was very fortunate.

Camel Iyabjee of Hyderabad blew into town much to the delight of his American friends. He was at the Willingdon Club the next day scrambling together a dinner party for that night at the Club. This might be difficult for some to arrange at such short notice but not for Camel! The party was a great success.

(Continued on page 58)



Scores of the players in the Dallas Cup Golf Competition, held at the Wellington Club, Bombay, on the occasion of the G. I. P. Railway Officers' first annual sports meet: From 1 to 8 (FRONT ROW) Mr. A C Bakke, Mr. H E Cox, Mr. J Wood, Mr. S D Sen and Mr. R S Sen; (SECOND ROW) Mr. D S Mehta, Mr. S M Donovan, Mr. S Barber, Mr. Mac Gee, Mr. W L Strang, Mr. Marchant, Mr. B Thornton, Mr. J E Jack, Mr. MacRae, Mr. A Pickard and Mr. C W Clarke. The Transportation team, Mr. H E Cox and Mr. R J Harris, were the winners, and the best caddy was put in by Mr. H F C. No. 71—63.

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★ For full details of the 1947 Fair apply to the nearest British Commercial Diplomatic Officer or Consular Officer, or the British Trade Commissioner in your area.

BRITAIN PRODUCES THE GOODS

Gateway Gossip

(Continued from page 37)

At The Races

The racing season in Bombay really reached its peak on Eclipse Stakes day when His Excellency the Governor and Lady Colville lunched with the Chairman and the Committee of the Western India Turf Club at Mahalaxmi. It was indeed a day of surprises. Ariel Mail and Eastern Jet, two outsiders, respectively won the chief events of the day, the Governor's Cup and Eclipse Stakes, and both were ridden by young Cunningham. But the greatest thrill of all happened at the following meeting when Bucephalus, ridden by Tommy Burn, won the Blue Riband of the Indian Turf from the unbeaten Her Majesty in one of the most thrilling Derby races run in India.

The next day Sir Sultan Chinoy, a Bombay race-horse owner and breeder (on whose stud farm Bucephalus was bred), had double cause for celebration, when he and Lady Chinoy gave one of the biggest and most lavish receptions of the season for the wedding of their son, Amit, with Almas, daughter of Lt.-Col. Munavar Afridi and Mrs. Afridi.

Their impressive home on Cumballa Hill was brilliantly illuminated and this gave the ceremony a gorgeous setting. Most of Bombay was there and everyone had a very enjoyable evening. Magnificent presents were received by the bride and bridegroom and their display formed one of the great attractions of the reception.

Darbar Week

I have heard enthusiastic reports of the Baroda Golf Week from some of the lucky people who received invitations. Among these were Phillips and Graham Jolley, Molly and Tommy Manden of Ahmedabad (Molli took all the runner-up prizes in the ladies' competitions, by the way), Emily and Don Meeker, Billie and Bill Stetrey and the young Monaris. Of course there were some of Bombay's well-known golfers, like Jay Jesop, who won the Baroda Championship and most of the other prizes, I believe, Harry Hampton, Sir J. J. Jesjeebhai, Dick Gardiner and J. D. Antia.

Although called a "Golf Week," the visitors were not restricted to hitting their ball round the course for most of the week. In fact, the entertainments offered by His Highness the Maharaja of Baroda were numerous and fascinating to those paying their first visit to the State.

Elaborate plans for a long trek by car through India have been made this month by Joe and Edith Van Denburg, who have bought an old Ford station-wagon, into which they are packing Jo-Jo Junior and themselves, and touring right through to Colombo for four months.

Joe Van Denburg, Jr., is an American journalist, who represents a group of 27 American industrial journals in India, and he is making this trip to gather copy for his group.

Edith, who is a most practical American housewife, in spite of her streamlined, vigorous appearance, is tremendously excited about this new experience, and is prepared to do all the chores that such a trip entails.

I hear that Peggy and Vic Brindle, who are in Shanghai, miss Bombay and their many friends, and find life in China rather fantastic. I don't wonder when you hear of paying a million dollars for a frock or a suit! News from Daphne Rogers and Greta Emsley, two delightful young women who spent several war years in Bombay before going to Hong-Kong, present a rather more pleasant picture. Conditions, they say, are improving rapidly, and in some instances have attained to normal.

Madras Musings

By "Miss House"

MANY notable people have visited Madras of late among them H. E. the Commander-in-Chief, East Indies, Vice Admiral Sir Arthur Francis Palliser, and Lady Palliser. The official visit was paid in the C-in-C's Flag Ship, H. M. S. "Calcutta," and while in Madras they were the guests of the Governor and Lady Nye. Also in Madras at the same time and staying at Government House were H. E. Mon. Francis Baron, Governor of Free Establishments in India, and Mrs. Baron.

Regatta

The Yacht Club held a delightful regatta to open the sailing season and the date coincided with the arrival of all these VIPs in Madras. Sir Archibald and Lady Nye attended as did Vice Admiral and Lady Palliser and M. and Mrs. Baron, all three ladies dressed for the occasion in sports clothes—Lady Nye looking extremely smart in rust-coloured linen slacks and white sports shirt, while Mrs. Baron wore maroon-coloured slacks with a blue sports shirt, American style. The regatta was most enjoyable, Pauline Harris and Joe English came together, Pauline looking smart in a yellow flowered linen dress, printed with large black flowers, and Joe enchanting in a pale blue linen dress. Mrs. W. Bryson was attractive in a maroon linen costume, striped with white. It was nice to see Edith Turpin back among us once again after a long stay in Denmark. She wore a well-cut white "shakoin" costume. Enjoying herself was Mrs. E. Hamilton, wife of Dr. Hamilton, who has recently arrived in Madras, she looked neat as always in a beige linen dress. Mrs. J. Phelps favoured a silk frock, diagonally striped with flowers. Mrs. G. S. Marwah and her daughter, "Cuckoo," were also there. "Cuckoo" has only recently left school and is thoroughly enjoying life in Madras.

At the end of the evening Lady Nye presented the prizes, the ladies race being won by Mrs. Eggleston, wife of the Commodore of the Yacht Club. First in another class was Miss Ian Hardingham, and another prize winner was Bernice Sadlow.

Charity Ball

The same evening a dance was held at the Banqueting Hall in aid of the Nursery School Project of which Lady Nye is a sponsor and I believe she worked tirelessly to ensure the full success. Col. "Dug" Wilcock was the chairman and on the committee were Mrs. Idina Worford, Mrs. Pauline Hunt, the Rajkumar of Pithapuram and

Mrs. Mary Chubbwa. The delicious supper was arranged by Mrs. J. Watson and Mr. J. Phelps. Masses of flowers from Government House, Ootacamund, decorated the room. Mrs. Mary Chubbwa was looking attractive in a white organza suit with some beautiful silver ornaments. Mrs. Wade, wife of General Wade, wore a smart grey dress embroidered with faint touches of gold. I saw Mrs. H. M. Small, who has just returned from the U. K., looking most vivacious in a yellow crepe dress. Mrs. Baron was greatly admired in a smart black dress which had been recently brought out from France and was one of Schiaparelli's models. Mrs. A. Lepper was striking in a white crepe dress trimmed with silver lamé. Mrs. A. Krishnamurthi was wearing the loveliest pair of jewelled earrings I have ever seen and Nina Krishnamoorti chose a pink suit with a silver border. The dance collected the splendid sum of Rs. 6,000.

The Y. W. C. A. Luncheon Club was addressed by Mr. M. B. Chhabani, Chairman of the Madras City Improvement Trust. Among the guests were Mrs. Lakshminarayana, Mrs. Widdell, Lady Leach and Mrs. A. A. Hayes.

The Y. W. C. A. also held this month their fifteenth annual meeting at the Banqueting Hall and was attended by Lady Nye. During the meeting Bernice Barlow was elected President for the following year. Prof. Stewart Nelson, on a visit to Madras from the United States, gave an extremely interesting lecture. The highlight of the evening was a pageant which was staged in the Banqueting Hall illustrating the work done by the Y. W. C. A. Mrs. Watson Gundry represented Norway in the final scene and looked delightful in her national costume. Miss Muller represented Denmark, June Eggleston, England, Kay Malvern, recently returned from "Jowden Under" represented New Zealand and Mrs. C. Millar appeared for the United States.

Comings And Goings

Sir Lionel and Lady Leach have now left Madras, and before their departure there were many farewell parties held in their honour. A large tea party was given by the ladies of the Guild of Service. Many members of the Guild of Service were present among them Mrs. H. C. Kierhart in a beige coloured sari and Lady Lakshmana Rao favouring a colourful sari in red and gold. Mrs. I. Austin was there in black while Mrs. C. Bell wore grey and Mrs. R. Appel was in blue and white crepe. Lady Leach looked distinguished in a deep midnight blue evening dress studded with sequins.



Alex, Ken and Janet, the children of Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Britto of Lahore, and Aurachi

On the Sunday evening that I. M. S. Glasgow was in the harbour, a delightful cocktail party was given on board, reminding one of pre-war days. Lady Palliser, looking extremely smart in a white afternoon dress, welcomed the many guests on board, among them twice Spencer looking in as attractive in a white crepe dinner dress. Mrs. D. Irwin in black and white flowered silk, Lady Warkworth in black as also Mrs. G. Hardingham. Also there were the Chief Justice and Mrs. C. G. and Mrs. H. Clark with her pretty daughter.

Our congratulations to Pearl and John Davis who have had a daughter whom they are calling Nicola. Col. W. must also congratulate Pamela V. who is shortly to be married in England to Laurence L. P. Panel spent many years in Madras with her parents, but she has received the C.I.B. in the New Year Honours List. We have had (1) a good bid to Betty Swallow, who for reasons of health has had to leave Madras.

Best-Kept Gardens

One of the most delightful events of the season is the Madras Flower Show. Unfortunately many of the gardens this year have suffered during the heavy rains, but there were still a beautiful show of flowers. The Hon. Sir Valery Widdoworth won the prize for the best kept garden and was presented with the Sir Charles Leighton Challenge Cup. Sir M. Alagappa Chettiar's Chalky Cup for the best kept garden went to Mr. M. S. Ramaswami Chettiar and Mr. C. W. J. Chettiar's Challenge Cup went to Mr. K. S. Rajagopal Ayyangar. The prize for the best kept vegetable garden was won by Mr. M. S. Ramaswami Chettiar. Mr. Chettiar won many prizes for his beautiful fern and was

The Governor and Lady Nye give an informal garden party on Sunday evening at which there were only about a hundred guests. Little Harriet Nye was brought along, during tea she was dressed in a blue organdy frock and held a blue teddy bear. I met Lady Nye looking very smart in a black and white ensemble. All the guests were the Countess of Shaftesbury in Mrs. D. Howell Olga Harding, recently back from the U. K. and Miss Ruth Bush.

A Round Of Parties

Dances continue to be a great favourite at the Crinoline Club every Friday night. Mary I. much enjoyed a late party on evening to celebrate his birthday including Mrs. N. Irwin extremely smart in a pale blue crepe dress and her daughter Hazel. In an afternoon I saw Audrey Gristad who was in Madras five weeks on holiday from Bangalore. She looked lovely in black lace. We have at last heard who is to take Mr. R. de B. Maynard's place when he leaves month from the General Managership of the Madras and Southern Mahratta Railway. It is to be Mr. W. G. W. Reid who was in Madras a few years ago but has lately been working with the Railway Board in Delhi. Mr. Reid was recently married to Kathleen Gar in Delhi.

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Ganapathy-Thangamma

Major K. C. Ganapathy, M.C., I.M.S., I.A.M.C., and Dr. (Miss) K. C. Thangamma were married in Mysore.

Singapore Sallies

By "Sampan"

H If the Governor of Singapore and Lady Gimson were guests at a cocktail party given by Air Vice Marshal J H Breakley A.O.C., Malaya and Mrs Breakley at their house in Scott's Road recently Lt Col Sir Clutha McKenna who is St Dunstan's representative was also present. He is staying at Government House on his way to China at the invitation of the Chinese Government to advise on training of war blinded soldiers, having been instrumental in founding a St Dunstan's Home for blind Indian soldiers in Dehra Dun. Many old friends of his were at this party, including Mr and Mrs Paul Josselyn (he is the American Consul-General in Singapore), whom he had met in Washington early in the war.

Other guests at this most enjoyable party were Rear Admiral and Mrs J Egerton he having come on after four strenuous chukkers of polo. Major General and Mrs I H Cox and Mrs H P Bryson (he is Acting Colonial Secretary in Mr P McKerron's absence). Mr E Massey the Australian Commissioner, was accompanied by Mrs Massey who wore a smart printed foulard, and their two pretty daughters, Lorna and Dulcine. Mr and Mrs R H Scott were among the guests, also Mr and Mrs J Hamer, she in an attractive multi-coloured evening blouse worn with a black skirt.

From Changi came Air Commodore P M C Livingston, the P.M.O., also Gr Capt and Mrs Mark Selway, also looking charming in a duck-egg blue dinner dress. Among others at this party I saw W/Cdr C N Fleming and members of the 7th Pathfinder Squadron, R A P Bomber Command.

Tanglin Club

In spite of the rival attraction of the Rugges Ball at Raffles, the dance floor at Tanglin on a Saturday night was as crowded as usual and all the tables were full.

Enjoying the dancing was Lady Gimson, who wore an attractive dinner dress of white, patterned with a blue flower design. Among others I saw Lady Bagnall looking extremely smart in a black dress, highlighted with champagne-coloured flounces set diagonally on the slim black skirt. In the same party were Major and Mrs R Hoey.

Mrs J Sandstrom chose a lovely floral print of cyclamen shades and Mrs I Uebrigthman who had also attended the Cathedral wedding of Mr Nelson and Miss Grillick that afternoon and had, in fact been among those responsible for the really lively and unusual floral decorations, wore a slim fitting dinner dress in a k ft shade of cornflower blue. Mrs P Irvine had a beautifully cut black dinner dress, the long closely fitting sleeves trimmed with black sequins.

The Controller of Ordnance Services, Major-General W. W. Richards, while on a tour of the Far East, attended a dance given in his honour by 223 Base Ordnance Depot, Singapore (Commandant Col N Ireland-Smith, I.A.O.C.) From L to R: Lt-Col. N Pryce, Mrs Pryce, Lt-Col D Eyn, Major-General Richards, Mrs Ireland-Smith, Brigadier C W Bacon, D.O.S., S.E.A.F., Col N Ireland-Smith, Mrs Joan Smedley, Major L Burroughs and Lt-Col J Tobin, I.A.O.C.

Mrs Ann Childs was also in black, a white twisted choker of small beads accentuating the neckline. Mrs Chappendale topped her black skirt with a crisp white blouse.

Recently arrived from India are Brigadier and Mrs T Manpreet-King, who were in a party with Lt-Col and Mrs Tobin and Col and Mrs Ireland-Smith. Mrs Manpreet King looked very smart in an attractive dinner dress of floral crepe in shades of pinks. They are living in New Boon Camp, Brigadier Manpreet King being in command of and Ebelein.

We were very glad to see Joan Smedley back in the gay spot once more. Wearing a becoming shade of olive green which suited her lovely and unusual colouring (Joan is the lucky possessor of 'lutan-coloured hair and a "roses and cream" complexion), she was looking her usual cheerful self. Peed Unmack, another popular Australian girl, was in a large party and looked very chic in a white ensemble.

Miss Pamela Boyes wore a lovely dress in shimmering white satin, which suited her perfectly. Mrs Paul Rijn looked very soignée in a black dinner dress. Mrs D Atherton wore a becoming shade of periwinkle blue.

Chinese Consul Marries

The wedding took place recently of Mr Arthur C T Kwong, Chinese Consul in Singapore, and Miss Kay Tan Yow Kim. The bridegroom is the eldest son of Mr Y. C Kwong and the bride the second daughter of Mr and Mrs Siakwang Tan. The bride, who wore a white satin thirled dress with matching train, looked really lovely. She carried a bouquet of white gladioli. Her sister Miss Alice Tan, wore a charming frock in ice-blue satin with a flower applique round the hem, which matched the poy she carried. There was one little flower-girl, Miss Choc Tan, looking like a fairy in a pink as frock decorated with frills.

(Continued on page 61)



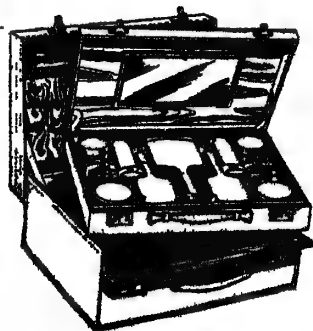
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After the customary Chinese ceremony, which took place in the Victoria Memorial Hall and carried out by Dr. Wu Tzu-shang, the Chinese Consul-General, the scrolls were signed by the heads, the heads of the members of the two Societies.

Among the guests were H. H. Sir Franklin Gimson, Governor of Singapore, Rear-Admiral and Mrs. J. Egerton, Major-General and Mrs. L. H. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. Claude Massey, Sir John Bagnall, Sir Fiaz Fioe and Lady Tan and Dr. Mary Tan.

The hair and the ceremonial dress were beautifully decorated and the lovely "Shanghain," the traditional Chinese dress which was worn by many of the women guests, lent great beauty to the colorful scene.

A large cocktail party was given recently by Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Lury at their lovely home in Queen Astrid Park to introduce Mr. S. E. Seidman of New York—Foreign Manager for

W. E. G. Pictorial and for Eagle-Lion of America—who is making a survey trip through the Far East. Mr. Sudlerman is the brother of the hostess, Mrs. Lure.

Among those present were the American Consul General and Mrs. Paul Schmitt, Mr. and Mrs. Run Run Shaw, Mr. Yuenan Shaw, Mr. J. Dalton, Mr. Andrus Schlosser, Mr. G. H. Kiat, Mr. Wang, Mr. J. Dumeneque *Mr. and Mrs. Ray Hill, Mrs. Muriel Steinbeck the Australian star of the Columbia film "Smiley," Col. and Mrs. A. A. Walter and Mrs. Leon Britton. Mr. Nones, Mr. Arthur Koehn, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Sharp and Mr. Philip Jacob

Miss Marjorie Steinbeck, who was returning that evening to Australia, looked most attractive in a pearl-crepe pinstriped frock, the hostess received her guests in a gold tulle rainbow-shot tulle with a pencil slim black skirt.

Miss Leon Burton's chalk-white dinner frock was plated with huge hibiscus flowers. Mrs. Larry Bergquist chose pavenche-bias crepe.

Gr/Capt and Mrs Mark Selway gave a cocktail party at their house in Changi and I was very interested to meet W/Comdr C N Fleming, DFC and members of the 7th Pathfinder Squadron RAF Bomber Command.

Mrs Muriel Steinbeck, the Australian film star autographs the album of the 14 small daughters of Mr Run Run Shaw the Chinese film magnate as 1 Mr. Shaw (LEFT) at a party held at the Shaw home in Singapore. Mr Nance Sen of Columbia Films is on the right

who are at present visiting the Far East having flown out from England a short time ago. It seemed strange to hear that they were unable to take off from an aerodrome near Peterborough whilst until the runway had been cleared of the heavy fall of snow! Singapore strikes them as being a bit warm after England but in spite of the heat they are enjoying the good things this country has to offer. They expect to return to Europe in the near future.

Air Commodore P M C Livingston had some interesting things to tell about his recent trip to Hong Kong. He also told me that he hopes to produce another play in Changi (he was responsible for the successful production of "Rebecca") and has great hopes of putting on a presentation of "The Monkey & Paw" some time in the spring.

Mrs Selway wore a hostess gown in black crepe. Both street length and evening dresses were worn. Mrs Hard man, who arrived with her husband Al Vice-Marshall D Hardman looked very smart in a dinner dress of a vivid shade of cherry red. Mrs Northway who came from Seletat with Gr/Capt Northway topped her black evening skirt with a becoming pale blue blouse. Lady Tredgar, the popular organizer of the Malcolm Cuth at Changi wore black and Mrs Russell wife of Major General G N Russell looked lovely as usual, and chose an afternoon dress of

s f grey crepe Mrs Elizabeth Barn
cl light who is als c Lord Killeen
vest highlights fr their slim black afterno
frock with a choker f twisted jade
green beads Crl and Mrs Ireland
Smith and Lt crl and Mrs J Tobin
arrived t gather fr Singapore and
others at the party included Mr and Mrs
l Hamer Mr and Mrs Whitby
Cr Capt and Mrs Helen Gr/Capt
and Mrs Perkins Cr Capt Riley and
Gr/Capt Sorrel Carreron who has
s been just taken over Ingal A r Station

Mrs J T bin has arrived from India with David and Jennifer to join her husband. It is also known that Mr BOD Mr J bin has arrived to rejoin his wife who has been here for some months. They have been living in Durian. Mr H F Clancy, formerly of the A.C.S. Ipoh is shortly returning to Malaya. He was Principal of the A.C.S. Klang in 1941.

T/Comdr H Hill ATS has arrived from Colombo to take up his duties at Tanglin Barracks. Capt B de la Causse has now left Singapore. He has just relinquished his post as ADC to H L the Governor. Sir Franklin Gimson. Capt Spiers has been appointed ADC. Mrs Taneja wife of Major Taneja I AOC, of the 123 BOD has recently arrived from Lalit. This was Mrs Taneja's first sea voyage.



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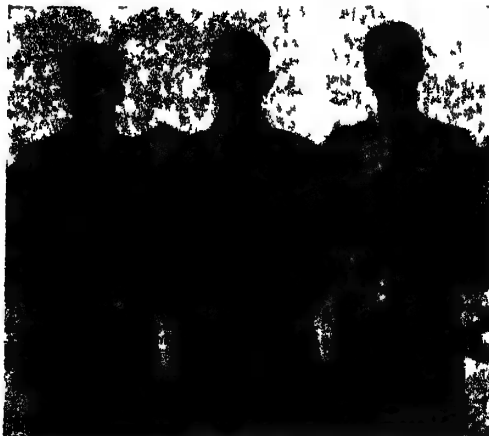
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Edith Arden

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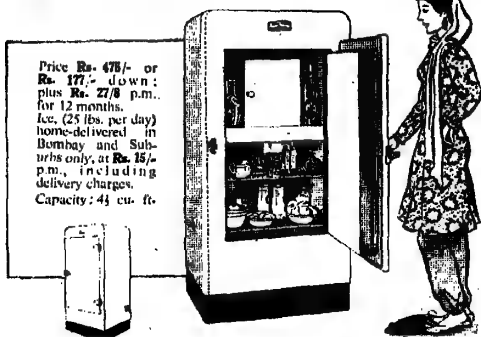
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IAQC officers of the Ordnance Depot Kuala Lumpur SEAC photographed after the disbandment of the Depot. Front L to R (STANDING) Capt [redacted] Shaikan, Maj. Major C Rawson and Lt V N Swamy (IN FRONT) Jem, Adj D S Naidu

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even in hardest water. Leaves hair sweet, clean, naturally radiant!
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Record Album

Disc Discussion

By "Wolf"

THE music of "The Great Elbowement" (H.M.V., DB 6595/7) is based upon various numbers taken from unknown and forgotten operas of Handel and a few suites for the harpsichord of the same composer. They have been re-arranged for the modern orchestra by Sir Thomas Beecham, who has also written the story and the scenario of the latter of the same title, which illustrates the elopement of Sheridan ("The Rivals"), "The School for Scandal" with Elizabeth Linley, from Bath to London.

I think Sir Thomas has performed a great service in resurrecting the lovely tunes of the great master of the baroque. None of the operas from which he has borrowed are staged any more and this music would have been lost to us. It is a sheer delight for the ordinary music-lover and, especially, for many balletomanes. The more formal pieces are recorded in the appropriate pompous manner without becoming stilted, as many re-arrangements of eighteenth century music have been. Other parts are full of superb impudence and careless gaiety. Listen to the "Hornpipe" and you will be infected by its spirit and will repeat it again and again. It is something to drive your blues away.

Lack of space forbids my going into further details but I hope that I have whetted your appetite to hear more of this work. The playing of the London Philharmonic Orchestra is delightful throughout under the baton of Sir Thomas. The recording is good.

In recent years many Mozart recordings have been added to the Indian catalogues of the leading companies, but hardly any one as lovely as that of the "Horn Concerto" in E Flat, K. 495, played by Aubrey Brain and the B.B.C. Orchestra under Sir Adrian Boult (H.M.V., DB 3975/4), which I recommend to all lovers of Mozart.

This concerto was written in 1783 and is the third in a series of four, three of them in E Flat, a key specially suited for the limitations of the instrument. They all were dedicated to his friend the horn-player, Leutgeb of Salzburg, and for fun Mozart used different colours of ink for each when writing them down.

Mozart turned the limitations of the instrument, which were very severe in his time, to advantage, proving himself the subtle and expert artist he was. In the first movement the form is simplified and there is a good deal of low singing melody both for the solo instrument and the orchestra. The short *cadenza* gives an opportunity to the soloist to show his skill, and the heights and depths of the horn are heard.

The slow movement, "Larghetto" is a meditative cantilena of great sweetness. The horn shows the delicacy of its own and a more vigorous moment comes in the second half of the movement as a contrast, which soon leads back into the sweetness of the theme.

The last movement reminds us of the origin of the instrument, the hunt. We are taken along on a gay chase, hearing echoes of the countryside and the mood is perfectly caught and held throughout the movement. Mozart shows himself a superb huntsman and his humour and wit are most refreshing.

Aubrey Brain is the greatest horn-player alive and his playing is admirable. He is ably supported by the B.B.C. Orchestra and the balance between the solo instrument and the orchestra is maintained throughout.

Only in recent years has the work of the Russian composer, Sibelius, been recognised by the general public and gramophone records have greatly helped

in making his compositions known throughout the world. But most people connect his name with his suites and possibly his symphonies.

His "Violin Concerto" in D Minor, Op. 47, has remained rather unknown, although it was written nearly 50 years ago and enriches the poor literature of violin concertos immeasurably. It was written in Italy and is a happy blend of Latin influences with the spirit of the Finnish lakes and forests.

Priestley's play, "Music at Night," was lately produced in Bombay and its action is based on the three movements of this concerto, tracing the reaction of the various characters to the influence of this music. The work deserves serious study by all lovers of classical music and I am very glad that a recording has recently been issued in this country. The concerto is played by Glinette Neveu and the Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Walter Susskind. (H.M.V., DB 9007/10.)

I know of no other living violinist who combines an outstanding technique with such great musicianship as Glinette Neveu. She seems to be possessed by the spirit of the music. I remember her playing of the Tchaikovsky Violin Concerto in 1936, when she was still very young, and already then it became evident that she belonged to the class of the great violinists of today, Heifetz, Kreisler, Huberman, Szeged and Menuhin. And of these, only Menuhin has her youthful verve.

As far as I know there is only one other recording of the Sibelius Concerto, the one by Heifetz for the Sibelius Society (which is not available with me for comparison). But I cannot imagine a more inspired performance than that given by Neveu on these four discs.

The recording is excellent and the Philharmonic Orchestra proves itself to be one of the finest ensembles now playing in England. This set of records is outstanding in every way and should not be missing in any collection.

Popular And Dance Music

Everybody who has enjoyed Walt Disney's film, "Male à la Mode," will remember the charming love story of the two hats, "Johnny Fedora." The Andrews Sisters have now repeated it on a record (Columbia, DB 30008) and it promises to become one of their most popular numbers. "The severest," "Money Is the Root of All Evil," should also prove a great favourite with the Andrews Sisters' fans. On both sides Guy Lombardi's Orchestra ably backs up the vocalists.

The Orchestras of Carmen Cavallaro is perhaps best known for the piano playing of the young leader. Their record, "Enlora" (Columbia, DB 30013), should please all lovers of the swing. The brilliance of the piano on this record is quite astounding. The coupling brings "Polonaise," a foxtrot based on Chopin's "Polonaise" in A Flat, which has become popular in the film, "Song to Remember," where Iruzi recorded it for the first time. I cannot say that I am particularly fond of these adaptations from classical works, but I must admit that the work of the pianist makes something special out of this music.

Bing Crosby adds to his extensive laurels by singing with his usual confidence "The Bell of St. Mary," which is featured in the film of that title. (Columbia, DB 30010.) The other song brings you, "I'll Take You Home Again Kathleen." This second set proves most popular with the many admirers of Bing's art in this country.

Looking At Britain

(Continued from page 51)

to hear that, shortly before the King left for his South African tour, he invested this distinguished soldier with the insignia of a Companion of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath (Military Division), of a Commander of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire (Military Division) and of a Companion of the Distinguished Service Order.

Other Service news with special interest for the East is that Air Vice-Marshal C.E.N. Guest has been appointed Air Officer Commanding, No. 1 Group, Bomber Command. He will be remembered as Senior Air Staff Officer, Air Command, South-East Asia (now known as Air Command, Far East) since March 1946, and was formerly Air Officer, Transport Command, South-East Asia, from October 1941. For two years previously he was A.O.C., No. 229 Group (India), after having been Deputy-Director of Organisation at the Air Ministry from September 1944.

Also promoted to an English command is Air Vice-Marshal Edgar James Kingston-McCloughy, who has been appointed A.O.C., No. 11 R.A.F. Group, Coastal Command. Born in Australia, he was Senior Air Staff Officer at Air H.Q., India, since last April, and was previously R.A.F. representative on the Government of India Defence Committee from November 1944.

One of the youngest general officers in the British Army, Major-General G. C. Evans, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., has, at the age of 45, been appointed to the command of the North-West District, Western Command, to replace Major-General C. D. Moorhead, C.B., D.S.O., M.C., who has retired from the Army.

Major-General Evans is a former Commandant of the Staff College at Quetta and was later G.O.C., 7th Indian Division, in Burma. He was recently employed in the Soviet Zone of Germany as a Senior Member of the Inter-Services Military Exchange Commission.

Celebrations

A beautiful gown of ice-blue and silver brocade was chosen by Audrey Mary Tavers, youngest daughter of Mr. Guy Tavers, of Bombay, and Mrs. Guy Tavers of Eaton Square, London, for her recent marriage to Major Chandos

Blair, the Seaforth Highlanders, younger son of Brig.-General and Mrs. A. Blair of Drumdelvie, Nairn. The bestman was Major David A. Blair (brother of the bridegroom). Pipers of the Seaforth Highlanders piped the bride and bridegroom out of the church.

Still more marriages of the month as record began with the wedding (a very quiet one) in London, of James Robertson, of Tighuanan, Raasay, and Jean, daughter of the late Major H. Ellwood Bell and of Mrs. Ellwood Bell of London, S.W. 7.

Following close on the announcement of their engagement, Major Percy C. Simon, R.A., attached Royal Indian Artillery, only son of W. Candr. and Mrs. G. N. Simon of Nairobi and Felixstowe, was wed to Noel, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Day of Bury St. Edmunds.

In the lovely little village of West Buckland, Devon, Lt.-Col. G. R. C. Palmer, I.M.S., third son of Mr. C. E. Palmer, J.C.S. (retired), and Mrs. Palmer of Bideford, was married to Mary, only daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. F. G. Smyth-Richards of West Buckland.

Another Bombay bride of the New Year was Pamela, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Mayes of the Gateway city, whose bridegroom is Capt. Francis Hugh Briggs Howell, D.S.O., the Royal Berkshire Regt., and son of the late Major F. S. Boshell of Haling. The ceremony took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster.

A wintry wedding in Hove was that of Lt.-Col. Cecil Raymond Scott Daly, Indian Army, youngest son of the late Mr. John Daly of Dundee, Scotland, and of Mrs. Daly, Hampstead, London, to Jean Laura Kam Thomson, younger daughter of the late Mr. Walter Thomson and of Mrs. Thomson of Haverstock Hill, London.

Two officers of the same Indian regiment, announced their engagements in London within a short time of each other, but I think that Lt.-Col. Frank Holmes Wilson, 1st K.G.V's Own Lancers, beat his brother officer, Capt. Kenneth John Richards, at the marriage stakes.

Lt.-Col. Wilson, whose mother, Mrs. C. Holmes Wilson, lives in Dublin, is the fiancé of Miss Josephine Anne



The engagement has been announced of Mr. Reginald Rockell Brown, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Brown of London and Princes Risborough, and Rita Khosla, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. K. R. Khosla of Delhi and Simla. For a period during the war Miss Khosla was Staff Captain to Field-Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck.

Sherwood, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Sherwood of Edgbaston, Birmingham, while Capt. Richards chose a bride from his home town, Upminster, Essex. She is Miss Diana Christina Ward, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Ward.

Of Eastern Interest

The engagement lists are unaffected by the Arctic weather conditions this winter in England, and among those recently announced are Richard Bacon Bryce-Smith, M.B.E., of Lytham, Lancashire, and Chienming, Siam, and Helen Margaret, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Hammond of Lytham. Anthony C. Eyre, the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire L.I. (attached 1st Bn., Baluch Regt.), of Westminster, is the affianced of Violet Neville of Lincoln, and Joan Elizabeth, the daughter of Lt.-Col. R. W. Tiffin, 10th Gurkha Rifles, of Hove, has become engaged to James Charles Pallister of the same town.

This month the marriage takes place in Kandy, Ceylon, of James Michael Hilary, younger son of the late Aubrey Hilard of Ceylon, and Mrs. Gould, Paignton, South Devon, and Jean Douglas, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Tringale, Reigate, Surrey.

Another engagement with a Ceylon interest, announced in London, is that

of Elizabeth, only child of the late Mr. W. Gombie and Mrs. Gombie of Tunbridge Wells and Ceylon, and Peter Murray Kemp-Gee of Crowborough. The widow of Lt.-Col. V. D. W. Anderson, 1st Bn., 14th Punjab Regt., I.A.S. (formerly, Joint Dewar) is to marry Mr. Thomas Lincoln, late of the Border Regt., whose home is in Settle, Yorkshire.

Capt. John M. Howe, 11th Sikh Regt., only son of the late Capt. Bernard Howe, the Royal Flying Corps, and Mrs. Howe, of Guildford, has announced his engagement to Pamela Marie Litchfield of Walton, near Wokingham.

Irene Browning of Paignton, Devon, is to be the bride of Major Vincent Leith Howe Wynnes, M.C., Indian Army, and Major Derek H. Cox, 9th Gurkha Rifles, is to marry June, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Donald Field. Royal Indian Navy circles will be interested in the engagement of Lt. (3) Roderick Anthony Esmond, R.I.N., younger son of the late Capt. J. J. Esmond, M.C., K.S.I.L., and Mrs. Esmond, of Kent, and Cecilia June, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Fairman, also of Kent.

Roy Thomas Lister, son of the late Mr. B. G. L. Lister MacGregor of Camberley, Surrey, is shortly to be the bridegroom of Barbara Mary Mercer, only daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Geoffrey Mercer of Andover, Hampshire. Mr. John Hauwah, M.C., J.P., of the Indian Police, and Mrs. Hauwah recently celebrated the engagement of their only daughter, Shirley Ann Elizabeth, to Richard Douglas Hollinshead, younger son of the late Mr. C. M. C. Marshall, Indian Police, and of Mrs. Marshall, Leathers, Herefordshire.



Mr. A. A. Kazimi, Deputy Director of Public Instruction, Government of India, has been sent by the Government of India to the Kenya Government. His special duty in Kenya is to carry out investigations in the educational system adopted in Indian schools there and recommend measures for improvement. Mr. Kazimi has already left for Kenya.

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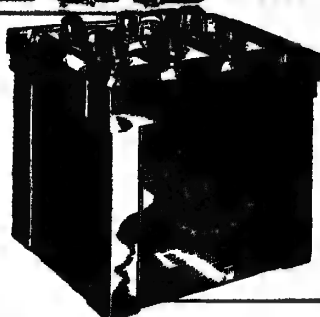
Brilliantine

Don't Rush

Think before you start the bidding, Mrs. Blair,
Without high honour tricks 'tis fatal to declare.
So don't be led astray,
When long suits come your way,
The second round those cards will still be there.

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12 V

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Bridge Column

A Point In Science

By "Meredith"

MOST players seem to think that they have had made but that is, I think, because they enjoy playing good hands and get a little bored with the bad ones. After all, if you play one hand in every four, you get your share of making the role of decline. To the good player, however, there is more enjoyment in a defensive action which stresses an apparently impregnable shield, than in making a contract which is "on the cards."

Here is a deal showing where the holder of a Yarborough was able to defeat a suit-looking bid because he realised what his partner was trying to do. Sam had the contract at Four Hearts.

S A K		J		S 7 3 4 4	
H 9 3 2		H A C 10		H 7 4	
C A Q J 10 8		C 10 9 8 7 6		C 9 8 6	
DUMDAT		J		S 7 3 4 4	
A 9 6 5		A 10 9 8 7 6		A 7 4	
S A K Q J 10 8		S 10 9 8 7 6		S 9 8 6	
D C 3		D 10 9 8 7 6		D 9 8 6	
SAM		J		S 7 3 4 4	
A 9 6 5		A 10 9 8 7 6		A 7 4	
S A K Q J 10 8		S 10 9 8 7 6		S 9 8 6	
D C 3		D 10 9 8 7 6		D 9 8 6	

Jill opened the King of Diamonds and when Jack threw the seven she was encouraged to proceed with the suit and played the Ace. When both hidden hands followed it became obvious that

the declarer had no more Diamonds. But Jill realised that if she would begin an honour flow declarer by an overcall the would make sure things were to all the contract. She, therefore, played a stand Diamond and Jack definitely wrote up with the right of trumps. The declarer was forced to over-call and having done so, could not prevent Jill from making two trumps, so Jack's apparently vulnerable Yarborough remained the one and which, properly played, beat the contract.

"Conclusion" Problems

Here, for a change, is a novelty Sam is playing the hand at No Trumps and with nine cards played, the cards are laid as follows:—

S A K		J		S 7 3 4 4	
H 9 3 2		H A C 10		H 7 4	
C A Q J 10 8		C 10 9 8 7 6		C 9 8 6	
DUMDAT		J		S 7 3 4 4	
A 9 6 5		A 10 9 8 7 6		A 7 4	
S A K Q J 10 8		S 10 9 8 7 6		S 9 8 6	
D C 3		D 10 9 8 7 6		D 9 8 6	
SAM		J		S 7 3 4 4	
A 9 6 5		A 10 9 8 7 6		A 7 4	
S A K Q J 10 8		S 10 9 8 7 6		S 9 8 6	
D C 3		D 10 9 8 7 6		D 9 8 6	

How many tricks can Sam make if the lead is with (a) Sam (b) Jill, (c) Sun, (d) Jack?

(Solution on page 66)



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The White Elephant

(Continued from page 33)

He's quite an old friend of mine so you must put him where I can see him; otherwise I shall think you don't appreciate my gift. I have had him on my bookshelf for years, one of the attractions of my room. I love attractive things."

Was there something more beneath those last few words? Something he was attempting to tell her without having the courage to drop the gay mask behind which his true self lay?

Her eyes had looked into his for a fraction of a second, trying to read in them the secret of his mind. There was nothing there, or else her love had blinded her, clouding her vision and falsifying those innermost intuitions that cried aloud within her. "He loves me . . . he does . . . he does . . ."

She knew she was attractive to men but Chris had never shown more feeling than she would expect from any of her

friends. In her heart she felt that she meant more to him than a mere friend but his tone was always bantering. During the few more serious periods in which she had known him he had spoken only of impersonal things.

The next day he had sent the little china elephant round to the bungalow with a brief note.

"Don't forget," he had written, "that a white elephant is supposed to be the present the old Kings in Siam gave to a courier of whom they wished to be rid. I don't think this applies to china ones and I'm not the King of Siam, so will you ride with me tomorrow evening after tea?"

Dinah had kept the note. At the time it left her wondering whether he meant her to see that he was tiring of their friendship.

The thought was too cruel. It was untrue. It must be untrue for he wanted her to ride with him and horses were his greatest interest in life. He could barely tolerate the company of a bad rider.

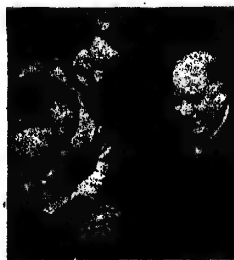
Could that be why he had asked her? Just because she could ride with the best and her jodhpurs and riding coat fitted her boyish figure better than the most expensive dress in her wardrobe?

They had ridden together the following afternoon and he had been gayest that ever. Some of the spirit of his mood forced itself upon her and stirred her to share his carefree happiness. She would live for the moment only. What did it matter so long as she was with Chris?

Galloping across the fields with "Nick," his big pacer, at their heels, she felt the keen freshness of the cold air bring a flush to her cheeks. Often he looked round at her and smiled his winking smile that won her heart.

She loved the tall, thin figure that sat so well upon his horse; the fair curls that caught the glint of dying sunlight as he rode, hat in hand, on their way home. She had admired his tapering, artistic fingers when the first met and admired them again as she noted how lightly his reins controlled the horse's mouth.

"Nick" had trotted along beside them, stopping at intervals to investigate the bushes that lined the path through the fields. The retriever was a deer. His long tail waved as he moved from bush to bush. He called to him he raised two eyes like pools of deepest gold. "Nick" was devoted to Chris and treated her with the gentle friendship due to one who shared with himself so much of his master's attention.



Mr. Macdonald of Oklahoma, U.S.A., watching Mrs. Robbie Harper, wife of Major Harper of Rawalpindi, and an ex-international lacrosse player, giving a knitting lesson to J.-C. Godwin. In 1942 Mr. Macdonald was in charge of the demolition of oil wells in Burma and left the area less than an hour before the Japanese arrived there.

How often had she stroked his head, wishing that she could tell her what Chris really felt towards her. But he had only laid his soft muzzle in her lap and stood as silent as the white elephant.

Neither could help her.

And now Chris was coming to dinner. She looked at her watch. He would arrive at any moment with "Nick" at his heels. Dear old "Nick" who always came to tea or dinner with Chris and lay on the mat in the verandah when the evenings were warm. Tonight he would have to come in, too; the chill air was dangerous.

A step on the gravel drive outside caught her ear. It was Chris dismounting from the bicycle he used for the short distance between their bungalows.

She moved to the door to meet him. The Commissioner dressed slowly and Chris was a few minutes early.

Was his fancy or did his clasp finger move than usual when they shook hands? She felt closer to Chris than she had ever done before.

He stooped and picked up the china elephant from the low table.

"I'm glad you have put him where I can see him. Now I know that he really is appreciated."

"I think it's lovely. Of course I appreciate him. He looks so clever, although he is only made of china," she said simply. How could he know that the little white elephant had become her most cherished possession?

Chris placed the elephant back on the table and leaned over the bowl of sweet peas.

"These are gorgeous. May I have one for my button-hole? I feel very cheerful this evening."

With trembling fingers she selected a bloom and, breaking the stalk, offered it to him.

"Won't you fix it for me?" he asked smiling at her upturned face.

As he placed the flower in his button-hole he looked down at "Nick."

"I think 'Nick' should have one in his collar, too. What do you say, 'Nick'?"

At the sound of his name the retriever turned towards them and wagged his tail. The whole length brushed across the low table. There was a rattle as the china elephant fell to the floor.

Dinah twisted round in an attempt to save it but "Nick" was in the way and for a moment she lost her balance.

Before she could tell what had happened, two strong arms were about her shoulders, drawing her closer and closer, sweeping her from her feet. Her hands crept round Chris' neck.

There was nothing she could say for his lips silenced hers and the lust herself in the realisation of her dream.

She even forgot "Nick" who was standing on the carpet, wagging his tail with the little, useless, white elephant unbroken in his mouth.



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The wedding took place at the Church of the Redemption, New Delhi, of Major John Freegard, R.A.S.C., only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Freegard of London, and Second Officer Barbara Longman, W.R.N.S., only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Longman of Jhansi.

Advanced Horsemanship The Saddle

(Continued from page 46)

grooming and conditioning the animal before the rider mounts. The rider should see to it that the horse is in the best of health and condition.

The rider should sit the first canter as follows. The rider is seated on his horse, assuming across the circle, he removes his legs from the stirrups, places his right leg over the horse's withers, to guide the horse and slides down the rear side of the horse to touch the ground with his feet as far in advance of the horse's shoulders as possible. On the next side of the horse, the rider uses the forward impulse of the animal and the pull on the handles of the pad to regain his seat on the horse. It is really much easier than it looks and there is no reason why an able young man should not be able to do a bit of vaulting for his own amusement and exercise.

The greatest difficulty which may be anticipated is that the horse will stop as soon as the rider touches the ground. This is natural and quite in accordance with his previous education. If you can get a friend to ride another horse in front to give your horse a lead, it will make the vaulting much easier, as then you can forget your moment and concentrate on the movement.

After perfecting the first exercise, other movements, such as vaulting right over the horse and then coming on to the horse's back from the off-side, or kneeling and standing on the horse's back, may be tried. The main thing is to take vaulting gently at first as many muscles which are not normally

used come into action and will protest violently at the unaccustomed work.

Most riding horses are potential driving horses and it makes a nice change to ride in a trap. If the horse has been well schooled in long reins, there only remain the lessons to get him accustomed to the pull of the breast collar and the feel of the breeching. A breast collar is recommended in preference to a neck collar, as it can be adjusted to fit a variety of animals whereas the neck collar should be fitted to each individual horse to ensure a correct bearing on the shoulders. In India a breeching is not normally worn, but it is advisable to use one as a horse can control the forward movement of the vehicle much better with his hind quarters, rather than have all the weight on the shafts and on his forelegs.

The lessons in draft should be introduced gradually and should start by merely driving the horse in long reins. The breast collar and breeching should be connected and gradually tightened to give the horse the feel of the unaccustomed restriction. Pulling a light log may be introduced before the horse is eventually yoked to the trap. Great care should be taken that no element of rough handling is allowed in the proceedings and it is advisable to use an open bridle in preference to blinkers. This allows the horse to see what is happening and gives him a chance to understand what it is all about.

In case of accidents a kicking strap should be fastened across the horse's loins and may save the front of the trap from being kicked to pieces until the horse gets accustomed to his new work.

Readers may be able to think of other ways of using a horse to the fullest advantage, but the foregoing has been taken from actual experience and has led to having a most enjoyable time.



The Raju Sahab of Ratanpur with the two guinea pigs measuring 12 2" and 11 11" shot by him with a 30 Springfield when they were lying about 300 yards of each other on the bank of River Chuaka (Sarada) in Sitapur District. Among other guinea pigs bagged on the banks of the same river were two males measuring 16 8" and 11 4" shot with the same rifle.

Where You Can Fish

(Continued from page 54)

Tranquil Scene

Personally, I have stood watching caused fishermen make their catches seen great silver creatures wriggling miserably on the sand, watched them later turn the scale at eight, ten, fifteen pounds—seven more—and then dried them up on a fish fried as soon as caught a dish fit for a king!

There are scraps of curries. Hot afternoons bring inaction which is

irksome. If you are on a holiday and want to make the most of every minute. Snakes have been looked out for. There are many about and it is as well not to take chances. The banded krait and the cobra are both to be found here—more than enough of them to make you uneasy in mind. There is the railway journey a crowded uncomfortable affair at the moment.

There's Always The Jungle

But there are compensations. decidedly there are compensations—apart from the fishing, which is in itself a compensation for any trials or discomfort. There is the ever satisfying view of the blue hills and the silver streak running down from them the streak which has broadened into the waters you are fishing now. There is the little town of Tanakpur to wander in when time is on your hands. A town which crouches low to the earth but provides picture after picture of varied people most of them at least most regrettably ragged. There is the jungle where you can find botanical specimens if you are that way inclined or can shoot game should you come across it. This same jungle brooding just behind the dark hangings used to bear a very bad name as a region unsafe because of man-eaters. But not now—not now! They have fled and are no longer talked of with bated breath as they used to be. Can it be that the blaze of publicity has sent the Man-eaters of the Karmoon into shy retreat?

Anyway, it is fishing you are after, and if a shot goes wrong a soldier game comes your way, it is all to the good.

Not of course that a fisherman can get too much fishing!

To pack your traps and make for Tanakpur in the spring the tall tales you will have to tell of the big fish you caught and the bigger ones which got away will be true this time.

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Overture For The Overweights

(Continued from page 42)

he blind or never looks in a full-length mirror. Dimpled knees are only admired in children.

A shoe strap cutting into a fleshy instep is an unlovely sight.

Ultra-long earrings emphasise sagging neck muscles.

Triple strings of pearls would be better thrown to swine than draping terraced chins.

Browns tweezed to a pencil line give an unbecoming, naked look to a plump, middle-aged face.

Sun-suits and play-suits should be taboo for any heavyweights.

During the summer, when women complain that dark colours create heat, materials with dark backgrounds can be chosen, but patterned with designs of the wearer's favourite colour, always

bearing in mind that the larger the design the bigger the figure!

Stripes, if cleverly adapted, can reduce by inches the most obstinate shape. But how many who suffer from an excess of avoidinopia forget that the wider the stripes the broader the wearer's girth; that diagonal stripes lend height; that horizontally they broaden.

Pockets are a sore to be carefully avoided. The large pockets in vogue at the moment are a delight on the right figure, making a garment smartly casual. On the wrong one they can make a dress, however expensive, look like a suitable covering for a market-woman.

The breast pocket, sporting a handkerchief, should at all times be avoided by the full-bustled. Likewise the wide belt.

Women, as the years encroach, need to be more subtle in their dress.

A draped garment of a neutral hue can hide a multitude of bulges and create the illusion of a good figure, if well cut and worn with poise and an air of satisfaction.

Finally, an impeccable head, above a well-cut dress on the fuller figure, compels admiration that the fluffy head

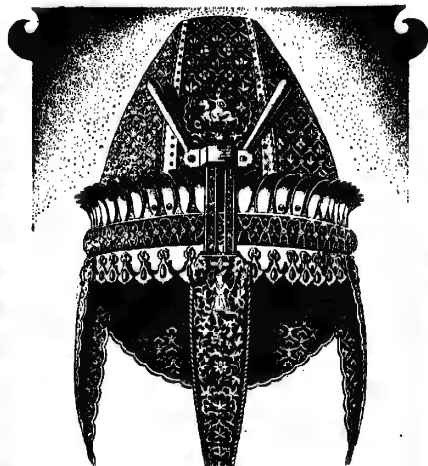
Crossword Solution

Problem on page 49

- | | |
|---------------|---------------|
| 1. Ancestral | 2. Neither |
| 3. Effect | 4. Enthus |
| 5. Stater | 6. Terror |
| 7. Goal | 8. Argument |
| 9. Rabin | 10. Season |
| 11. Endowed | 12. Standard |
| 13. Roe | 14. Ear |
| 15. Stance | 16. Flatter |
| 17. Sky | 18. Note |
| 19. Frigate | 20. Splinters |
| 21. Scorged | 22. Caprice |
| 23. Wit | 24. Sew |
| 25. Ushers | 26. Yet |
| 27. Age | 28. Gage |
| 29. Ascribed | 30. Inspect |
| 31. Thrice | 32. Harum |
| 33. Case | 34. Triple |
| 35. Fleaze | 36. Alacort |
| 37. Erast | 38. Edson |
| 39. Attesting | 40. Eat |

of innumerable curls surmounting an ornate dress in the wrong shade will never achieve.

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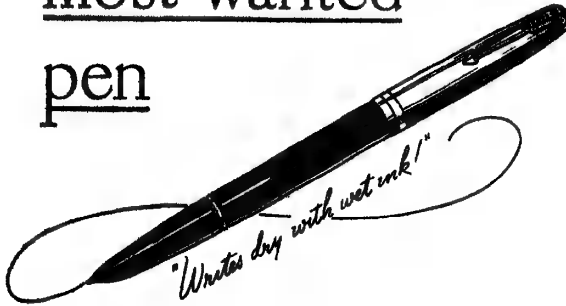
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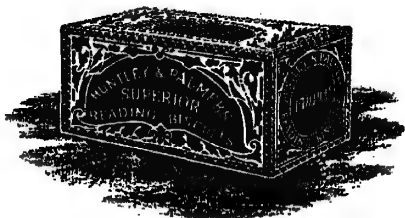
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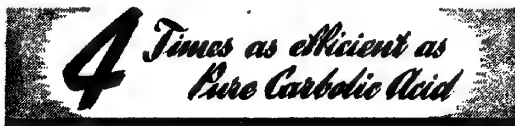
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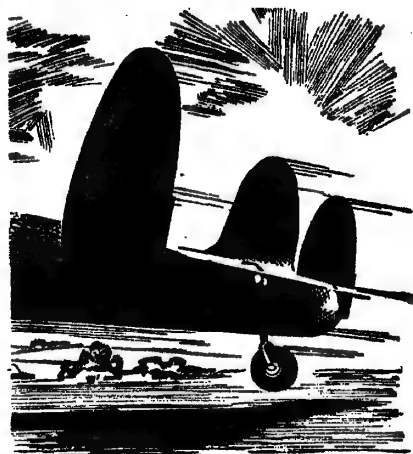


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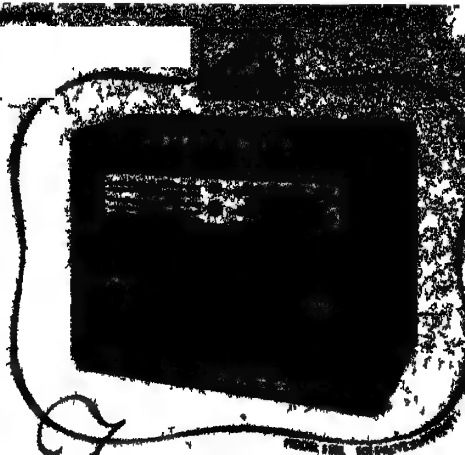
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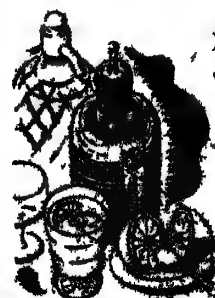
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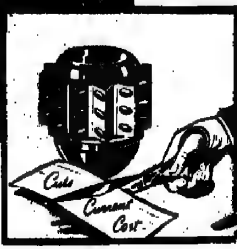
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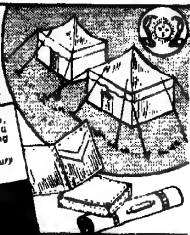


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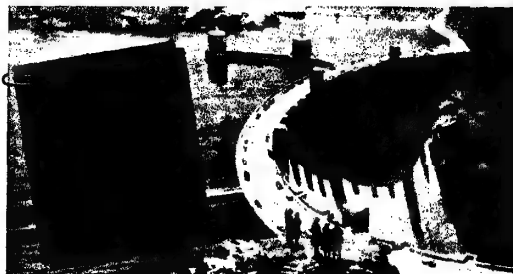
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Pen B. 24 Pencil B. 18

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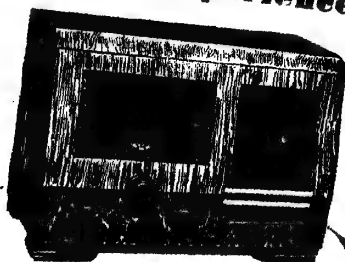
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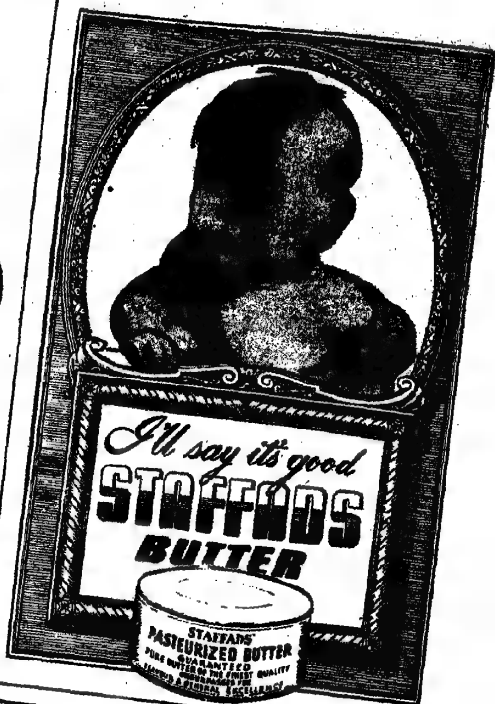


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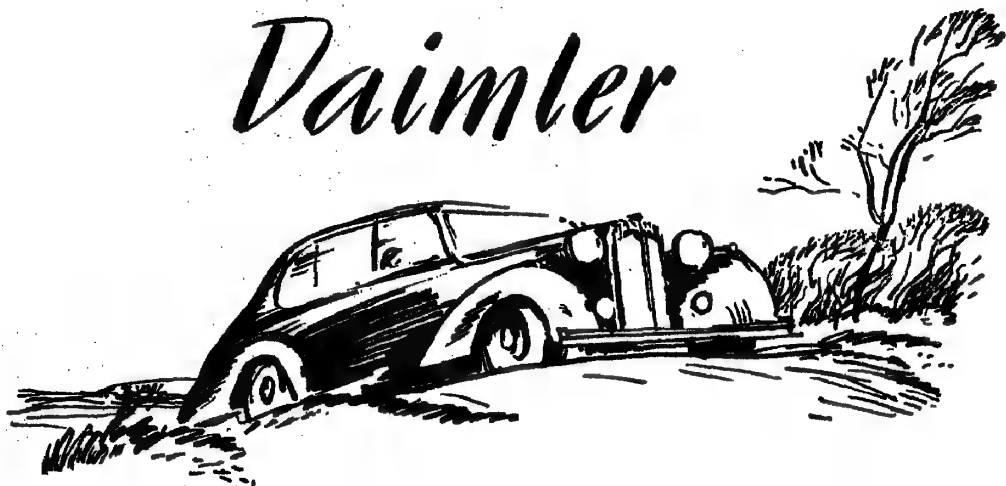
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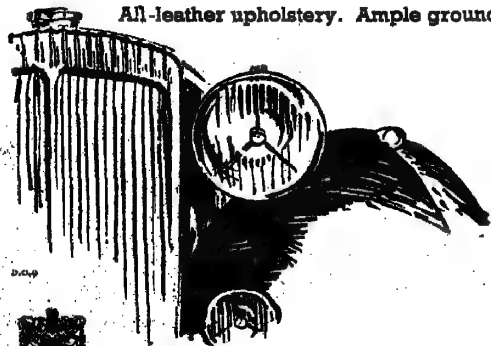
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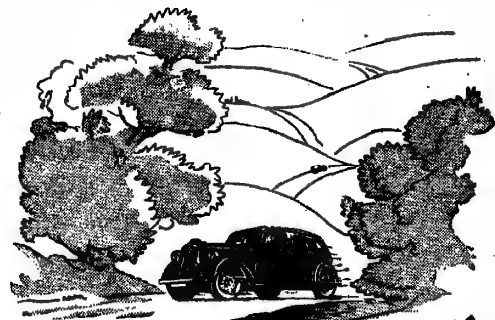
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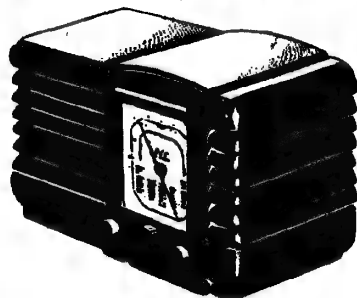


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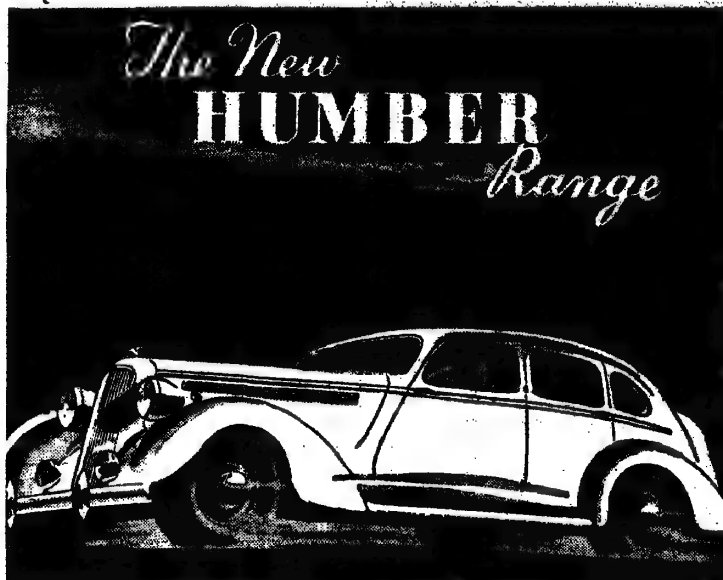
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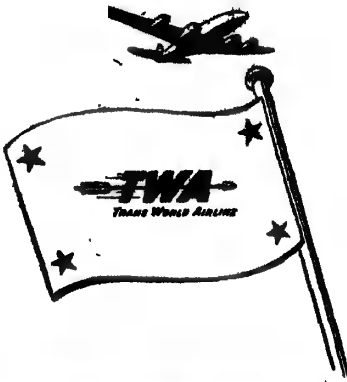
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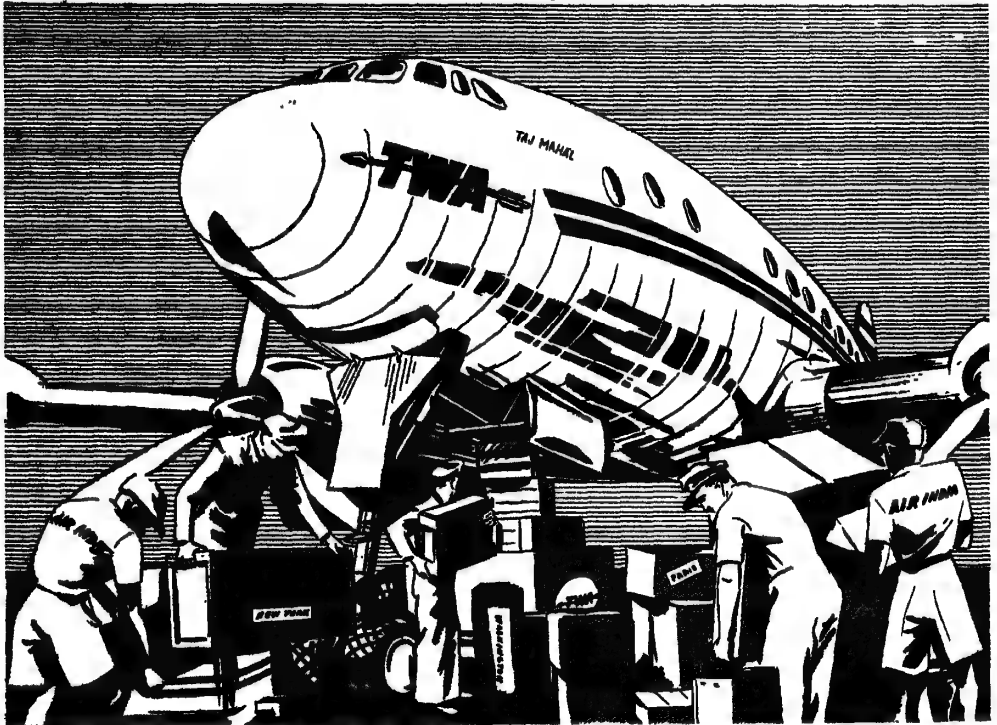


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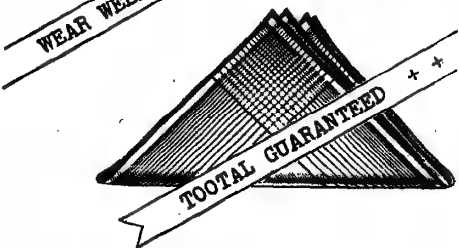
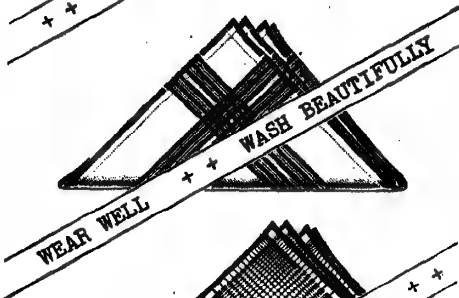
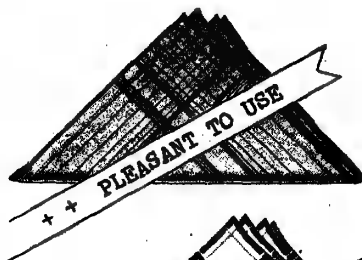


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Jackal-Eaters Of India

By A. Kumar

THE Gidharis of India, who live upon jackals, need not hunt and trap their jackals. They come to the Gidharis to be killed. At least, he calls them, and when they approach close enough he loosens his dogs upon them and they are killed. This calling of jackals, which most people refuse to believe when told, is done in the following way.

A Gidharis, or several Gidharis accompanied by their dogs, will select an open field in some locality haunted by jackals; one man will go into the field carrying the boughs or branches of a tree or a bush. He will conceal himself under this green stuff while the other men with their dogs hide in some ditch or ravine close by. Presently the man under the green bushes will begin to heave and agitate the bushes, at the same time uttering wild yells of the kind that a pig might make when it is about to be slaughtered.

So Very Simple

The curiosity of the jackals is aroused when they hear these sounds; it is still further aroused when, coming closer to investigate, they find the bushes heaving as if some animal were dying beneath. In due course, the jackals will come nearer and nearer, until the dogs are loosened upon them. Some Gidharis families are so good at calling jackals that they do not need all the camouflage of hiding under a mass of green stuff. They do no more than

Amber (Jaipur)

An eagle's eyrie, nestling on the slopes
Of fort-crowned hills that guard a narrow pass,
Through which the road now winds to Delhi.
A stronghold built in stirring times
By great Man Singh. His mighty sword
Subdued those ancient Kabul kings
And brought their standards back
To add a lustre to his own.

This eyrie, as the years rolled on,
Was by successive rulers manned,
And grew, and changed its aspect stern
Into a gracious palace, *chattri*-crowned,
And lit by windows marvellously wrought
Like fretted screens of honey-coloured stone.

Its walls are mirrored in the lake beneath
Where hanging gardens once their perfume spilled
Upon the grateful air. The sunset's glow
Bathes all these walls in amber-tinted light,
And shadows play among the balconies,
And nesting pigeons coo their evening songs.

Then the pale moon, riding the limpid skies,
Reveals the desolation of the place:
Unlighted windows and the silent courts.

Only a sambur bells to warn the herd
That tiger are afoot among the hills.
Yet once a year, at the *Divali* feast,
This lordly palace wakes again and feels
The pulse of life. Revives its glorious past!

Its walls are floodlit by a stronger glow
Than pale moonbeams can give to warm its heart.
Carpets are spread, and all its fountains play.
While in the pass below a thousand lights
Twinkle, like earth-bound stars, the whole night long.

S. D.

call, and, while they are calling, other members of the group stand about with clubs. The jackals are so interested in the calls that they come right into the group and are killed with clubs.

There was at least one European in India who had learnt to imitate the call that the Gidharis use and he was just as successful as the Gidharis in getting jackals to come to him.

Contempt For Mankind

Sometimes when there is a festivity in a village, a Gidharis will be sent for in order to provide a bit of fun for the villagers who take part in the killing of jackals as they come up one by one.

Jackals are full of curiosity. The drawing-room of a shikari, whom I know, was decorated with the heads of some magnificent tigers and panthers he had shot. It was dark outside and the lights in the drawing-room were all turned full on. Presently the shikari saw a jackal come creeping up the verandah out of the gloom. The jackal then ventured from the verandah into the drawing-room and looked around. Then a changed expression was actually seen to come over him. He seemed absolutely horror-struck. He had seen the heads on the walls! Uttering one tremendous howl, he fled back into the gloom.

Amongst the peasantry in India, the jackal is supposed to have a greater contempt for mankind than any other animal. It shows its contempt by joining a pack which will assemble in the middle of a village and howl all night. According to the villagers, these yells are really laughter, and the animals are merely showing how low is their opinion of the inhabitants of the village they have entered. One cannot help feeling glad that there are Gidharis to eat them. Villagers will point out that there are three words in Hindustani expressing loathing: one is *ad*, a vulgare, the second is *ghor*, a jackal, and the third is "Gidharis," one who lives upon jackals.

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I Lost Half A Stone!

A Diet Worth Trying

By Midway Hall

IT really wasn't difficult I drew up a diet sheet and kept religiously to it. It is an easy diet and adequately filling. It should take off more than seven lbs. but I had already removed a good deal of flabby fat by exercising so there was not as much to work on as there should have been for starting results.

Here are a few general observations before I give you the table of meals. Eat as much fresh fruit (without sugar) and salad as you like, but do not exceed your ration of eggs and meat. Do not eat and drink at the same time. Substitute an orange for grapefruit

if you wish (But I found orange less satisfying.)

When two Ryvita biscuits are on the menu, eat one dry. The other may have a thin scraping of butter.

Grilled fish and meat must be plain grilled. No fats must be used in cooking. Spinach must be plain boiled, save for seasoning.

In all cases, the tomatoes and lettuce I ate were small ones.

Bovril or marmite, either but or bread, is most sustaining, either as elevenses or for tea. Tea and coffee must be drunk innocent of milk and sugar.

BACK IN "CIVVY" STREET NOW—



Of course it was a peacetime campaign for the office, since the Brigadier has put off uniform now. A lot of planning was involved, and strategy called for—but the client is at last sold on the proposition, and all's well.

So the Brigadier leans back at his desk and enjoys a refreshing hot cup of Stanes Orange Pekoe Tea. Its fresh flavour and delicate fragrance add to his top-of-the-world feeling and give him renewed zest now to put the campaign into action.

Although he's no longer in the army, the Brigadier still observes certain rules and regulations. One is to accept no substitutes for Stanes Orange Pekoe Tea. "It must be Stanes," he says, "because Stanes is the best available."



is made from selected Indian berries, freshly roasted and ground just prior to packing. 1 lb., 2 lb. and 7 lb. vacuum tins retain its full flavour and strength.

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Rice Pudding

(The author of the following effusion was discovered singing it merrily by one of our office corridors. He was promptly arrested and brought before the Editor to whom he explained that he had just returned from England where he had won two rice for a year. Considering these extraordinary circumstances, the Editor decided to let him off with a caution.)

"O! what can I say for tiffin today?"
Said the Sahib to his trusty old cook.
"I've worn out my brains, with nix for my pains,
Perusing this cookery book."

Up spoke the old man, and unfolded his plan:
"O! why is the Sahib so brooding?"
As my name is Kareem, with raisins and cream
I making the Sahib rice pudding."

There stole a fat grin o'er the features so thin
Of the Sahib, who murmured, "Nyum, nyum!"
O cook, thy suggestion is great, beyond question.
Rice pud. is the stuff for the tum!"

So they joined hands and danced, and sang as they pranced,
"Though rheumatics may cause us to hobble
And run this jig, yet we don't care a fig,
For at tiffin rice pudding we'll gobble."

"O! it's rice pudding hot, and rice pudding cold,
And beautiful rice kedgeree,
And curry and rice, and ground rice mould,
Pilan and biryanee."

"So people, give ear, and give a loud cheer—
Hip hip and hip hip hooray
For these the instructs of Khansama K. Bux—
RICE PUDDING FOR TIFFIN TODAY!"

"J"

BREAKFAST

LUNCH

DINNER

1st day	1/2 grapefruit (fresh) 2 Ryvitas 1 tea cup black coffee 1 orange	1 boiled egg 2 Ryvitas 6 raw tomatoes 1 orange	1/2 grapefruit - 2 poached eggs (not on toast) 1 lettuce 6 slices cucumber (penny thickness) 1 coffee-cup coffee
2nd day	1/2 grapefruit 1 tea cup coffee	1 poached egg 1 lettuce 2 Ryvitas 1 orange	1/2 grapefruit 2 "rounds" - grilled steak 1 lettuce 4 raw tomatoes 1 coffee-cup coffee
3rd day	1/2 grapefruit 1 tea cup coffee	1/2 grapefruit 1 boiled egg 1 lettuce 6 slices cucumber 1 orange	1/2 grapefruit 1 grilled mutton chop 4 tomatoes 1 lettuce 1 poached egg 1 coffee-cup coffee
4th day	1/2 grapefruit 1 tea cup coffee	1/2 grapefruit 2 Ryvitas 2 on. fresh cream cheese 6 tomatoes	1/2 grapefruit 1 grilled steak 1 coffee-cup coffee
5th day	1/2 grapefruit 1 tea-cup coffee	1 lamb chop 2 lettuce 1 orange	1/2 grapefruit 1 poached egg 2 lettuce 6 tomatoes 1 coffee cup coffee
6th day	1/2 grapefruit 1 tea cup coffee	1 orange 1 tea cup coffee	1 poached egg 2 Ryvitas 1 orange 1 coffee-cup coffee
7th day	1/2 grapefruit 1 tea cup coffee	2 boiled eggs 2 lettuce 2 tomatoes 1 orange	2 lamb cutlets 6 slices cucumber 1 lettuce 1 coffee-cup coffee
8th day	1/2 grapefruit 1 tea-cup coffee	1/2 grapefruit 1 chop 2 lettuce	2 poached eggs on spinach 12 slices asparagus 2 Ryvitas 1 coffee-cup coffee

(Continued on page 17)

I Lost Half A Stone!

(Continued from page 16)

Nearest Neighbours

By "Yasmar"

BREAKFAST

LUNCH

DINNER

9th day	1 grapefruit 1 tea-cup coffee	1 poached egg 6 tomatoes 1 orange	cold chicken (normal portion); lettuce 6 slices cucumber 2 tomatoes 1 coffee-cup coffee
10th day	1 grapefruit 1 tea-cup coffee	1 chop 1 lettuce 1 orange	1 chop 1 lettuce 6 tomatoes 1 orange 1 coffee-cup coffee
11th day	1 grapefruit 1 tea-cup coffee	1 grapefruit 4 oz white fish 1 coffee-cup coffee	1 steak on spinach 6 tomatoes 1 coffee-cup coffee
12th day	1 grapefruit 1 tea-cup coffee	1 grapefruit 1 sole 2 Ryvitas	1 grapefruit 1 lamb cutlets 1 lettuce 6 tomatoes 1 coffee-cup coffee
13th day	1 grapefruit 1 tea-cup coffee	1 poached egg 2 Ryvitas 1 orange	1 grapefruit 2 rounds steak 1 lettuce 1 coffee-cup coffee
14th day	1 grapefruit 1 tea-cup coffee	1 boiled egg 2 Ryvitas 6 tomatoes 1 coffee-cup coffee	2 lamb cutlets; tomato sauce 1 orange 1 coffee-cup coffee
15th day	1 grapefruit 1 tea-cup coffee	1 poached egg 2 Ryvitas 6 tomatoes 1 coffee-cup coffee	1 steak 6 grilled tomatoes 1 orange 1 coffee-cup coffee
16th day	1 grapefruit 1 tea-cup coffee	1 poached egg 4 grilled tomatoes 1 orange	1 steak on spinach 2 Ryvitas 1 orange 1 coffee-cup coffee
17th day	1 grapefruit 1 tea-cup coffee	1 grapefruit 1 chop 1 lettuce	1 steak 6 tomatoes 1 coffee-cup coffee
18th day	1 grapefruit 1 tea-cup coffee	1 grapefruit 1 poached egg 4 tomatoes	1 grapefruit 1 grilled sole on spinach 2 Ryvitas 1 coffee-cup coffee

IN India the average up-country hotel is generally consist of several blocks, which have been added on at various times, without much architectural planning, and a separate dining and reception-room. The reception-room, or lounge, is usually a dreary spot and is very rarely used by residents as most of them prefer their own sitting-rooms. The great drawback to these old-fashioned hotels is that they have so many communicating doors between the separate quarters, a relic of the past, when there was ample accommodation provided at reasonable rates. Nowadays a father, mother and several children often have to crowd into a single quarter and think themselves fortunate if they get double accommodation, with a dressing-room and a couple of bath-rooms.

The optimistic imagine that a wardrobe placed against a communicating door will deaden the noise. Perhaps it does to some extent, but the bachelor, or he takes the plunge himself, experiences some of the trials of married life if there is a door between his room and the next one. Married couples have their differences, and strangely enough they often take place after the couple has returned from a dance at two a.m. and the unfortunate neighbour becomes an unwilling participant of heated altercations, and it is only the very brave that dare to knock upon the wall and beseech for silence.

Babies And Journalists

Babies are very delightful—at a distance—but one teething in the next room can be disturbing. A friend of mine, who had the misfortune to have rooms next to 11-month-old twins, stated very firmly that he intended, before making any proposal of marriage, to go thoroughly into the ancestry of the beloved one, and also to have her horoscope read.

During the war it was not easy living near newspaper correspondents. They had the cheerful habit of getting together about the midnight, in one room, where they held long and heated arguments in

strident tones. When the party was over, the occupant would either get out his typewriter and type nightily his copy of thrill, or retire to sleep even more noisily. It would be interesting to know whether all war correspondents were. They in their turn must have been awakened soon after dawn by noisy children running up and down verandahs, bouncing balls, riding tricycles and having screaming matches, in fact a dawn chorus of joy. Near Christmas was misguiding courtesy Uncle living at the other end of the station will probably make a gift of a trumpet or mouth organ, with devastating effect on the nerves of parents and nearby friends.

There are people who leave a dog alone for hours shut up in their rooms. Some animals accept the loneliness with resignation, others do not and while away the long hours in mournful protest. A complaining dog by day is bad enough, but owners, who leave dogs to howl at night, should be treated as criminals. Even the best of sleepers remain wakeful, when there is a prolonged or interrupted wail from the next room. Dogs can be the cause of lifelong enmity. Some of the bitterest feuds have started with a dog fight and continue long after the dogs concerned are dead.

Take It On The Chin

Wireless is another nuisance. A non-wireless fan may be sandwiched between two families, who like to have the wireless on full blast the greater part of each evening. One side there may be a rugby football match with all its excitement, on the other a session of classical music, and somewhere near, a crooner wailing fondly of his BAY-BAY-BUEBIE.

However great the annoyance, it is wise not to make any complaint. It would not have the slightest effect. Move your room, even go so far as to change your hotel, but continue to smile a pleasant "good morning" to your neighbour, whatever your real feelings may be. After all he and his family may soon be transferred.

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- Shaving Stick



Mongoose Versus Cobra

By N. H. L.

ON an evening when partridges were challenging in the low scrub at the back of the bungalow, I put lives in my right-hand pocket and two balls in my left. My old 12 bore, perched here and there, seemed asking for the attention that over-worked that inevitable excuse had made necessary.

The partridges seemed to invite me to a game of hide and seek, but it was the solitude and hush of the low scrub in the evening that I sought. The myna pulled a welcome to the beaten path of the screaming jacks. And the little herons that housed the snakes and coves of near-civilisation stirred in the shades of the evening.

It was the crow that gave the warning. A harsh cawing elation to all the little people under the aloe, that death was slipping in his confident way for the next of the partridge. The myna heard and so did I. And so did another, twisting his ears in his burrow, and the mynas, like noisy bazaar women, showered curses, strong and obscene, that reached into the past.

The mongoose, strange fellow, snatched his delicate lips, broke flesh with his cup of ice. He stirred, yawned and stretched his little legs. This evening was made for him, the cobra, and a thin for which Hollywood would pay a ransom.

The Crow Attacks

The mynas were the first to attack, swooping low and screaming annoyance. The cobra slowed and swerved to the cover of the undergrowth. Snailpox to these harriads, he seemed to say, and the mynas jabbered the louder and crazier. Then the crow, all courage, made his determined attack. He flew in low, as only a good pilot can, and pinched the snake in the back. It was nearly done. The cobra lashed and evaded all future crows to gangsterdom.

Slings the cobra raised his head. The head dilated to a broad heart. It was an invitation to the novice pilot. The trap. The mynas, wise buds, circled out of range and showered curses of eternal hunger. The crow, emboldened, swooped again. A perfectly timed blow and, with a thud, a dead mass of black feathers hit the ground.

Two red eyes watched the murder. The snake, also, saw the slick grey fur

that approached from under the aloe hedge, with the smooth motion of a mouse on wheels. All hunched for the fray, the bushy tail twitched for fight.

The mynas made no cessation of their ceaseless chatter and called all crows to witness the stupidity of their ilk. The cobra, hoping to escape destiny, lowered his head. But the mongoose flashed in a few feet—a silent challenge—and the cobra hissed in a quick stab. The blow was a sweep. A hammer stroke kill the grey mongoose. But it did not happen that way. The mongoose side stepped, and the poison fangs slid over the sand. And, in the next instant, sharp teeth met in the neck of the snake.

The Battle Is On

The cobra coiled to spring and lashed in devilish rage. The mongoose withdrew, like a practised boxer, from out of range of that diabolical temper. The cobra tried to close, and struck again and

again with the mongoose, making quick jobs, with his little eyes watching for the timed chance to kill. Care, great care. It was the crucial moment for cobra or mongoose. The shades of countless mongoose and cobra hovered in that moment to testify the impulse that sent either to his death.

The cobra may strike in such or such a spot and a little waiting would make an enraged snake lose his caution or a hungry mongoose snap in the air. And so the centuries-old battle of the low scrub continued.

The mongoose waited the longer. On each occasion that the cobra would lunge, the mongoose would glide out of range. He was like quicksilver avoiding the demon head that struck again and again—in the air. There was a rising pain in the cobra and he hurried to finish with this rat.

He made one wild rush. This time he sprang from a coil. He could not miss. His chance had come. But the little rat was not there. In a flash, teeth crunched deep and killing in the snake's neck. They were together, a writhing mass of brown snake and grey mongoose. It was over. The mongoose licked his lips and chased a flea on his belly.

There was no need to hurry. His dinner lay at his feet.



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Fishing Holiday In Nepal

By A. St. J. Macdonald

These days of austerity with scarcity of the essentials to plan for a fishing trip, it is pleasant to recall the halcyon days of pre-war, when planning alone was the factor for successful sport. It used to be my privilege to choose from many localities of fishing resorts, and through long experience and local contacts to obtain first-hand information of prospects, both of fishing and shooting, for mahoeer fishing can be closely associated with tiger and big game.

Many of my local friends of the fishing and shikari tribes (who cannot write) provided the information on post cards I presented with my address, written up by the local scribe. But this was not the only use to which I put these post cards. During the year I get requests for a famous "headache cure" or the white dandel for sores, and a host of other queries, to which prodence dictates silence. In this way I maintain a regular correspondence with these delightful people. Any wonder that for these small favours I get in return first-hand information and excellent fishing and shooting?

With the approach of March the fishing diary and maps are consulted for dates and details the rods and tackle box are examined to see if they will withstand another trip of 20 days in the interior without replacements, and the hundred and one other details which mean comfort and success. Let me try and describe a typical fishing holiday on these lines.

The Day's Programme

Wear a party of three - two policemen and myself. The typed "advance orders" with typical police thoroughness is received, covering every detail: date, time, and place.

We arrive at a delightful forest rest house on the borders of Nepal to find cart, elephants, and every detail laid out. The afternoon is spent settling down, and in general organisation for an early start the following day.

The next morning is heralded first by the drongos' salutations, followed by the jungle cocks' reveille, without which no jungle setting is complete. The camp and following is astir, packed and ready for the march. We

ourselves have early breakfast, and make for the river three miles away, where boats await us, one for each.

The camp moves by road through 11 miles of cart track, while we move up by river, fishing.

This is tiger land, made evident by the many old and fresh tracks in the sand, but this is royal game in Nepal. We have permission to shoot only small game for the post, besides fishing.

The river here is spread out into several channels forming large forested islands. We each take a run of water and work upstream to a given point where we have lunch. As we work upstream the river changes from fine shingle to fair-sized boulders, the river and runs alternated by pools, improving with each mile.

Two rods are carried: the fly rod for the smaller runs, and a casting rod for the big water. One run will yield four or five fish; several others may prove blank. This glorious uncertainty keeps one at it.

A hurried lunch at the rendezvous while we plot on the map and make notes of the best places, the weights of the 11 fish we have between us (in all 86 pounds), and off again, but this time on elephants, as the river is flowing in one gassy channel, too slow to be interesting.

On our way we disturb a panther with which we have quite a bit of fun as we ride in a heat following him from bush to bush, but 15 yards from the elephants, giving him an easy shot, but we are pledged to shoot no carnivora, as "spots" is left angry, but in peace.

The Gun Is Used. Too

Arriving at the river we sort ourselves out once again, each with a channel of really excellent water in wild unexploited country. We reach "Cold Camp" at dusk, thoroughly satisfied with 14 more fish, to find tea, tents and hot baths ready with every detail organised by Gani who is in charge.

The camp is out in drenched paddy fields away from the village, where only the hardy Tharu can survive the ravages of malaria. Dawn is heralded by the many jungle cocks (in abundance here), and swamp partridge calling in the



A 52-lb. mahoeer caught by Major B. E. Pearce-Fleming, in one of the rivers at Dehra Dun. The length of this fish was 5'5" and the girth 25.6". Major Pearce-Fleming states that he has an extremely accurate formula for weighing a mahoeer. The formula is: $3 \times \text{length} \times \text{girth}^2 \div 2000$

The length should be measured over the curve from the side of the mouth to the fork of the tail; the girth over the thickest part of the fish, but under the fins.

depression below camp, and overgrown with high brush.

Half an hour with the gun yields three mung and two black partridge, the swamp partridge evading a shot. Tiger and panther tracks are seen everywhere mingled with those of pig, sambar, and chital.

This is the daily order of things: kit by road, ourselves by river, working up

to the gorge in the foot-hills. In five days we reach the limit of our permit, 36 miles of exquisite fishing water, set in virgin forest.

Here we make our base for ten days in beautiful surroundings with some of the best fishing water in Asia, if not in the world.

Barbed geese had started their migration northwards, and were in hundreds, resting on the sandbanks and boulders waiting for the *dahla* (a high pressure wind that is peculiar to all large rivers in the north, and blows in great gusts from the east's monsoon, to it also) to subside before making their way up the passes.

Pinail, gadwall, and merganser also join in the battle against the wind, while peregrine falcons take toll of the unsuspecting stragglers. We were tired of mahoeer as diet, but lived on geese and jungle fowl for the rest of our stay.

Endurance Test

Here we confronted with the monster mahoeer of two score pounds or more. This is fishing outside the ken of the average angler: a tug and locomotion that empties a sea yards of line in the first rush, while we stand insecurely on boulders like barn swans, with a charming elation of white water below.

To secure these monsters it is necessary to extricate oneself from this position and follow hurriedly three or four hundred yards down the bank with the drum of the reel frequently showing, indicating that you are pulled from your fish by nearly 50 yards. This, repeated three or four times a day, is as much as anyone can endure and is no "gentle art" but a test of physical fitness and concentration, developing muscles like polo balls in one's back.

The swimming respite from this heavy work is found in the stroller runs with fly rail, which to my mind is the acme of sport. Getting a dozen or more fish, from five to 15 pounds, on a light rod and tackle is sport unsurpassed, and is a relaxation and joy. The ten days pass all too soon with the varied joys of light and heavy fishing and scater gun.

The return journey is done in stages as we come up, missing out indifferent water and stopping longer at the good places, till we arrive at last at the forest bungalow to conclude another memorable trip and hear for the last time the jungle calls without which no forest camp is complete.



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All Fools' Day

By E. C.

THE first of April is the day of practical jokes and of fooling without limit. The whole world may make a fool of its neighbors and expect that neighbors that the joke will be taken as good part. Through unimagined tradition and lost consciousness nearly every country in the world indulges in a season of levity and fooling of about this time.

The end of March in Japan is marked by various customs akin to the Western. In China, people send one another on practical errands, and, in India, the Hindu festival of Holi ends about the same time when it is the custom for persons to be sent to call upon acquaintances who are said to have requested their presence, and are also fed upon delicious meals about the arrival of long-lost relatives.

The origin of All Fools' Day is completely lost, and the few theories that have been put forward as solutions of its inception are so far fetched as to be unbelievable. It is unquestionable, however, that, at far back as the Middle Ages in Britain, customs of lag pulling were evident on April 1.

The White Gold Hoax

Simple country swains would be fooled by their glibly dressed wits, who would send them obediently trotting off on such errands as asking the chemist for a bottle of pigeon's milk, or visiting the pastrycook and demanding a dozen "milkshake cakes." Later on, it was the practice to send boys to the local barbershops with the request that he give them some good, strong strapping—which they would duly receive over their shoulders!

False announcements of greater or less importance were, of course, the fashion as they are today, and an old chronicler tells us that, in London, it was no rare thing on April 1 to see great numbers of gentlemen, each with a ticket marked "April Fool" on his back, all laughing coarsely at one another in the street.

Scolding taken, and always has taken, April-fodder more seriously and conscientiously than England. The old custom of "hunting the gowk" (or cuckoo) has its modern counterpart, and the day is still, as all Scots know, named "Hunt the Gowk." But the plots of yesterday are almost forgotten.

It was the custom to tease upon the simplest level in the community and despatch him on a two-mile walk with a note for some other man. The other on opening the note, was wiser!

"This is the Fox of April.
Hunt the Gowk another mile!"
He would look grave, as he could do nothing about it, but if the messenger would take the note to another man living a considerable distance, he would be able to elude. The poor wretch

would walk many miles in his day of foolishness again, and would be the mock of the neighborhood for weeks.

Good Housers

In France, to make a *poisson d'avril* was an immensely popular pastime, and there is an astonishing story told of how this practice saved the lives of the Duke of Lorraine and his wife, who were imprisoned at Nancy. They effected an escape on April 1, and were leaving the gates of the city dressed as two peasants when they were recognized by a peasant, who informed the sentry on guard.

"*Poisson d'avril*," teased the sentry, and his comrades followed suit enabling the nobleman and his lady to make their escape successfully. There is also a story of old France of a serving woman who made April 1 an excuse to steal her friend's watch, reckoning that, if she were detected she could pass it off as a joke. The watch was found and she duly declared that she was making of her friend a *poisson d'avril*. Her friend's response was "you will go to prison until April next year—as a *poisson d'avril*!"

Indeed, so great was the popularity of All Fools' Day at one time that scores of unrepentant citizens selected that day for their regueries, later, if detected, causing themselves on the grounds that they were only acting in the spirit of the day.

Large-Scale Hoax

Hoaxes on a great scale were the fashion in the 19th century, and probably none exceeded that of 1850 when thousands of persons in London received by post printed cards advising Baer and friend to the annual ceremony of washing the white lions at the Tower of London. Admission at the White Gate only.

The fact that the date of the were money was April 1 did not deter hundreds of carriages from driving round and round Tower Hill searching for a non-existent White Gate behind which was invisible lions being washed.

More cruel was an April 1 joke played on hundreds of people a few years later. They were each instructed to call at the office of a certain solicitor on the morning of April 1 when something would be heard to their advantage. A swarm of excited would-be beneficiaries descended on the wretched solicitor who knew nothing of the hoax and against whom, probably, the perpetrator harbored a grudge.

Today, our practical jokes are less organized. But we don't forget—and probably never shall—that, on April 1, we may make a fool of the world with no penalty other than the risk of being made fools of ourselves.

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Incognito

I gave you love and you returned me grief,
In love so-poor, unworthy, pale and brief
As winter sunshine wrapped in winter's gray—
And now you seek the love of yesterday
Alas, it's no longer there to give.
I know, though I still love you when I live,
That by my life, death waits the cold you slave,
And I—disgraced of all I felt or knew.

William Shakespeare

WHEN Mavis Marshall came into the world, she was not noticeably more attractive than any other young of the species. It was not until she was getting on for 11 months old that she began to show signs of a crop of golden curls. They were soft as silk and enticing. Mrs. Marshall was envied by all less fortunate mothers, as in the days before perms, straight hair was a definite handicap and a continual source of worry to mothers and daughters. Besides having a mop of curls, Mavis was quite a pretty child, with lovely colouring and blue eyes, but the curls were irresistible.

When Mavis was two her mother went out East to join the father and she was left in charge of a doting grandmother, who thought the child perfect. She was sent to a day school and got on quite well there, as although not particularly bright, she gave little trouble; and everyone knew Granny, who was a wealthy old lady and a power in the small town. The curls were still admired and Mavis always managed to get a prize for something or other. "Favourite", said the less fortunate, "she was able to appear in some prominence at the yearly prize-giving and display the golden curls."

Short Story

Curly Locks

By "Yasmar"

Gradually the curls became her chief obsession in life, but as long as they received admiration she was quite a pleasant, good-tempered girl. Her grandmother died when Mavis was 18 and she went out to her parents in India, who, owing to World War I, had been very little of their only child.

The curls were an even greater success in India than in England, and Mavis was ecstatically happy. She danced, she flirted, but did not fall in love. Then one evening, at the Club, she met Bill Wakeley, just back from leave and newly engaged to a girl in England. Mavis made up her mind that Bill was HER man and he hadn't a chance against those seductive curls, although "I really loved the other girl, Mary Warwick, a witty and interesting young woman; and the attraction for curly-headed Mavis was

only a very temporary one, but he did not find that out until later.

At first the marriage was fairly successful. Bill soon tired of the curls as a topic of conversation, but Mavis obtained plenty of admiration elsewhere and Bill had his work, and after work there was polo or golf, so they did not see too much of each other.

In due course a daughter was born. Much to the mother's delight there was no sign of a curl in the dull coloured hair and the child was definitely plain.

"No chance of competition there," thought Mavis, and took little further notice of the infant. Gradually father and daughter became great companions and Bill devoted more time to the straight-haired child than to the curly-headed mother. This annoyed Mavis, who found out that it was quite time for Anne to go

to school in England and although Bill protested, he was informed that it was pure selfishness to keep a child in India after five, so to school in the U. K. she went.

Years passed and Anne still had her mouse-coloured hair and Mavis her golden curls, but they were not so unique in 1935 as in 1910, as all the females of the species were getting tinted and permed and Mavis had only her looks; she had never been particularly intelligent, and Mavis less admired was less pleasant.

One summer when Anne was 17 Mavis went to England, ostensibly for the school holidays, and was relieved to find that her daughter had still the same straight nondescript hair and was rather fat. She decided that there would be no danger in bringing out such a daughter to India and that she could not possibly interfere with her little affairs; in fact, she quite liked the girl and Bill no longer seemed to take much interest in his daughter. He wrote her a weekly letter, but hardly mentioned Anne and had not seen her for several years.

"One more year at school, darling," said Mavis, "and if you shall come out to Mother, but this last year you shall go to school in Paris."

(Continued on page 23)



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Curly Locks

(Continued from page 22)

"If the girl is plain," she thought, she must have a little extra polish to make up for it and she is really too frightful now. I don't want an unmarried daughter on my hands for ever. I must get her off somehow. I'll fix up for her to spend a cold weather in some mofussil station, where there won't be many women."

Anne went to Paris and there made friends with another English girl, who took her off at week-ends to stay with her mother, who had a flat just outside the city. Strange! enough, it turned out that the mother happened to be an old friend of Anne's father and knew her grandfather and all the rest of the family. But Anne did not mention this in her letters, as Mrs. Fenton suggested that it would be something to tell her parents when she actually arrived in India.

When the time came for Anne to get ready for India, her father sent her a generous cheque, besides the amount that Mavis thought ample for her unattractive daughter.

Anne naturally asked her friend's mother, a well-turned-out and charming lady, to give her some advice about her clothes.

"My dear," said Mrs. Fenton, "you don't make the best of yourself." Anne replied with a laugh, for she was quite used to the idea, "What is the good? I am so plain." "Plain, my child, what do you mean? You have lovely eyes, nice features and a perfect skin," came the assurance.

Anne was more than surprised. "But look at my dreadful hair!" she said.

"Oh, your hair!" replied Mrs. Fenton. "It is certainly quite time something was done about that. Tomorrow I will take you to the best hairdresser in

Paris, and we will see what he can do for you; and then we will buy your clothes."

On the next day off they went and Mrs. Fenton had a long talk with the hairdresser and gave him permission to do what he liked with Anne's hair. There was no mirror and Anne had no idea what was happening, but it seemed an endless and rather painful business and she was almost exhausted when it was all over. What was he doing, she wondered. When all was ready Anne was allowed to look in the mirror.

She couldn't believe that it was herself. No longer plain, nondescript Anne, but a lovely girl with fair curls like a halo round her head, her beautiful skin glowing with health, its natural colour lightly powdered. It was indeed a pleasing reflection.

"You do not yet need make-up for the day-time," said Monsieur, who was really an artist and was very proud of the change. "But you must learn to put on a little at night and when your evening dresses are ready you had better come to me again."

With Mrs. Fenton's help it did not take long for Anne to learn how to take care of her hair and face. And she made sure that Anne would not grow careless.

"It will so delight your dear mother," said she. "Mother never seemed to mind my straight hair and plain face, she was always quite sweet about it," replied Anne.

"But just think," said Mrs. Fenton, "how delighted she will be when she finds that she has such a pretty and attractive daughter with fair curls like her own. The transformation, dear child, is my parting present to you, so that you will have some extra money to enjoy yourself with on the way to India, and mind you do have a good time."

Anne did have a good time on the ship going out, and was thrilled with every moment, as she had not previously been the centre of attraction; and besides being so pretty, she was kind to the other girls not as popular as herself. She knew only too well what the ugly duckling felt like when left out in the cold.

The ship arrived and Anne's father met her. At first he did not recognise his own daughter, and was startled and a little disgruntled at the change, but he soon realised that in spite of the curls, Anne was still the same kindly and unselfish girl that she had always been. He did wonder what her mother would say, as she had prepared all her friends for a plain daughter. When they arrived at Dupleport they found that Mavis had gone off for a week's sailing to another station. Anne was quite pleased, for she thought it would give her time to get her curls properly set and to repair the other ravages of travel. She, in her innocence, hoped to make an impression on her mother by the change in her appearance. She certainly did, but not the one she expected.

The night Mavis was due to return Anne and her father had gone to a dance. The girl was looking really lovely in a glamorous frock which showed to advantage the fair curls and beautiful skin. She was having a marvellous evening. Every man in the room wanted a dance with Anne, and they enjoyed the intervals too, as they found her gay and intelligent.

Mavis, tired after her journey, but unwilling to miss anything, eventually turned up at the dance, by no means looking her best. Her curls needed retrimming and she had plastered her weary face with make-up.

She and her young attendant wandered into the ball-room and the youth looking round suddenly said, "Who on earth is that lovely creature over there?" "Where?" asked Mavis, bored by his enthusiasm. "There, dancing with Alstair, a girl with a halo of fair curls

"Fare Thee Well"

Sometimes, the hardest words to say Are "fare thee well." Sometimes, there dawns a fateful day When "fare thee well" Is trembling on your lips, And in your heart A wilderness of sorrow, when you part With "fare thee well."

T. M. Adcock

round her head and, gee, what a wonderful skin!"

Mavis looked. Something about the face seemed familiar and then the lovely apparition left her partner, dashed across the floor, and enrolled Mavis in a fond embrace.

Mavis was very tired. It was a great shock, and she did one of the few wise things of her life, she fainted, because the whole situation was so the alert, waiting to see how Mavis would receive her daughter.

It was not until a few days later, when Mavis was sitting up in her bed with Anne beside her, that she heard the story of the transformation and the name of Anne's kind friend.

"She said she knew Daddy when he was quite young, darling, and she knew it would please you more than anything to have a pretty daughter with lovely curls like yours. Her name? Mary Fenton, but she said she was Mary Warwick when she knew Daddy years and years ago."

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Difficulties

By C. L.

THE words on my calendar read,
"Be Thankful For Difficulties—
Dead Men Have None."

Quite often, if you only know it,
it is the things that don't happen to
you that you have to be thankful about.

Difficulties can be a blessing, if you
consider the quotation for a moment:
If you haven't any real difficulties you
will surely get some for yourself.

You must know someone with money,
possessions, position, in fact, everything
you think makes for happiness. But
are they happy? They grumble about
food tastes, the weather, responsibility—
something—anything.

Real difficulties teach you self-control.
If you are short of money you learn to go
cheerfully without. If others with whom
you must live are trying, you must
curb your tongue, and your actions.
If illness faces you, you have to be brave
about it.

In the end, and in the long run,
difficulties make you rather a nicer person
to know. You acquire understanding
and sympathy, and a readiness to hold
out a helping hand which those who
have never had anything to fight against
never have and never do.

In every game intended there are
obstacles. Tennis has its net and lines,
to say nothing of the ball you try to hit.
Scales and leaders, test games, card
games, each and every one has its pitfalls
to trap you and send you down to start
again, to come back to the fight, set to go
on to the next game.

If you consider it, how uninteresting
these games would be without their
difficulties. In fact there would be no
game at all. Why not look at life like
that?

Do take another glance at the people
who have what you think are lives
without difficulties, real difficulties.

They are rather empty, uninteresting,
dull people, aren't they?

Then look at those who have taken
their difficulties badly—bitter, dis-
illusioned hard. They too have a tale
to tell.

You will easily spot those who have
struggled gamely—the walk, the bright
eye, the quick smile, the "air" of them.

You will know which sort of person
you want to be, and you know how to be
that kind of person.

Difficulties, like everything else, have
their uses—and you are not dead yet.

A Word With The Cook

Maclean's had one last night.
The Maclean's said to without sight.
Maclean's had a lot to say,
Just about his own things to say.

"Fear don't I you
And get first class,"
Said he with a smile,
"Try your hand,
For my Maclean,
Who there in a super style."

That naughty Maclean's was talked
She had a most suspicious mind,
So went herself to the house,
But finally she took her own.

Each such has friends
When they're in trouble,
The day they're in trouble,
"I was lunch she brought,
But said she brought
And said she brought some more!"

H.V.M.S.



Fresh stocks of these exquisite preparations are now being imported.
COLD CREAM • VANISHING CREAM • FACE POWDER

IN the bottom drawer of the desk confusion reigns supreme; elsewhere order has its sway and everything its place, but the bottom drawer is no man's land, the recipient of every odd and end, an indiscriminate jumble, a veritable hotchpotch. Other drawers get tidied at regular intervals, but not the bottom drawer; it carries its contents untouched from month to month, making room for more as the years go by, and only a long leave looming large on the horizon earns it a thorough spring-clean. Then what a treasure chest it proves, old letters, old menus, old lost keys, fading old photographs, seeds running everywhere from the worn corners of old packets; everything is old, and everything wedged higgledy-piggledy in tight confusion.

Here is a black-and-white card, printed in large clear type and headed "warning," acquired immediately on going aboard at Tilbury in 1939, and stirring, despite its sober story of ship's alarms, happy memories of the last leave in England which ended abruptly in a blackout setting to the tune of air-raid sirens. It all seems very long ago!

The Unfinished Drawing

Two diaries come next, tied together and both unfinished. From one falls a

Good-bye To These Memories

By "M"

recipe for pickled onions, from the other a printed sheet bearing the title "Sea Foot Stockings," and the feel of the coarse, oily wool is back again, with memories of the prodigious knitting feats, pullovers, gloves, balalaivas and bed-socks that helped to fill the long days in the anxious months of 1940.

Next, a small, orange bank-bag tied with a cerise tape and bulging a handful of English coins, discoloured with their long disuse; a blue-backed shell from an Assini river; and a half-finished drawing of a large and handsome cat, lines enough to recall him as he lay stretched on his back, all four paws upturned to the cooling breeze of the punkah, his sides heaving with the heat of a tea-garden afternoon in the summer of 1941. An afternoon so hot that the pencil gave up long before the drawing was done.

In a box lurk a tube of dried glue, a handful of old negatives clouded with damp, and a tiger's clavicie awaiting setting; with them is an old packet of Phillip Morris cigarettes, calling up the

shades of all the Americans who came to the bungalow and went in 1944 whilst their planes roared ceaselessly overhead from the nearby airfield, and their trucks, jeeps and barracks changed the peaceful face of the tea-garden.

Here, entangled in a much-sought skein of green embroidery silk, is an old motto from a Christmas cracker, and beside it a fragment of a favourite china cup, duck-egg-blue with a gold traced pattern, put away in sentimental mood the day after the earthquake brought the wall-panels and the chimney down and shot the china and the glass from their shelves one October night in 1943. Vivid recollection stirs with the piece of china, bringing back the mixed scent of bands and vinegars as they floated freely together in the shattered stone-cup-board—and that at a time when a drop of alcohol was worth a king's ransom.

Fragrance Of Petals

With a box of gramophone needles and a broken reading glass comes a

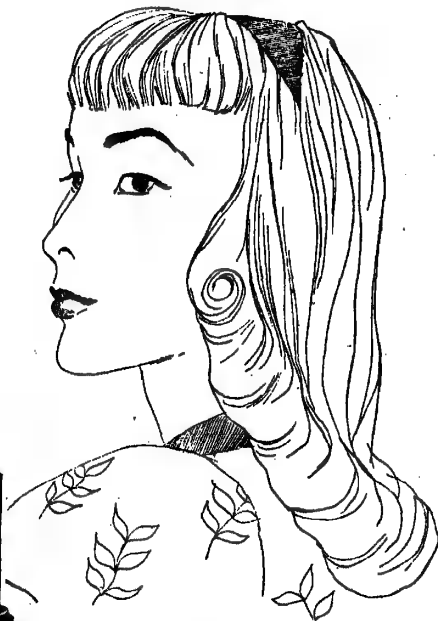
long typed list, beginning, "Box No. 1 contains: fire-bricks, candlesticks, books, and, yessah, rubbers and coal-buckets." Immediately it is 1944 again, the year of moving house, the turning out, the packing, the melancholy uprooting of old ties all surge out of the past with the long typed list, bringing lively memories of a three days' cross-country journey to a new home, with two large and protesting cats boxed up on the back seat of the car.

Next a length of old fishing line and a pair of rough leather gardening gloves, and from a seed catalogue fall a handful of dried, brown flower petals, baffling at first in their discoloured flammies, but the shape of the petals recalls V.E. Day in 1941, when the golden-horned trout were in full bloom and the garden labour celebrated the victory with flowers—flowers on the factory gates, flowers on the lorries, on the machinery, the bullock carts, the houses and the *barrow* ball, even on the old elephant down at the sports field that was giving the children rides.

A Fresh Start

Out come a packet of yellowing golf-cards, records of friendly nuzzles long ago, and a lucky black cat, his plush coat the worse for wear; down in a corner lies a string of scarlet beads summoning back the winter of 1946 and a golden afternoon spent at a *sole* in the Shusani hills, joining in all the fun of the colourful, noisy fair and afterwards sitting eating oranges on the cliff high above the blue river and listening to the echoing of the pipes and the pulsing of the drums.

With the red beads the drawer is empty, clean-swept; the eight years it held in its careless jumble have run their span, and the full melancholy of packing and uprooting is centred in its emptiness. But it is only a passing sadness, although a chapter is closing the story is not yet done, and the page turns hopefully on a new heading.... 1947....leave in England.



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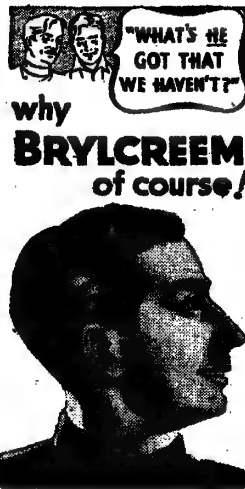


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GARDEN

The Lal Soor

By G. M. Hall

EVERYONE who has hunted in the Meerut Kadir will know of the red pig, a small but extremely bellicose species that inhabits the northern limits of the area.

During the period I hunted the country, the red pig appeared to be entirely confined to Bijoor Island, a fact that added increased interest to the first meet we held there.

The spears were fairly representative of a war time field, although I had hoped up to the last moment that we might have a few experienced hog hunters from Q. Delhi. Four permanent members of the Tent Club managed to obtain leave for the occasion, and although they had only recently learnt to ride, they made up for it by their boundless enthusiasm and the extreme velocity with which they covered the ground. A pair of foxhunters from a newly-arrived British regiment brought our numbers to seven and we camped at Hussainpur Kadir on a Saturday night.

The main herd of the Ganges had cut through the Meerut side of the island that year, and it was impossible to camp nearer to the hunting ground than the intervening bullock track had been waded away by the floods. This meant a long back out to the river before dawn on Sunday and our fox hunting friends exclaimed in horror when they

to the rule, but on this occasion I would have welcomed a period of comparative peace so that my spears could have time to shake down to the job.

As it happened, the situation developed quite differently, and we had hardly travelled a quarter of a mile before a large sounder of pig burst out ahead of the line. My regulars sailed off quietly enough after a good ribble hoar, but the excitement was too much for the foxhunters who forgot that they had been told and dashed after a sow of generous proportions. I wanted precious minutes riding them off but with repeated cries of "fired twenty chips" and my efforts were rewarded as the nick of time as I just managed to make them pull up before they did the old lady any grievous hurt. However, they had ruined our chances of picking up the sounder again, and there was nothing left for us to do except follow up after the other heat.

I galloped off towards a swirl of dust on the horizon and passed through a patch of red heavy cover with the first hunter, hard on my heels. By a lucky fluke the sounder had chosen this cover to lie up in but unfortunately, I saw them late and rode straight into a very angry red boar who suddenly rose up under my mare's forelegs.

We fell in a most complicated heap composed of horse, hunter and hog, and I lashed out wildly with my feet when the latter rolled towards me. I had no liking for my predicament, but I liked it even less when my ally arrived on the scene a second later as it was then touch and go whether I should be carried up by the pig or perforated by my friends. Fortunately, one of them managed to spear the pig heavily and I was able to extricate myself from the melee and remount the mare, who had also escaped unscathed. We finished off the boar after a short gallop over open country, and then entered it in search of the others.

Amphibious Operations

We eventually found the other heat standing discomfitedly on the bank of the Ganges while they surveyed a floundering looking object that had entrenched itself on a sand bar so yards from the shore that this proved to be their boat, who had taken to the river and either changed his mind in mid stream or found the current too much for him. A group of spectators had already formed on the opposite bank and the boar seemed unable to make up his mind as to which group of foes he would face.

I had already attempted to swim his horse out, but had got bogged in quicksand before they had gone more than a few yards. Mac had gallantly followed on a borrowed horse, of an



"A complicated heap of horse, hog and hunter"

known antecedents and the brute had simply lain down in the water and rolled on him. No damage had been done but Mac looked rather like Jathu Neptune arisen from the depths and his saddle had been carted away by Mother Ganges.

I summed up the situation quickly and decided that it would have to be an amphibious operation, although we finally achieved our objective without having to swim as someone discovered a shallow reef leading to the sand bar. We advanced along this in fair order, and our war like approach was too much for the boar who decided to hiven the end by charging out in a cloud of spray to meet us. There is never very much future in tackling an unwounded boar on foot and we might have fared badly if he had waited for us. As it was his impetuous charge carried him out of his

depth and we were able to dispatch him swiftly. It was not a bad start to a smoko, while Mac divested himself of his garments and attempted to wipe the wet of the water out.

We saw no more red pig, and killed nothing, further that day although an unsuccessful hunt after a lean and agile boar gave everyone their fill of galloping. I was left to the elephant to provide the come finale by bulking her house immediately we recovered the Ganges, probably prompted by the knowledge that the *Lathi Wallah* had retrieved his ankus.

Such is a day in the Meerut Kadir, and one hopes that pig-sticking will survive in spite of mechanisation and the shortage of men that seems to afflict all sportsmen these days. Some how I think it will.



"The 'hathi' provided the comic finale."

saw the type of country they were expected to ride over. Admittedly it did look a bit unprepossessing by the light of a dying moon, and I am afraid we relieved the monotony of the ride by making the most of their fear.

Trouble With The "Hathi"

We met with our first snag at the river crossing when we found that our mahout had expended his advance on liquor, and been constrained to send his *bathi wallah* out instead. The B.W. and the elephant had already been at loggerheads on the way out, and the wretched man now informed us that it was impossible to make his *bathi* swim. There was no time in which to pursue such an obviously unprofitable controversy so I mounted it myself while Babu, the Tent Club shikari, made menacing noises in the ear. The elephant took to the water like a duck, probably only too glad to be rid of the *bathi wallah* for a while, and when we were safely across I rode the "B.W." leave his ankus behind a precaution that was fully justified as the pair of them got on much better after that.

Unexpected Thrills

The time was already waiting for us on the island so we started basting the moment we had ferried all our horses across, and as two heats were all that could be managed, I put my four permanent members together and kept the two foxhunters beside me.

In all field sports there are often long periods when nothing happens and one prays for even a brief glimpse of the quarry. Pig-sticking is no exception.



"—And Mother Ganges had carried away his saddle."



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One Man's Meat...

By Arthur Parsons

Two friends have an outing in an impressive waterfall in India. They both approach it in the spirit of a picnic, on a escape from the heat and harassment of their station. But, their reactions to this beauty spot are widely different, and in these two descriptive articles each tells of the effect of the scene upon his senses.

OTHER than those shown in guide-books I had never seen an authentic waterfall before, so it was with a mixture of surprise and enthusiasm that I stood on the lip of the gorge and watched the milky descent of Patalpanti Falls. I think all four of us were pleasantly surprised by the gorge that had opened up at our feet so soon after leaving the little huddle of mud hovels near Patalpanti Station. We were prepared for the falls, which we had heard some way off, but not for the enormous scoop taken out of the earth that suddenly confronted us. The midday, winding in from the north, just fell away, dropping a dizzy 150 feet into a wide pool, from which it began a new and complicated life through the gorge among the intricacies of countless brown boulders.

Wheeling Pigeons

The volume of water falling into the pool was not great. Rather it showed down than thundered, leaping from protruding rocks on the way down, like a vertical endless belt of sparkling white ribbons. The associated colours

We rested for a while in the shade. Bob had thoughtfully brought some beer in his haversack, and we gulped a bottle between us. The other bottle was put in the stream to be ready for us after we had completed an irresistible exploration of the gorge.

We went downstream first, taking snaps of rocky pools and lesser waterfalls. Suddenly we heard shouts, and along came two soldiers to ask us whether we had seen two of their comrades who had come to Patalpanti the day before and had not yet returned. We shook our heads and were silent for some seconds. But we need not have worried; they had already returned by the time we left Patalpanti.

Cool And Lovely

Soon we were laughing at John, who had misjudged a jump and slipped into the river up to his waist. Then, a few minutes later, cursed the fellows we had met, who on their way back past our first resting place had only too obviously removed our bottle of beer. Standing on the edge of the pool footing the falls, we took more photographs. It was pleasant there in the shadows; the cool air refreshing after the heat we had just left that struck both up and down—up from the rocks, and down from the sky.

We left with reluctance that shady place, filled so enjoyably with vast shadows and water-music, and began the long and trying climb back, up the opposite side of the gorge.

We looked forward to a visit to the greater falls further down the valley.

...Is Another Man's Poison

By John Caffyn

DOWN. Down the steep rocky watercourse. If you slipped on a loose stone it would bounce right down to the shadow below. Dangerous? Perhaps not, if you were careful. But Johnny had a blood-stained handkerchief round his head. A slip on the rocks. Then there was the *slide* at the top who had told us: "Be careful, sally, man killed here last Sunday." He had drawn his hand across his face and chest. It might be true. (We heard the same story again later.)

The sides of the chasm were steep, very steep. In the valley a stream bickered between the rocks and low trees. Only a small part was in the shadow, and the sun was warm, and because of the water and the greenness it was not harsh. Lowly? In a way. But there was somehow a subtle mystery, as if there were a secret belonging to the valley. I think I found the answer before we left. Down there I felt as if we were strangers; strangers even, on the silliness of the valley. We thought we were alone, but after a while two fellows came along. They said: "Have you seen anybody here?" "No, who are you looking for?" "Two of our chaps went out yesterday—and they never came back."

The *Insomniac Valley*

They went on, leaving us with a mystery and some sense of their little unpleasant *inside*; imagination wove dark dreams round the secret of the valley. (The two who were missing, a day later, but we did not know that at the time.)

We had left a bottle of beer on cool in the stream, and found it gone. Where



Shadow

...? Oh, I expect those fellows took it. Annoying, but a little light relief. I welcomed it.

We played and lay in the sun and took snaps and ate our sandwiches. Everything was as it should be. Or was it? I thought the valley was somehow insincere. Yes, that was the word, insincere. But perhaps it was only my imagination.

To The Pool

We walked back to the waterfall we had come to see. We had crossed it at the top before our descent. It was more impressive from below. About 150 feet high. The water fell straight; not much water, but it sprayed out where it hit the rocks. Beautiful, and very nice of itself. On one side a steep wall of stone

and scrub. On the other a sheer rock cliff: only the pigeons could find a foothold there. Far above us, the water at the top glistened in the sunlight, but it fell from light into darkness. At the bottom was a wide pool. In shadow, and dark green; a little eerie, with the suspicion of an echo. Stranger still, though so near the fall, only the tiniest ripple lapped the edge. The pool is supposed to be the haunt of an evil spirit. There is the story of the doctor who swam there, not an long ago. He went under once, and never came up again. We thought there might be an underground stream. But the dark pool kept its secret.

A Sinister Beauty

Then it was time to return. We decided to climb the slide opposite to the one we had come down. It was more difficult, but it offered our side to go back to the watercourse.

The climb was not too bad. You had to be careful at times. And one place was tricky. It was necessary to reach round a rock and swing out, and take the weight on the hands. It was a long drop if you failed I know: I looked down to the rocks below. I am not used to climbing, and I was afraid. I remembered how one of us earlier had stepped on a boulder that had given way and plunged down, leaving him hanging from the grass. And I had fallen in the stream making a jump I felt sure I could have done. I am not used to climbing. I was not very confident and I was afraid.

It was then that I answered the riddle of the valley. It was beautiful. The stream was cool and clear. Yes, the valley was beautiful. The first thing we had said was: "We must go down." That is what the people that died there must have said. And people had died there. I looked down, and the valley was smiling at its treachery, the water was laughing at its deceit. It was beautiful, but the beauty was sinister. I shall not go there again.

Sunshine

centring round the falls were immensely pleasing to eyes that had been accustomed so long to the dusty darkness of Holker fields and hills. Away from the moist and clarifying influence of the falling water the colours were without life, sun-worn. But, looking back, you saw warm brown rocks showing from the screey dales. More hung from the rocks, never without the drops of water that kept it so fine a green. Green too was the wide pool below, the green of apparently depthless water. Flocks of pastel-blue pigeons wheeled and counter-wheeled over the pool, assuming darker colours as the slanting shadow thrown across the foot of the falls from the opposite side of the gorge embraced them. I was rather pleased the birds were below us. It was like seeing fish through an aquarium, or being on top of a mountain and watching the clouds passing below you.

Down To The Water

We took the conventional photographs of the falls from a few yards at which others must have stood before us with cameras. That, able no longer to resist the challenge of the attractive scenery hemming in the confined river below, we crossed the top of the falls and slipped down a steep decline to the water.

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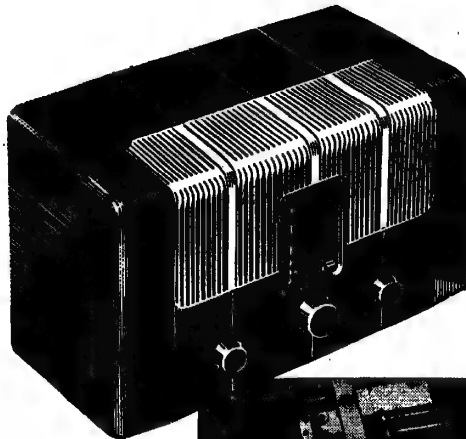
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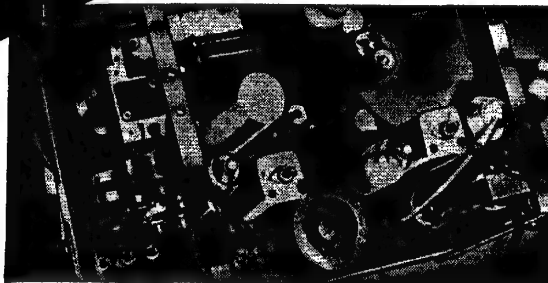
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EVE'S WEEKLY



See Advertisement
on page 87.



The Calcutta Paperchase Club

By I.A.-Col. N. Lovett

DURING January, February and early March the Calcutta Paperchase Club holds its meet every week, when its members ride over a course laid through jungle and paddy fields on the outskirts of Calcutta.

The Club, which grew out of the old Calcutta Hunt, held its first "chase" in

For the benefit of those who may not be initiated in the ways of paperchasing as practised by the Calcutta Paperchase Club, a short explanation of the sport may be interesting. A different course is set each week by a member of the club. The course is about four miles long, and, owing to the nature of the country, is chiefly along jungle paths alternated with stretches of open paddy fields.

The Average Cup

Most of the obstacles are artificial, consisting of mud walls, bamboo hurdles and rails, and usually a few natural ditches converted into water jumps. Apart from these obstacles the characteristic roughness of the country produces plenty of hazards to tax the endurance and handiness of horse and rider.

Along the jungle paths for reasons of safety, no overtaking is permitted, and as the course is "unseen" there is considerable scope for tactics and judgment in deciding whether to take the lead and risk running off the paper, or to lie handy and make your run when you judge that the course is nearing the end. A good paperchase horse must be fit and handy, jump well, and have a turn in speed for keeping his place in the open paddy when the thrusters begin to "turn the tap on."

The Average Cup is presented at the end of the season to the member who, staking his own horse, has been placed the greatest number of times, a tie being decided by a system of points allotted for each place. The last "chase" of the season is run for the Paperchase Challenge Cup.

After the paperchasing season is finished the club holds a point-to-point meeting when the paperchasers compete over a normal point-to-point course.



in 1868 and has not missed a season since that date. This reflects great credit on the veterans who have kept paperchasing going throughout the war.

Nature Of The Course

Although fields are not yet up to pre-war size, when 20 or 30 members faced the president for the start, this is almost entirely due to lack of horses, there are a good many members only waiting for the opportunity when horses begin to be available once more in reasonable numbers and at reasonable prices to start paperchasing again.

The average field this season has been about a dozen and competition has been keen. Messrs. Farmer, Mervyn Thomas, Evans and Warren usually being concerned in the finishes.

On the night of January 23 the annual fancy dress ball was held at the Tollygunge Club and in accordance with long-established custom, many of

the riders in the paperchase next morning were wearing portions of their fancy dress as they negotiated the course.

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THE Editor of *The Onlooker* invites authors and writers to submit short stories, articles of a "Hunting, Shooting and Fishing" nature, articles on women's subjects, and humorous articles and verse. He will also be glad to consider photographs of a social nature, such as appear in *The Onlooker* month by month.

Payment will be made at the usual rates. Stamped envelopes should be enclosed with MSS and photographs if they are to be returned. Engagement and similar photographs will not be paid for. Photographs should be accompanied by descriptions typed separately. If written on the backs names must be clear and distinct.

"THE ONLOOKER"

United India Building,
Sir Phiroozshah Mehta Road,
BOMBAY

The ONLOOKER

Vol. IX

April 1947

No. 4

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His Excellency Rear-Admiral Viscount Mountbatten of Burma, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., G.C.V.O., K.C.B., D.S.O., who has succeeded Lord Wavell as Viceroy and Governor-General of India.



Reutersphotos.

Looking On!

To Our Women Readers

THE publishing house of Messrs. A. MacRae and Co., Ltd., takes pleasure in announcing the publication of *Eve's Weekly*, India's first newspaper for women, which makes its debut on April 5, 1947.

This is the first venture of its kind for the new India in which women are rapidly coming forward in every sphere, and are daily requiring a medium for their news and views.

In this weekly newspaper, to be published every Saturday, women will find a national journal, embracing news items from every big city and every province in India. Correspondents and photographers have been appointed in all important centres to cover the scene for *Eve's Weekly*; the local staff of this journal in Bombay comprises women of wide interests, whose job will be to entertain you, in addition to instructing in all branches of women's domestic affairs.

But, more important still, the pages of *Eve's Weekly* will be open to YOU, women of India, for the publication of your own photographs, articles, short stories, poems, plays, criticism, recipes, household hints and domestic advice of all types. If you have talent for sketching or drawing cartoons, send these in,



Mr. Percy Davis, M.B.E., who was Hon'y. Secretary of the Revell Services Club, Lahore, from its inception, and did sterling work in that capacity. He retired from the Punjab provincial service a year ago and is now in South Africa.



Rodger.

Lili Stary, the well-known pianist, who will play Rachmaninoff Piano Concerto No. 2 with the Bombay Symphony Orchestra on April 2. Lili hopes to leave at the end of the year for England where she will give concerts.

too, for in *Eve's Weekly* you will find a new source for adding to your income.

In this weekly journal you will read of friends throughout the length and breadth of India; you will learn what women are thinking and saying in all parts of this vast country, and you will be happy to know that, at any time, you can add your own voice to this women's newspaper.

You are advised to watch out for the first copy of *Eve's Weekly*, to be sold throughout India in the first week of April, and as soon as possible to send in your contributions addressed to:—

The Editor,

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Now to be known as Commander-in-Chief, Royal Indian Navy, is Vice-Admiral Sir Geoffrey J. A. Miles, K.C.B., R.N., Flag Officer Commanding the Royal Indian Navy.

Nostalgia

A sighing in the air,
The curtain blown far out
Across my room—
A sense of lightness, rapture,
Splashes of sunlight flung
Athwart the wall—
A tang of freshness.
Closing my eyes I see
The golden sands,
The sea-weed which hot sun
Has made more briny-scented,
Hear the splash
Of countless tiny waves.
Or else—
Pine woods and heather,
Bees busy these among,
Hare-bells soft shaking,
Rabbits scurrying.
All this
From one swift blast
Of tropic wind, blown in the
springtime,
Through my bungalow.

G.M.G.J.



Taken on the occasion of the visit to Cuttack of H. E. Field-Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck, Commander-in-Chief, India. From L. to R.: (FRONT ROW) H. E. Sir Chaudhulal Trivedi, Governor of Orissa, Lady Trivedi and H. E. Sir Claude Auchinleck; (BACK ROW) F. Li, Salahuddin, Aide-de-Camp to H. E. the Commander-in-Chief, Mr. B. Mukerji, I.C.S., Secretary to H. E. the Governor of Orissa, Lt.-Col. S. S. Hamid, Private Secretary to the C-in-C., and Mr. A. E. Padhi, I.P., Aide-de-Camp to the Governor of Orissa.



Longmore-Wavell

Kinsey Bros.

The wedding group taken after the marriage in New Delhi of Capt. Peter Longmore, I.A., son of Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Longmore, and the Hon. Felicity Wavell, daughter of Viscount Wavell, recently Viceroy and Governor-General of India, and Lady Wavell. From L. to R.: (BACK ROW) Major the Hon. A. J. Wavell, F.R.S., the Hon. W. Beaumont, Miss Catherine Sinclair, the bridegroom and the bride, the Lady Anne Fitzroy, the Rev. J. Tyller and the Hon. Mrs. Humphrys; (SEATING) the Most Rev. the Metropolitan of India, Lady Longmore, Lord Wavell, Master George Mason, Master Francis Humphrys, Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Longmore, Lady Wavell and Air Vice-Marshal Jagoe.

"The Hamilton Bowl"

By "G"

IT was supposed to have been a maniac who intentionally smashed the unique Portland Vase in the British Museum. At the age of 27 Rupert Carstairs began slowly to come to the conclusion that perhaps there had been an understandable reason behind the apparently mad action.

The story of Rupert's change of view dates back to the time when he lost his heart to Madeleine Brooke. The Delhi cold weather has proved fatal to more bachelors than the spring in Calcutta and, after their first meeting at a snackless and almost Scotchless cocktail party, half the city realised that an engagement was a foregone conclusion. They were a well-matched pair and even the formidable Lady Brooke gave the affair her blessing when she explained the position to her less observant husband.

Sir Jervis Brooke grunted as he demolished a largeasher of American bacon. "Dare say you're right m' dear," he said, "with the lad would show a little more spirit though. Always seems half cowed to me."

Having exhausted the subject he took another kidney with as much eagerness as though it were his first and not his fourth.

The pride of No. 107, Queen Elizabeth's Terrace, New Delhi, was

not, as you might have expected, the attractive Madeleine Brooke. It was an ancient piece of Greek pottery, known all over the world as "The Hamilton Bowl." Unlike most of the relics of ancient Greece, it was impossible to claim beauty for the bowl, which was a squat sort of pottiering about 18 inches across, of a particularly ugly yellow with a fringe of raised figures in black round the rim. The secret of its manufacture had been lost; many people were thankful to be reassured of this, and the Hamilton Bowl was the only, and perfect example of a particular technique.

Sir Jervis as a young man had been the favourite nephew of the owner of the bowl; as such he had had high expectations of ultimate gain. These had been realised on the old man's death, when the bowl had been left to him, while the other nephews had had to conceal their disappointment at legacies of £50,000 each. Ever since then, for the last 25 years, the bowl had been the most important thing in the life of Sir Jervis and Lady Brooke.

When Rupert came to the house for the first time he was shown the bowl on the wall in its glass case, and was duly impressed by all that he was told of its



Mr. Dharam Yash Dev, who has been appointed Director of Publicity for the Constituent Assembly of India, is one of the most widely travelled journalists of India. After a stay in England, he joined the staff of the "Pioneer" of Lucknow in 1937 and later went to the U.S.A. to represent that paper as well as others. After the outbreak of the war, Mr. Dharam Yash Dev visited European countries and on his return to India went to the Burma front as a war correspondent.

Madeleine. However, in spite of the obstacles in his way the course of his romance was steady and promising. One evening he manufactured an excuse to get her alone in the garden after dinner. The tips of their cigarettes glowed and almost mingled as Rupert put his arm round the fur cape on her shoulders.

"You know, Madeleine," he began, "I've been waiting a long time for a chance..."

"Are you there, Mr. Carstairs?" Rupert cursed Lady Laura Brooke as he answered and was dragged indoors to read a few paragraphs from the *Reader's Digest* which distantly referred to the Hamilton Bowl.

That night, in bed, Rupert made his decision. It was too much! The strain on his nerves had reached breaking point and he decided that there was to be either an end to the bowl or to Rupert Carstairs. Refreshed with the strength of a mind made up, Rupert got out of bed and dressed. He walked through the streets to No. 107, Queen Elizabeth's Terrace. He knew that he could enter through the back verandah where the servants slept. He left his shoes by the gate and crept as silently as a Commando into the sleeping house. Hatred lighted his movements to the case on the wall. Determination gave him strength and the case was soon in his arms. Like a

(Continued on page 72)



The Hon. Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, Vice-President of the Interim Government of India, poses for Madame Clara Quen, the well-known Dutch sculptress, as she works on his life-like sculptured bust.

history and unique qualities. The second and third repetitions began to pall. Always it appeared that there was some minor, but vital, detail that he had not been told before; or there would be some fortunate guest who had never seen the bowl and whom it was necessary to regale with the whole story.

Slowly Rupert grew to hate the bowl. It was continually interrupting his courtship of Madeleine, either directly or, as it were, by proxy. He would call to take her to a dance and Lady Brooke would delay him for half an hour while she repeated the remarks made the night before by Sir Satish Bepin, the famous archaeologist. He arrived before breakfast to take her for a ride and Sir Jervis would buttonhole him to enquire whether he had told him of his Uncle's sacrifices which had saved the bowl from going to America.

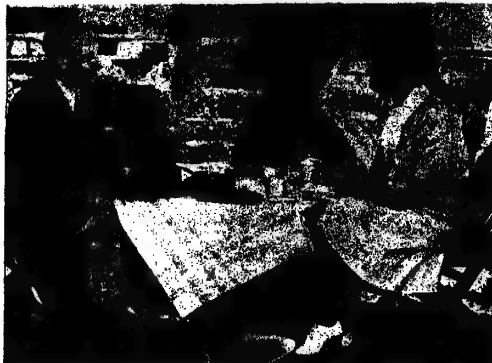
Rupert found that it was continually intruding in his private affairs in this way and was hindering his progress with



The Hon. Mr. H. S. Suhrawardy, Premier of Bengal.



Li-Col. and Mick McOstrich from Eire, Major Hughes from New Zealand and Col. and D'Oyly Crane from Argentina at Rawalpindi. The Cranes are now stationed at Poona, where Col. Crane is Chief Engineer for Southern Command.



Major J. Bowen, Under Secretary to the Resident, Punjab States, with his wife and their young son, at tea after Major Bowen's horse. Lancer, had won the round-the-course Hunters' Plate at the Extra Gymkhana and Hunters' Race Meeting at Lahore.



Mr. and Mrs. Gajanan Birla, recently married in Multan, while on a holiday.



Capt. F. J. Hopkins-Husson and Mrs. Drummond enjoy winter sports at Chakrata, Dehra Dun, after a heavy fall of snow.



On the sands at Hawke's Bay, a popular Karachi beach. From L. to R.: Major P. C. Mohan of the Baluch Regt., Mrs. Khosla, wife of Mr. L. C. Khosla, Food and Civil Supplies Dept., Mrs. Bawa, wife of Mr. H. S. Bawa, Director of Veterinary Services, Sind, and Major J. H. Chibber of the Guides Cavalry. Major Mohan and Chibber have since left Karachi to join the Staff College at Quetta.



Personalities at the Extra Gymkhana and Hunters' Races Meeting held at Lahore, which also included the Parade of Hounds, led by the Master, Brigadier C. P. Clarke. (LEFT) Mr. R. G. S. Willis, the Judge, with Lt. S. P. Sood and Capt. E. S. Coleb, assistant judges, and Mrs. Willis on her shooting stick.

The Editor invites you to send informal photographs of this nature for publication in the "Onlooker"



On a picnic at Taxila one wintry day. From L. to R.: Mrs. Samad, Mrs. Chaudhuri, Major "Diloo" Chaudhuri, Mr. Naseem Khanzoda, Lt.-Col. Azam Khanzoda, Mrs. Azam Khanzoda, Binky, Tiger and Samad.



Horses and dogs take part in this Sunday morning party in Lucknow. From L. to R.: (BACK ROW) Major Larry Couden, Mr. N. Nicholson, Lt.-Col. J. Walker, Lt.-Col. "Titch" Walton and Mr. W. Macmahon; (FRONT) Mrs. Vicky Jackman, Mrs. Margaret Walker, Mrs. Nina Couden, Col. "Jackie" Jackman (holding Caroline Couden) and Mrs. Nora Boyd. Among those seated on the grass are Major F. Phillips and Major R. Yule.



While on holiday in Lahore. From L. to R.: Major S. K. Kochhar, Mr. P. C. Mehra, Mrs. P. C. Mehra, and Miss Shakuntala Kapur. Major Kochhar and Miss Kapur will be shortly getting married at Gujranwala.



Muzaffarpur, in North Bihar, recently held a cricket match between the Muzaffarpur Club and the Muzaffarpur Town Club, at which this picture was taken. From L. to R.: Mrs. Rene Mylne, Mr. Tom Mathot and Mr. O. Mylne.



After the christening at Ferozepore Cantt. of John Richard, infant son of Capt. J. H. B. Kirby, R.I.A.S.C., and Mrs. Kirby. From L. to R.: Capt. Kirby, Mrs. T. Walsh, Capt. Walsh, Mrs. Kirby with John and Col. R. E. Lines, M.B.E.; (IN FRONT) Dawn Walsh.



In holiday mood outside the 1st Skinner's Horse Officers' Mess, Dera Ismail Khan. From L. to R.: Col. W. A. Broadfoot, Ris/Maj. Mohd. Yunus Khan, Mrs. Billmorla and Lt. Cassels.



Mr. Peel-Yates, captain of Bird and Company's team, and Mr. Kindersley, captain of Imperial Tobacco Company's team, snapped after their annual cricket match held at Lahore.



Taken outside the Garhwal's Mess, Campbellpur. From L. to R.: Brigadier Miller, Lt.-Col. Farquharson, Capt. Ball and Capt. Yunus Khan.



Patricia (Robin), the young daughter of Mr. S. M. Burke, J.C.S., and Mrs. Burke of Lahore. She is in school in Lahore, and shows promise in amateur acting.



Mrs. Khanzada and "Kismet" Lauder discuss their letters over a cup of tea at the 'Pindi Club, Rawalpindi.



Mrs. Jerome, Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Church and Mr. Roberts at the Punjab Derby in Lahore.



A lovely spot in Srinagar, Kashmir, where Major Alexander Wilson of the Northern Command and his wife, Néron, were on a holiday.



The racing season in Calcutta. The chief event of the season, the Viceroy's Cup, run on Boxing Day, was won by Selector, an English colt, racing in his first season in India. He is owned jointly by Rai Bahadur M. C. Chandra, Mr. R. Chandra and Mr. Kashi Charan who trained the horse. Selector was ridden by Rickaby who came out from England for the winter racing in Calcutta. This is the first time the Viceroy's Cup has been won by Indian owners. The chief event of the Second Meeting was the Governor's Cup, run on January 11. This was won by Mr. N. D. Bagree's Hothouse by a head from Messrs. Cumberbatch and Barry's Verity II. Hothouse was trained by McPherson and ridden by Burn who is having a very successful season. Mr. Bagree headed the list of winning owners at Calcutta last season. The drawing gives an impression of the paddock at Calcutta, while the sketches are of Selector and Hothouse going to the post (by Lt.-Col. N. Lovett).



Lively Lucknow Race Club

By "Laddie"

"BORN 1882 and still going strong" seems to be the motto of the Lucknow Race Fund.

The photographs displayed on the walls of the Club buildings testify to past glories, but much of the present popularity is due to the integrity of the Stewards and to the efficient organization of the Secretary, Mr. Teddy Booth. Mr. T. J. Egan, who is Chief Steward, knows all the answers concerning racing, and under his guidance the Board of Stewards ensures that enjoyable programmes are provided and carried out. To hold races twice every week for approximately ten months in the year and maintain the interest of owners and the public, calls for organisation of a high order and much "behind the scenes" spadework.

The race-course is situated in the Cantonnments and is worth a visit for the layout and flower beds alone.

There are two left-handed tracks of approximately two miles in length and by using the outer track on Saturdays and the inner one on Wednesdays, good conditions are maintained.

The Governor, who is a Patron of the Club, often finds time to spend an afternoon at the races and is usually present when special days are set aside for much deserving charities.

Like most race-courses in India, the future is undecided, but it can be assured that the Club will carry on for as long as possible.

Over 250 horses are registered and classified in seven groups and reasonable sized fields accept for most races.

There is much rivalry between the leading owners, with Mr. S. L. Agarwal and Mr. Jan Siddiqui showing keen competition in most races. The horses trained by Lt.-Col. Walton are also to be reckoned with and cause many upsets.

Small Owners
Gymkhana Races are the par-

of the small owners and the people with two or three horses are the backbone of the Lucknow course. That popular and sporting owner, Mrs. I. V. Ferguson,

is always a trier and her successes meet with the approval of the racing public. Another lady owner is Mrs. Lydia Evans, whose horse, Winstan, is held in

high regard by the race-queens. Major Royds, with his formidable team of hurdlers usually has a say in the Chancers' Plates, which are very popular with the spectators.

The majority of the horses are Indian-bred from the various studs in the Punjab and reflect the improvement in conformation and performance which country-bred horses have shown in recent years.

The long-term policy of the Race Fund in purchasing young stock and selling, or leasing, three-year-olds to Lucknow owners is amply justified by the high standard of racing which is maintained.

Major Kennedy's three-year-old filly, Dardanela, is an outstanding animal and should rise to great heights before her racing career is over. The successes of Mr. A. B. Khandetwal's Little Apple II have been phenomenal, and to win seven consecutive races, over all distances, on the same course, must almost be a record.

Horses "with a past" are occasionally seen and an old stager like Ringpend can still show his Beresford Cup form and win the odd Amateur Plate.

The Tollygunge Hter, Snifter, runs at Lucknow under the new name of Dars Devil, but has not shown his Calcutta speed so far. Vasoots is another horse which has performed in better company and is also an accomplished hurdler.

Major Coulson, the Lucknow Veterinary Surgeon, is equally at home in the Steward's box or on the Starters' Stand and will even oblige a friend by riding his horse in the Amateur Races. A truly versatile man, who does all jobs equally well.

Mrs. Coulson is also a keen race-goer and appears to get much enjoyment out of trying to find a double for the nomination 100s. Capt. A. T. Roulston is the official Starter and his remarks to the riders at the Starting Gate are an



Mrs. Vicky Jackson, wife of Col. Jackson, of Lucknow, on Susty, her 20-year-old water who stands nearly 17 hands, and was in his day a well-known pig-sticker.

(Continued on page 78)



Raja Dera Dyal.

The Bella Vista duck shoot party of Hyderabad at Enkrial, off Ghatkesar. From L. to R. (SITTING) Nawab Zaheer Yar Jung Bahadur, Mrs. Carr, Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Munnell, the Hon'ble Mr. C. H. Herbert (Resident at Hyderabad), H. H. the Prince of Berar, Mrs. J. C. Martin, Mrs. C. Pert, the Hon'ble Mr. W. V. Grigson, Mrs. Savage, Mrs. Gilbert, Mrs. Nicholson and Mrs. J. M. W. Martin; (STANDING) Major Mahmood Ali Beg, Mr. Sharfudin, Major Hamidullah, Major-General Perri, Major J. D. Butler, Brigadier J. M. W. Martin, Brigadier J. C. Martin, Major A. W. Munnell, Dr. Ghous Mohiuddin, Mr. A. Ralph, Raja Mahabub Karan, Lt.-Col. Tej Ahmad Khan, Mr. C. A. G. Savage, Brigadier Gilbert, Lt.-Col. Wright, Raja Mahabub Karan, Mr. G. A. Anderson, Raja Ram Karan, Mr. Ghulam Ali, Raja Shyam Karan, Capt. Nicholson, Capt. J. H. Luschwitz and R. M. Niaz Mohd. Khan.

The Meerut Tent Club

By J. A. G.

Review Of The 1946 Season

THE 1946 season of the Tent Club opened as usual with a Christmas Meet, which was held in the two northerly jungles of Sirzapur and Hussainpur Kadir. For the first few days, Froggett (from the Ordnance Factory at Mysindnagar) and Glenn (Hony. Secretary and Superintendent of Police, Muzaffarnagar) were the only spears, and consequently only the lighter jungles could be attempted. Few pigs were seen and none killed, and the move to Hussainpur, where Col. "Katie" Abernethy and his wife, Meg, from Gurdaspur joined the camp, brought no better luck. Nevertheless, pig were encountered in the form of a succulent ham and a wonderful piece of pickled pork, so who cares? Clap white frost at night and cloudless days made



Major Maharajkumar Heera Singh of Baria State with the rogue elephant he recently bagged in the Travancore forests. The day after this kill he bagged a bison in the same forests.



Mrs. R. F. Craster's "Firebrand of Toyilla" and "Muffin of Minor Town" were prize-winners at the 15th Sind-Baluchistan Dog Show, held at Karachi.



One of the prizes at the 15th Sind-Baluchistan Dog Show, held at Karachi, went to Mrs. P. R. Hirst's "Symington Successor."

the weather perfect, and the pursuit in the evenings of duck, partridge and other small game more than made up for the lack of *sus cristatus*.

On New Year's Day, a panther was shot off the shikaris' camel and five good boars were lost on Binor Island.

Successful Outing

Glenn spent a week-end in the same jungle at the end of January and, succeeded in losing three boars in rapid succession and later still lost a very large pig at Sikri, 15 miles north, when out chasing dacoits (sic)!

The thatching grass country near Sirapur was reported, in the last week of February, to be in perfect trim and ready for a determined attack, so once again Froggett and Glenn lost no time in repairing thither for a protracted week-end. The weather was bitterly cold and on the first night, a series of awe-inspiring thunderstorms swept away one tent and caused the inmates of another to sleep in their mackintoshes, ready to evacuate to the village at a moment's notice. The continuation of wet and cold turned out to be a blessing in disguise; pig left the low-lying *jhaw* and made for their "nests" in the upper grass-lands where the going was perfect in spite of the rain. Some really fine boar were encountered; eight out of nine hunted were killed during the three-day camp, the only casualty being to Glenn who knocked a piece of bone off his shoulder while hunting the eighth pig.

Hugo Moulder

The same two spears spent a week-end at Janapurs in March in an effort to locate the famous "man-eater" boar which had the reputation of eating for

(Continued on page 73)



Cup winners in the golf competitions held at the N.W. Railway Golf Club, Lahore: Mr. A. Chapman, (left) winner of the Long Driving Class I, and runner-up in the Kanwar Dalip Singh Cup, the Chapman Challenge Vase and the President's Cup 1947, and Mr. C. J. Jacob who was awarded the President's Cup 1947.





Scroggie-Skinner

Capt. Ian McGregor Scroggie, R.A.M.C., of Edinburgh, Scotland, and Miss Margaret Joan Skinner, Q.A.I.M.N.S.I.R., of Newcastle, England, were married at the Catholic Church, Nowsheera. From L. to R.: Lt.-Col. G. Lerwill, M.C., who gave the bride away, Mrs. F. M. R. Butcher, I.M.N.S.I.T., the bride and the bridegroom, Miss Marion Hamilton (bridesmaid) and Capt. D. Harriman (bestman).



Princely Wedding

Sri V. S. Thamban, youngest son of the Senior Rani of Kollengode and brother of the Raja of Kollengode, and Miss R. Chandrika Devi, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gopalan Nair, were married at the Kollengode Palace, S. Malabar.



Kotya, Baroda.

Shinde-Rane

Mr. S. G. Shinde and Nirmala, daughter of Col. and Mrs. M. H. Rane of Baroda, were married in Baroda. Mr. Shinde was in the Test cricket team that visited England last year.



Vienne Studio.

Grover-Bhandari

Mr. Kanval Grover, son of Prof. and Mrs. Sant Ram Grover of Lahore, and Kunti, daughter of Col. and Mrs. M. G. Bhandari, were married in Bombay.



Bourne and Shepherd.

Green-Fawthrop

Mr. Gordon Stuart Green, only son of the late Mr. Malcolm Stuart Green and Mrs. J. W. Green, and Marjorie Effie, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Fawthrop of Calcutta, were married at St. Paul's Cathedral, Calcutta.



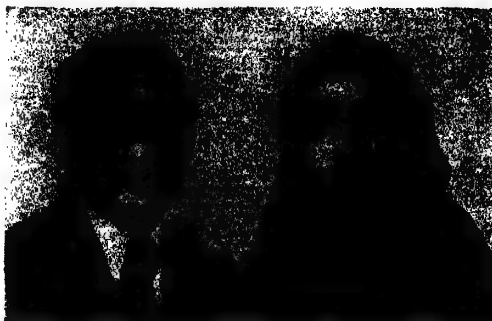
Ghai-Bindra

Capt. V. K. Ghai (4th Bn., D.C.O., the Baluch Regt.), son of Mr. and Mrs. Jai Ram Ghai of Lahore, and Miss Pushpakata Bindra, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Bindra, were married at Lahore.



Pickering-Potter

The group taken after the wedding at St. George's Church, Jamshedpur, of Capt. Pickering and Miss Joy Potter. From L. to R.: Mrs. Potter, the bridegroom and the bride, Mr. T. H. Potter, Miss Joan Haley, Mrs. Kention and Capt. Stokes; (in vacant) Master Webb and Master Mullins (page 499).



Jalan—Goenka

Mr. Skyanusunder, son of Mr. B. L. Jalan, and Bimla Kumari, grand-daughter of Sir Badridas Goenka, K.C.I.E., were married in Calcutta.



Sachdev—Bajaj

Major A. K. Sachdev and Miss Yinka Bajaj, daughter of R. B. Dewan Chand Bajaj of Bikaner, were married at Ferozepur. Major Sachdev is on the staff at G.H.Q., New Delhi.



Prakash—Thomas

Mr. Diwan Naveen Prakash, son of Diwan Chaman Lal, M.L.A., Member of the Constituent Assembly, and Miss Pauline Thomas, daughter of Sir George and Lady Thomas, were married in Lucknow.



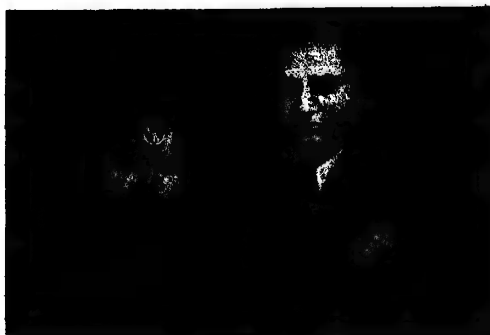
Mathen—Raju

After the wedding at St. Patrick's Cathedral, Bangalore, of Mr. Poulase Mathen of Madras and Miss Premala Raju, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. A. Raju and grand-daughter of Sir T. and Lady Thumboo Chetty. From L. to R.: Miss Nirmala Raju, Mr. George Mathen (bestman), the bridegroom and the bride, Miss Komola Raju, Miss Sarah Mathen and Miss Sushila Raju; (IN FRONT) Premodi Thumboo Chetty (page boy).



Amin—Akhtar

Major Mohammad Amin, R.I.A.S.C., and Miss Raouf Akhtar were married at Amritsar.



Chandra—Lal

Mr. Munish Chandra, son of Mr. Murli Dhar Agarwal of Nagina, Bijnaw District, and Chander Kanta, daughter of Mr. Champa Lal, I.S.E., and Mrs. Champa Lal of Ludhiana, were married at Ambala.



Officers of H.Q., Madras Area. From L. to R.: (SITTING) 2/Offr. I. E. Isles Buck, J/Cmdr. M. H. Whalley, Lt.-Col. M. Mohamedi, Lt.-Col. M. B. Matheson, Lt.-Col. P. L. Mitchell, O.B.E., Brigadier H. N. Pinewet, Maj.-Gen. D. A. L. Wade, C.B., O.B.E., M.C., Lt.-Col. H. Rogers, Col. P. A. Clouston, M.B.E., Lt.-Col. H. M. De V. Moss, Lt.-Col. R. H. Atkinson, Lt.-Col. A. J. Crozier and J/Cmdr. S. A. L. Gibbs; (SECOND ROW) Major A. N. Weinman, Major G. Hine, Major J. McGregor-Cheers, Major I. J. S. Butalia, Major S. F. D'Costa, Major F. C. Koshev, Major J. B. Askew, Major C. A. A. Hayes, Capt. F. E. Edington, Capt. H. J. Maltus, Major M. Basharatulla, Capt. K. N. Pandadai and Major F. F. Islesback; (THIRD ROW) Major Joginder Singh, Major H. S. Collett, Capt. F. D. Gove, Capt. Harnamial, Capt. A. V. Rao, Capt. F. J. Satur, Lt. H. N. Saxena, Capt. E. F. Myers, Capt. S. V. Nagarajan, Capt. D. E. Raghunath Doraiswamy, Major H. R. C. Mirken, Major E. Boyd Morrison and Capt. Aziz Ahmed; (BACK ROW) Capt. V. S. V. Chari, Capt. A. M. Tufail, Major J. E. Goldstein, Major C. E. Thorne, Capt. T. K. Viswanathan, Major W. H. R. Stickney, Major R. W. Meada, Capt. R. T. Ellis, Capt. D. G. Jones, Major H. E. Shalam and Major N. W. Truter.



A cherry group one Sunday morning at the Novshera Club. From L. to R.: Lt. Ajeet Singh, R.I.A., with Babloo, Capt. Sukhwant Singh, R.I.A., Mrs. Gurbakhsh Singh, Capt. H. S. Butalia, R.I.A., and Capt. Gurbakhsh Singh, R.I.A.



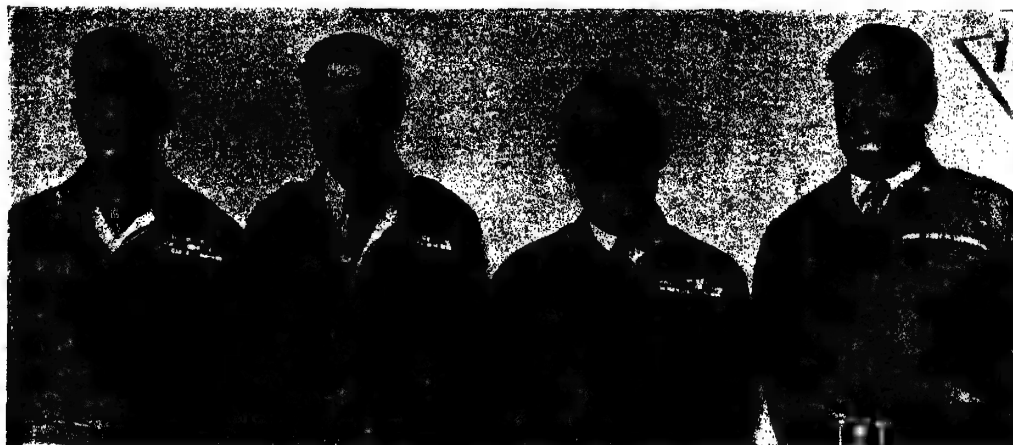
F/O Y. L. Malik, 12 R.I.A.F. Squadron, Lt. G. P. Malik, R.I.N., and F/Lt. V. R. Malik, sons of Mr. M. J. Malik, Deputy Controller, Military Accounts, Ambala.



Officers and V.C.O.s of the 4th Bn., 6th Gurkha Rifles, taken on the eve of the disbandment of the battalion. During the war the battalion served with the Dacca Division in Burma. From L. to R.: (SITTING) Capt. J. Phillips, Sub. Pahasing Thapa, Major G. I. M. Turnbull, M.B.E., Sub-Maj. Gange Rana, O.B.I., I.O.M., Lt.-Col. K. W. Ross-Hurst, Major W. E. Prosser, M.C., Sub. Dilbahadur Rana, Major C. S. F. Carroll, M.C., Sub. Elchahadur Gurung, M.C., and Capt. M. B. Adams; (MIDDLE ROW) Lt. M. L. Jackson, Lt. M. R. Garrard, Jem. Thalbahadur Ale, Lt. J. M. Neilson, Sub. Gangamani Rana, Lt. R. A. Seymour, Lt. O. E. Thompson, Sub. Gopal Thapa, Capt. A. W. D. Moodle, Jem. Imansing Thapa, Lt. A. Watson and Lt. W. B. Campbell; (BACK ROW) Jem. Lilbahadur Pan, Jem. Amardhoj Gurung, Sub. Dhanasing Gurung, Sub. Nandabahadur Ale, Jem. Pancho Thapa, Jem. Indrasen Suba, Jem. Bhawaning Thapa, Jem. Dalbahadur Rana, I.D.S.M., Jem. Pahasing Gurung, I.D.S.M., Sub. Tulzing Thapa, Jem. Ramasing Gurung, M.C., and Jem. Gajbahadur Gurung.



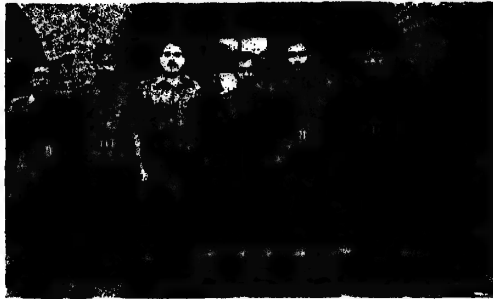
Capt. T. R. Subramaniam, I.A.M.C., of the Madras Regiment, who has been awarded the M.B.E. (Military Division) for gallant and distinguished services in S.E.A.C. Capt. Subramaniam, who has been mentioned in despatches, is the son of Mr. T. G. Ramaswami Ayyar of Madras.



Four well-known commanders, all winners of the D.S.O., who recently met in Delhi for the first time since their participation in the battle of Kangaw, in the Arakan, in January-February 1945. They were all leaders of the 51 Indian Infantry Brigade (the all-Indian brigade). From l. to r.: Brigadier Thorat, D.S.O., Lt.-Col. Sen, D.S.O., Brigadier R. A. Hutton, D.S.O. (Bar), O.B.E., and Brigadier Tinney, D.S.O.



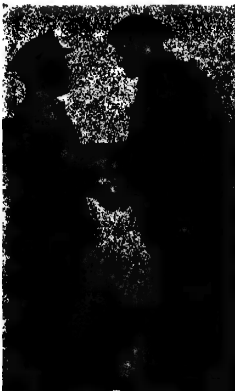
Mr. K. L. Mathur of Calcutta, an ex-pilot of the Royal Indian Air Force, who is now a pilot for the Bharat Airways.



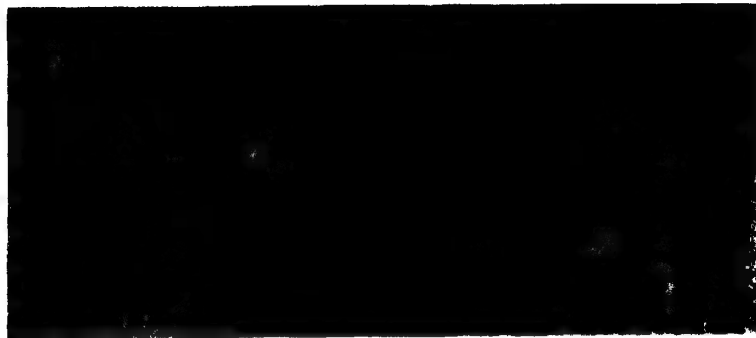
A group of students with their I.M.A. instructor at Kumaon Regimental Centre, Agra. From l. to r.: Capt. H. C. Joshi, Capt. H. K. K. Shukla, Major A. C. Mitra, Col. S. M. Shringesh, Capt. K. R. B. Mahabir, Major M. R. Yadava and Capt. M. S. Seth. Col. Shringesh has now been appointed Brigadier Commanding 268 Indian Infantry Brigade in Japan.



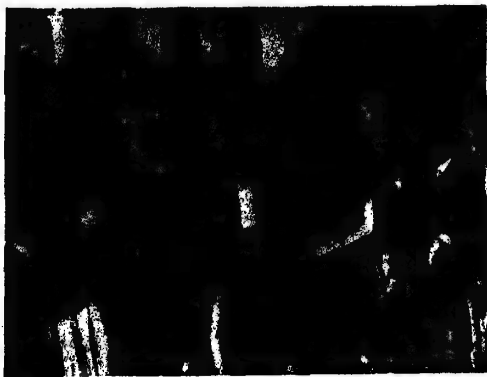
Major Saadat Ali Khan, R.I.A.S.C., who is Deputy Chief Resettlement Advice Officer at Poona.



H. E. the C.-in-C., Field-Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck, shaking hands with Major S. Kesavulu, I.A.M.C., after decorating him with the Military Cross. The ceremony took place in Bangalore at a parade of Q.V.O. Madras Sappers and Miners, Boys and Training Battalions.



Officers of the 1st Bn. (Q.V.O.L.I.), the Rajput Regt., which has the unique distinction of being the only battalion of the Indian Army that carries three colours, the third presented for distinguished services in the Battle of Delhi in 1803, and bears the inscription: "Delhi, Lake and Victory 1803." From l. to r.: (SEATED) Major H. S. Chauhan, Major B. Kaldip Singh, Lt.-Col. G. W. Dinsey, M.C., Major J. C. Offer and Major W. E. Collins; (STANDING) S/Lt. K. P. Bunkar, Capt. B. S. Sidhu, Capt. T. P. Soper, Capt. S. A. Husain, Lt. D. R. Cash, Lt. B. W. Stothard and Lt. Raghbir Singh.



Distinguished guests at the Longmore-Warell wedding, who sat in the Moghul Gardens at Viceroy's House, New Delhi, were (l. to r.): Lady Janet Bailey, Lady Shone, a friend, and Sir Terence Shone, High Commissioner for the United Kingdom in India.



Mr. A. M. L. Winkelman, Consul-General for the Netherlands, and Mrs. Winkelman, entering the Church of Redemption for the Longmore-Warell wedding.



His Highness the Raja Sahab of Faridkot (left) and their Highnesses the Maharaja and Maharani of Bharatpur were among the congregation at the church for the wedding ceremony.



Mrs. Perry Keen, wife of Air Vice-Marshal A. L. A. Perry Keen, and Mr. W. Chri of Delhi (left picture), were among the happy guests at this brilliant wedding the Australian High Commissioner (centre picture), and her sister, Mrs. Mackay, Miss Ruth Merrill, sister of the American Charge D'Affaires (right picture) and in Vice-Consul, who was the only American sister at this wedding, prepare to do.

India's Cosmopolitan Ca



Mrs. Atkins, wife of Capt. Atkins, U. S. Naval Liaison Officer, with His Highness the Maharaja of Dholpur (left picture) and Sardar Ghulam Mohammed Khan, Afghan Consul-General, with Mrs. Khan, wife of the Chief Health Officer, Delhi, who were among other wedding guests.



The Delhi Hunt Club Point-to-Point Races were among the most popular of the recent events in the crowded capital. In the picture above is seen a group of the prime movers of this occasion: (l. to r.) Col. W. S. Wingate-Grey, M.C., Starter; Col. J. A. de C. Benn, M.B.E., Hon. Secretary; Capt. A. S. Clarke and Capt. M. I. Cremin, who helped at the races. In the group on the left are (l. to r.) Rajkumar Bikram B. Singh of Khairagarh State, Nawabzada Ahmed Hussain, Miss Mary Oag, Major Hanny and Capt. Madan Singh of Jaipur, with the champion elite whit-wheel.



Commissioner
ackay, wife of
garden, while
son, American
d toast.



Prize winners at the Delhi Flower Show included Mrs. W. J. A. Grant (SECOND FROM LEFT) and Mrs. G. T. Tait, with their husbands, Mr. Grant (RIGHT), Agent, Chartered Bank, Delhi, and Mr. Tait, Agent, Imperial Bank of India.



Major V. W. Calmady-Hamlyn, Mrs. Calmady-Hamlyn, Hon. Secretary, Delhi Hunt, Lt.-Col. W. Southern and Lt.-Col. P. I. Franks (L. to R.) who all played a leading part in the Delhi Hunt Club Point-to-Point. Major Calmady-Hamlyn is Master of the Delhi Hunt, which has had a successful season hunting the Jackal.



His Highness the Jam Sahab of Nawangar with Miss Hans Schwaiger (RIGHT) and Air Commodore and Mrs. Russell at the big wedding of the month.



H. Currie, C.B.E., M., Military Secretary, occupies seat in the Judging in Delhi Hunt Club stunts Races, which large section of the community rest the busy capital.



Awaiting the toast of the bride and bridegroom in the gardens of Viceroy's House were (L. to R.): Capt. Freddy Burnaby Atkins, Lady Janet Bailey, Lady Wavell, Princess Brinda of Kapurthala, H.H. the Jam Sahab of Nawangar and H.H. the Maharaja of Bundi.



Mrs. Gordon and Mrs. Tyler, wife of the Rev. J. D. Tyler, Chaplain of New Delhi, having refreshments at the Longmore-Wavell wedding.



Guests at the big social event of the season in New Delhi were (L. to R. ACROSS THE PAGE): Mrs. Wilson, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. D. MacD. Fraser, Lt.-Col. Wilson, General Locke, Lt.-General Sir Iven Mackay, the Hon. Mr. Sik, Chinese Charge d'Affaires in Delhi, Mrs. Sik, Mr. Loh, Attache to the Chinese Charge d'Affaires, and Mrs. Loh.



Rajkumar Pruthuraj Singh and Princess Gita Devi, the children of Major Maharaj-kumar Heera Singh and Princess Ranjan Kumari of Baria State.



Suzanne, daughter of Major-General D. A. L. Wade, Commander, Madras Area, and member of the Armed Forces Nationalisation Committee, and Mrs. Wade of Flagstaff House, Adyar, Madras.



Biba Paramjit Kaur and Gurmeet Singh, children of Sardar Sahib and Sardarni Trilochan Singh of Amritsar.



Paul David, two-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Wade of Calcutta, who made a formidable Calcutta policeman at a fancy dress party.

Young Onlookers



Eighteen-months-old Fiona Roberta Fraser-Thomson makes a picture of childish anticipation in this lovely photograph taken while she was on holiday with her parents in England last year. She is the only child of Mr. Robin Fraser-Thomson of Imperial Chemical Industries, Bombay, and Mrs. Fraser-Thomson, who were recently transferred from Calcutta.



Praminder and Satinder, the smiling children of Mr. and Mrs. Bhagwant Singh of Delhi.



Hantia, four-year-old daughter of Sardar and Sardarni Dalip Singh of Patiala.



Five-year-old Jennifer Susan, posed with two of her pets, is the elder child of Mr. E. W. Roper, of the Bombay staff of Thea. Cook, and Mrs. Roper, who are shortly going to the U.K. with their family.



Looking out of her little cottage is Blanka, three-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Rendel of Lahore and Czechoslovakia.

How To Manage The Shy Child

By A Woman Doctor

IT is true that shy children are less frequently met with today than 20 years ago. Nevertheless, they are still among us, and parents with shy children are often at their wits' end to know how to cure them of a bugbear that may well follow them with disastrous persistency through life.

The shy child is usually by sheer force of circumstances made to live his own life. He is cloistered, he broods, he thinks, though longing all the while to join in the jollity of others. Place him among a merry company of his fellows, and he is miserable and self-conscious. Take him away, and he mopes. He is, indeed, a difficult case.

Forced Company

Many parents, whose child is of a shy disposition, think to cure him by the persistent and drastic infliction of concerted company. "It will soon cure him," they say, believing that the sheer abandon of other children or the friendliness of other company must eventually instil itself into his mind. But they are wrong. Company in endless repetition is the worst thing for a little one, because it is the very company he fears.

He should be encouraged, tactfully not forcibly, to make friends. It is to be doubted whether he will do this of his own accord, and it is in the introducing of friends that difficulty arises. Should there be another shy child of whom the parents know, the two should be constrained to meet. The atmosphere



Shamsher, Dilsher and Cuckoo, the children of Mr. Nawab Singh, I.C.S., Legal Remembrancer and Secretary to the Legislative Department, Punjab Government, and Mrs. Singh of Lahore.

will, at first, be painful and strained, but gradually the children will discover in their very thoughtful little ways that they have something in common.

Gradually, a friendship born of common interest or inclination will arise, until finally they discover that the common inclination to fear has vanished. They will then be playing and chattering like normal children. It is well known that it is easy to be lonely in a crowd, but exceedingly difficult in the company of one other—the other will not allow it.

Above all, never laugh at or make fun of your child's shyness in the hope of ridiculing him out of it. If he is shy, depend upon it he is sensitive, and any tendency to mockery will make him more clam-like than ever. Spare no effort to cure him, for unless this is effected by an early age, it is probable that he will come to a stage when he is unpliant and be doomed to go through life as that pathetic figure—the shy man.

Migrants

Back to the land of beauty,
Back to the land of sun,
Back where there's lots of naugies,
Back where you get some fun.

Away from dinky Bighty,
And quoses, and strins, and death
Of the little drop of something,
That oases our path on earth.

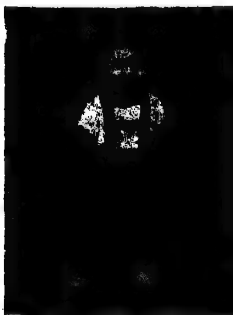
Back where the stars burn handsome,
In the deep arched Eastern skies,
And the ghost of Moghul Aldar,
The flooding moon desires.

And then when we've tread our measure,
In long-loved Hindustan,
We'll sadly return to our North land,
To finish our' lotted span.

"Augusta"



Tom, 18-months-old son of Mr. and Mrs. T. Smith of Bombay, enjoys his morning swim at Breach Candy.



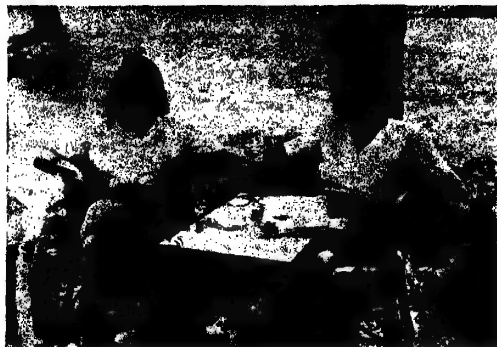
"Chick," 18-months-old son of Mr. Prangl, Director, Island Waterways Experimental Station, and Mrs. Prangl of Poona.



Eleven-months-old Daulat, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. K. Nariman of Bombay, who has been on holiday with her grand-parents, K.B. and Mrs. Pheroze D. Kothavala, at Rajpura.



"Sunshine," 18-months-old daughter of Capt. and Mrs. J. Fonseca, Capt. Fonseca, Mahar M. G. Regt., is at present serving with H.Q., Eastern Command.



Mrs. M. Gardner-Lewis, winner of the Ladies' Open Championship during the Golf Week, held at Chembur, near Bombay, and (RIGHT) Mrs. Emily Meeker, runner-up, after the match; (RIGHT) Mrs. Peggy Dixon and Mrs. Billie Sterrey, judging the Long Driving.

Bombay Ladies' Open Golf Week

By "Stymie"

THE Bombay Presidency Golf Club, Chembur, was the scene this year of the 15th Ladies' Open Golf Week which ran for five days. It was the first "open" meeting since 1939 and judging by the number of entries in all events, its popularity has not waned. Neither has enthusiasm, for that matter, as all competitors were forced to creep out of bed at the crack of dawn to be on the tee before 8:30. There must have been a few reluctant ones, but it did not seem to mar their enjoyment.

Surrounded by a large group of friendly, enthusiastic golfers it was impossible for anyone to be anything but keen. When the conversation was not about golf, it was about clothes—a subject we never get tired of—children, and the rising cost of the cook's book. All the competitors were from either the Willingdon Sports Club or the Bombay Presidency Golf Club and were well acquainted, and those who were not soon felt at home and the Week started with a ring when the first ball was driven off the first tee.

The Committee responsible for the smooth efficiency of all arrangements must certainly be congratulated. Seldom does a week's sport such as this go off without a hitch but the close co-operation of the competitors and the Committee proved that it can be done—and done well. Mrs. Joyce Bullock, as Secretary



The Committee of the Ladies' Open Golf Week, held at Chembur, near Bombay. From L. to R.: (BACK ROW) Mrs. Fraser-Duff, Mrs. Sterrey, Chairman and Captain, Mrs. Gardner-Lewis and Mrs. Dixon; (FRONT ROW) Mrs. English, Asst. Secretary, Mrs. Bullock, Secretary of the Golf Week, Mrs. Elkins and Mrs. March.

of the Open Golf Week, showed great organising ability and deserves special mention.

A Dress Departure

I must tell you a little about the clothes worn on the course, too. Women golfers in Bombay have adopted a sensible dress which would have been frowned upon a few years ago—that of wearing shorts and shirt. It is a cool and trim outfit and it was nice to see the well-tailored shorts worn by many of the women. There were also some smart sports dresses and slacks, looking no less attractive.

Competitions were arranged so that tyros and experts alike had a chance. Entries for the Bombay Ladies' Open Championship and the Handicap Challenge Cup were taken from the first 16 best gross scores in the opening Medal Round on the first day. The other competitions included a Bogey, Flag, Greensome Foursome and Hidden Hole.

The winner of this year's Championship was Mrs. V. Gardner-Lewis who is Bombay's lowest handicap player. She defeated Emily Meeker in an excellent match. Their medal scores in this knock-out were in the very low eighties which proves the good standard of their play.

Both finalists play a neat game and have easy, natural swings, but it was V's superior knowledge of the game that brought her victory. V's forte is her accurate approaching and putting and you would hardly believe that one so slim could drive a ball as far as she does.

Emily had been playing spectacular golf throughout the week in every department. In the final her putting deteriorated and lost her several holes. The result of this match was three and two and a stiff brandy to follow!

Needle Game

Mrs. Bullock and Mrs. Paterson battled for top honours in the final of the Handicap Challenge Cup in a most exciting match when Mrs. Paterson, after being five down on the eighth hole, went ahead to win on the 18th. Both ladies were playing steadily and well but Mrs. Bullock suffered a great deal of bad luck with unfortunate "kicks." Strange things happen to a ball on a hard course even when struck correctly. However, Mrs. Paterson played exceptionally well throughout the week and deserved her trophy.

The prizes for the other competitions were well distributed. They were keenly contested for and many handicaps lowered as a result.

After the excitement of the morning's finals, a Pagal Golf Gymkhana was held to conclude this perfect week. It was a lot of fun, especially the miniature course of teak putting laid out on the lawn of the club house. Most of you will remember the craze many years ago for miniature golf and this was similar. The expert at popping the ball (not always through tubes, on to wheels and platforms made of wire netting, was Mrs. Nancy Alton with an incredible score of 10 for six holes. I say incredible because I tried it myself and failed to break 40!

Mrs. Billie Sterrey, Chairman and Captain of the Committee, introduced the President of the Bombay Presidency Golf Club, Mr. F. J. Russell, who had kindly agreed to present the prizes. These included some very handsome trophies and other useful silver articles and golf balls.

Thus, a successful golfing week was concluded and knowing the keenness of the women golfers here, I am certain that all future Open Golf Weeks will be equally enjoyable.

The Vain Hope

I had thought I might farg,
Euen yet—
But the hisping
Gentle whisp'ring
Of the breeze
Through the trees,
Wakens dormant memories.
I had hoped that now, at last,
All was past—
But the moonlight
Of a June night
On the lake
Seems to make
Mem'ries follow in its wake.
I had tried to make you part
From my heart—
But the dearness
Of your nearness
Lingers on,
Like a song,
Even now that you are gone.
I had hoped, with our good-bye,
Love would die—
But a magic,
Strangely tragic,
Makes me thrill
Against my will—
And I know I love you still.

Nurguneh Kothawala



Mrs. Anindita Devi, wife of Mr. Surkidechandra Sinha, Zeminadar of Shuang (Bengal). She is a well-known social worker in Calcutta.



Mrs. Taru Sawant, eldest daughter of the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Sawant of Poona, who has recently been released from 49 I.G.H. (C), Meiktila, Burma. Her 43 years' service included a period in Singapore.

Sira Says

Clock Care

Your clock will have a longer life if you treat it with intelligence. Wind it in the morning rather than at night, for the fall in temperature at night causes the main spring to contract, and, therefore, if over-taut, to snap. This applies especially to an alarm clock. Never fully wind the alarm.

Wind your clock regularly at the same time each day or each week. A slipping key, which some old-fashioned clocks have, may cause internal damage.

Don't poke about the works with a pin or penknife. Leave that to the watchmaker.

Wind a striking clock 15 minutes before or after the hour, using a steady controlled motion. Be careful not to give a final jerk. When setting a chiming clock move the hands gently and go through all the striking quarters until you reach the correct hour. When dusting a pendulum clock, tip the top of the clock towards you, on an even keel.

Move a pendulum clock as little as possible, and take care to see that it stands upon a perfectly flat surface.

A pendulum clock can be regulated by screwing the pendulum up for faster and down for slower.

If you take it upon yourself to regulate your clock adjust it gradually, a fraction each day.

Leave oiling to an expert. The amateur doesn't know how much oil to apply, nor where to apply it.

If a clock that has been put away for some time does not start, the oil may have thickened. Stand the clock in a warm dry atmosphere, and open the case if possible. Do not try to start it with a severe shaking. Tip it gently to and fro.

An electric clock needs little attention, and if it loses when the electric current has been reduced, the authorities are almost certain to increase the speed until clocks have caught up with the correct time again.

Always buy the best clock or watch you can afford, and you will be able to say, with Lord Byron, that you "had made the best of time, and time returned the compliment."

Pretty And Practical

By Sidney Balli

Materials:—Scraps of gay wool in three colours. A belt buckle.

Method:—Cast on three stitches and knit, all in one colour, in stocking stitch until your work measures about one and a half times loosely round the waist. Cast off. Press. Stitch sides together to make a long thin tube. Knit similar tubes with the other two colours. Plait all three together and adjust the length to fit the waist. Sew on the buckle. Five or six strands plaited will, of course, make a wider belt.



Mrs. Kishwar Rabbani, wife of F.I.L. M. A. Rabbani, Officer Commanding, I.A.T.C., M.U., Aligarh, and their four-month-old daughter, Shama.



After the christening of Earle Barker, infant son of Capt. and Mrs. R. B. Schofield, at Christ Church, Rawalpindi. From L. to R.: Brigadier Jane, O.B.E., M.C. (godfather), Capt. Schofield, Mrs. Schofield with Earle, Brigadier Hobbs, O.B.E., M.C. (godfather), and Mrs. Hobbs (godmother).



The latest portrait of the lovely Princess Niloufer of Hyderabad, painted by Hal Bevan-Perman.

Kitchen Keenness

By Margery Brand

TRIPE is seldom used in India because of the difficulty in cleaning that part of the sheep. It takes a little patience, but is worth the trouble. Soak the tripe for an hour or so in a basin of ling water (builder's lime, about a handful, will do) then scrub it carefully with a strong brush, similar to a nail brush. When quite white, leave it under a running tap, until all impurities are washed away, then rinse again, changing the cold water three or four times. Mry the tripe between two pieces of cloth and cut up into bits as required.

Heath's Tripe And Oyster Stew

Add some small pieces of cooked tripe with a good number of oysters to a white sauce, made out of flour, butter, half a pint of milk, a bay leaf, oyster juice, salt and pepper and a dash of lemon juice. To cook the tripe, boil it in salted water until tender, adding a bouquet of herbs to the water and an onion stuck with cloves.

Another excellent tripe dish is made by first cooking small even pieces of tripe in milk, to which some peppercorns and onions have been added. Remove from the milk when quite tender, dry in a cloth and coat with egg and fine bread-crumbs. Fry until a golden brown, serve decorated with sprigs of parsley and thin slices of lemon and a very cold tartare sauce. Plainly boiled vegetables are best with this dish.



Two of the nine mannequins who displayed smart 1947 fashions at the dance held at the Taj Mahal Hotel, Bombay, in aid of St. Catherine's Home, Andheri. (LEFT) Miss Jean Bernard, in a turquoise blue and black lace ensemble, with a chic hat, loaded with turquoise ostrich feathers; (RIGHT) Miss Valeria Corbett Wright, wearing a bride's going-away frock of dream-blue crepe, topped with a white ostrich-feather bonnet.



Gupta—Jandial

Lt. G. S. Gupta, R.I.N., son of Rai Bahadur Dr. H. C. Gupta of Peshawar, and Satya Jandial, daughter of Dr. Jandial of Nagpur, were married in Delhi.

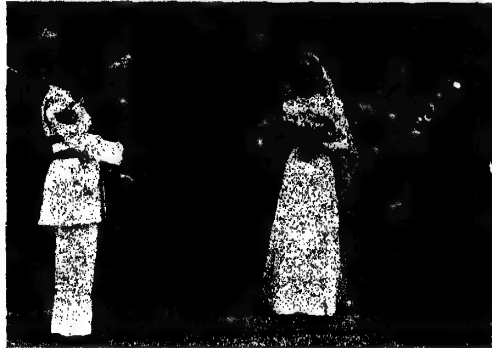
The Voice Of Delhi

By "Mrs. Haukabee"

OF all the social events in Delhi this season none can compare with the brilliance of the wedding of Lord Wavell's daughter, the Hon. Felicity Wavell, to Captain Peter Longmore. It was certainly the highlight of the year. The Church of Redemption was beautifully decorated and the guests included several Princes, members of Diplomatic Corps, and Hon'ble Members and other Government officials. Among those whom I noticed entering the Church was H. H. the Maharaja of Dholpur who arrived with H. H. the Maharaja of Nabha, then came H. H. the Raja Sahib of Faridkot, and H. H. the Maharaja of Bhampur. They were followed by H. H. the Maharaja of Bundi, the Hon. Mr. George Merrell and his charming sister, Ruth, the Hon. Mr. Sib, the Chinese *Chargé d'Affaires*, and Mrs. S. H. Sib, H. E. the Governor of Bombay and Lady Colville and their daughter, Rosemary. A little later I noticed Mr. C. H. Bhambhani, Sardar Abdur Razi Nizhar and Maulana Abul Kalam Azad. The Commander-in-Chief arrived with

his sister, Mrs. Jackson, and the Australian High Commissioner, Sir Iven Mackay, and Lady Mackay came with Mrs. Mackay who is the sister of Lady Mackay. Sir Terence Shorne, the U.K. High Commissioner and Lady Shorne, and Sir Arthur and Lady Dean were also among those who arrived early.

Shortly before the arrival of the bride and her father came Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur and Lady Longmore, Miss Wavell, the bride's aunt, Major the Hon. A. J. Wavell, the bride's brother, and then Lady Wavell entered the Church to await Lord Wavell and the bride. At the top of the steps to the west entrance of the Church of Redemption, waiting to receive the bride and her father, were the Metropolitan of India, with Air Vice-Marshal the



Fleming—Howell

Major Leslie Fleming, M.C., 3rd Bn., the Rajputana Rifles, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Fleming of Leeds, England, and his bride, Susan, daughter of the late Mr. T. M. Howell, and of Mrs. D. Howell, of Torrak, Melbourne, Australia, leave St. Martin's Church, Delhi Cantonment, through an archway of rifles and bagpipes.

Rev. J. A. Jago, Chaplain of the Royal Air Force, and the Rev. J. D. Tyler, Chaplain of New Delhi, who were to assist in the conducting of the marriage service. Also at the entrance were the bridesmaids, the Lady Anne Fitzroy, daughter of the Duke of Grafton, and Miss Catherine Sinclair, daughter of Sir Archibald Sinclair, with the two pages, Francis Wavell Harold Jones Humphrys, the son of Mr. Francis Humphrys and of the Hon. Mrs. Humphrys, and George Peter Hugh Mason, the son of Mr. Philip Mason, I.C.S., Joint Secretary in the War Department, and Mrs. Mason.

The Moghul Gardens

The sun was shining brilliantly and a light breeze was blowing as the Governor-General's Bodyguard, escorting



Mr. R. G. Saraya, the new Vice-President of the Indian Central Cotton Committee.

The Shape Of Things To Come?

When Lady X and Sir Cuthbert C. Have left these sultry shores,
For Fleet or Fowey or Finchley,
And humble household chores,
When the Civil Service pack their bags,
And the break-up comes to pass,
What of the Poonk Prattle,
And the Musings from Madras?

When Tommy T. and Poppy C. And Captain Freddie Frolic,
No longer smirk from snapshots,
Inane and melancholic,
When the Raj deserts the Club lawn,
The memsahib the knitting bee,
What of the Delhi Dinings,
And the Tattle from Trincomalee.

When the Point-to-Point is a thing of the past,
Which never again shall be,
And the scarlet coats are in mothballs,
And the jack goes wild and free,
When the huntsman's horn is silent,
And the box-wallah rides no more,
What of the Gateway Gossip,
And the Lore from Bangalore?

When we're sticking in out in Sussex,
Or furling the Flag in Fleet,
Who will compile the columns,
Of the friends we used to meet,
The Winnowers from Worthing,
The Babbler on the Bakerloo,
The Clatter from Clapham Common,
And the Causerie from Kew?

"Tom-Tom"



Mr. "Bish" Pershad, of Calcutta (India), Ltd., who has been in Karachi on a training course at the Calcutta Steamers Installation.

Lord Wavell and the bride, attended by Col. D. H. Currie, Military Secretary, and Captain F. H. M. Fitzroy, A.D.C., arrived at the Church. The bride's exquisite wedding gown of white crepe cut with a long train was enhanced by an antique Brussels lace veil which was worn by her mother at her own wedding. Later the guests flocked together in the Moghul Gardens where the wedding reception was held. Many guests took the opportunity of visiting the famous Bunkin Garden and among those whom I saw on the lawns were Vice-Admiral Sir Geoffrey and Lady Miles, Air Marshal and Mrs. Wainman, Captain Spencer-Churchill and Mr. Liagat Ali Khan, Mr. W. Christie, Chief Commissioner of Delhi, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Fraser and Mrs. Perry Keen, wife of Air Vice-Marshal Perry Keen.

In another corner of the lawns noticed H. H. the Maharaja of Bundi chatting with Mrs. Jackson, sister of the Commander-in-Chief, Lady Messervy and General and Lady Savory. Princess Brinda of Kapurthala was also present and so was Lady Janet Bailey, also Bards. Sir Subba Singh, H. H. the Maharaja of Gwalior, H. H. the Jam Sahib of Nawanshar, Air Commodore and Mrs. Russell, Miss Schwaiger, Mr. Jim Billman and Mr. and Mrs. Mason, Captain Athor of the U.S. Navy and his wife, Captain Govind Singh, A.D.C. to the Commander-in-Chief, Mr. Winkelman, of Netherlands Consul-General, and Mr. Winkelman, Commander Col. Darnes of the Nepalese Consul-General, and Sardar Ghulam Mohammed Khan, the Afghan Consul-General.

(Continued on page 31)



The Nawab of Patnauli, who captained the India cricket team in England last summer, rests during his side's innings at the Roshanara Club, Old Delhi.



Taken at a party given in New Delhi by the Caravan of India, international youth movement, in honour of Mrs. Hilda Seligman, founder and Hon. Organizing Secretary of the Skippo Fund, London, and British delegate to the All-India Women's Conference. Skippo Fund started with the sale proceeds of her book and supplies Anoko-Akhar Health Vans for service in isolated villages in India. A van is already operating in villages around Bombay, and Mrs. Seligman is touring India to meet leading women in this country to raise funds for the purchase of more vans. From L to R: (SEATED) Lady Bird, wife of Lt.-General Sir C. A. Bird, Special Food Commissioner to the Government of India, Mrs. Seligman, Mrs. S. Lall, wife of Mr. S. Lall, I.C.S., Secretary to the Government of India, Labour Department, and Mr. G. Naqshband, Chairman of the Caravan of India, Delhi Branch.



Mr. Parashar Sen who held an exhibition of his paintings in Delhi under the auspices of the All-India Fine Arts and Crafts Society.

The Voice Of Delhi

(Continued from page 50)

American Party

The Valentine Dance given at the Taj, the American Hostel, by Captain Atkins (U.S.A. Navy) and his lovely wife and daughter was one of the highlights of the month. Everybody in town seemed to be present including Mr. and Mrs. Day, who have recently arrived from America with their daughter, Mayflower, Mr. Silh, Chinese *Chang P. Affari*, and his wife, George Merrell and his sister, Ruth, wearing a lovely "Valentine" dress, Major and Mrs. Walker, Sir Iven and Lady Mackay and Mrs. Mackay, Mr. Christie, Major George Peck, Mr. Motamedy, Consul-General for Iran, and Madame Motamedy, Sander Ghulam Mohd. Khan, Consul-General for Afghanistan, Miss Bubbles Kharegat, Bob Warner, another recent arrival from America, Graham Dorsett, Mr. and Mrs. Dickson, Mr. Hans Wangel, Sir Gurunath Bewoor and Dr. Sumanta Sen and many more.

A number of people have been leaving town and several cocktail parties have been held on this account. One

was given by Sardar Sir Subha Singh and Lady Singh to Mr. and Mrs. Kirpalani who are returning to Bombay. Among those at this party were Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Ormerod and Mr. and Mrs. Stokoe, all of whom have recently returned from England, Dr. and Mrs. Bhatia and Mr. and Mrs. Ramadhyani and P.O. Bhinder who is doing excellent work as Honorary Secretary to the Indian Forces Club.

Another farewell party was given by Col. P. J. Gibbs and his daughter, Rosemary, who are now on their way to England. Among those at this party were Mr. Ata Mohd. Noon, Superintendent of Police, New Delhi, Col. and Mrs. Sillar, Mr. Porter, the Home Secretary, Lady Smith and Mr. and Mrs. Teal. Yet another drinks party was given by the Chief Commissioner to bid farewell to Mr. Bill Robinson, Delhi's popular Senior Superintendent of Police. At this party I noticed Mr. and Mrs. Bins, who are also to leave Delhi shortly, Mr. Lal, the new Senior Superintendent of Police, Col. and Mrs. Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. K. S. Malhotra (who themselves had a party recently to bid farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Price of the Finance Department), Mr. and Mrs. Newman, Mr. Shivji Bahadur, Air Marshal and Mrs. Wainley and Air Vice-Marshal and Mrs. Perry Keen, also Mr. and Mrs. Tikku, and Mr. Badar-ul-Islam.

Point-To-Point

The big charity show of the month was the Blue Cross ball organised by Lady Lloyd. This ball was once again a great success and Lady Lloyd is to be congratulated on her unflagging efforts for the D.S.P.C.A. I saw there Sir Frederick and Lady Tynnum, Mr. Ivor Ichu, on a brief visit from Bombay, Sir Harold Schoubert, Lady Shone, Sir Arthur and Lady Dean and Mr. McElvrie, Mr. Ram Farhad and Mr. Fonseca, Mr. and Mrs. Dougall, Miss Sylvia Marx, and Kurt Wentzel.

An interesting exhibition of paintings representing the work of the late Amrita Sher Gil, N. S. Bendre, K. K. Habbar, S. D. Chavda and S. H. Reza was opened by Diwan Chaman Lal. The exhibition was well attended by art-lovers who included Mrs. Watkinson, General Jones, Dr. and Mrs. Khan, Miss Canale, Mr. Anil Roy Chowdhury, and Mr. J. K. Ghandi who brought the exhibits from Bombay. Everyone appeared to be especially happy to have yet another opportunity of viewing the work of Amrita Sher Gil, for perhaps it will be a long time before her pictures will be on view again in Delhi in such large numbers.

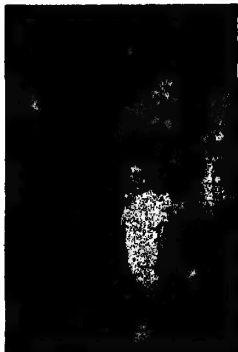
The Delhi Hunt point-to-point races were held this year at Hans Khos on the road to Mehrauli. Several thousand spectators, including Lord and



During the wedding of Capt. Peter Langmore, L.L., and the Hon. Felicity Wavell, the Rev. J. D. Tytler, Chaplain of New Delhi, greets one of the pages, George Peter Hugh Mason, fifteen-year-old son of Mr. Philip Mason, I.C.S., Joint Secretary in the War Department, Government of India, and Mrs. Mason.

Personal Staff Entertainers

As if one big function at Viceroy's House was not enough in one month, there has also been an *Invitation*, and a very excellent party given by His Excellency the Viceroy's Personal Staff. This "at home" was held in the ball-room at Viceroy's House and once again one seemed to meet most of one's friends and acquaintances. There were present General and Lady Savory, Lady Kharegat and her daughter, Bubbles, Mr. and Mrs. Fane Saunders and Madame Brunner and her daughter, both of whom are so well known for their paintings. Mrs. Zinken and Sir Usha Nath Sen were also present and so were Mr. and Mrs. Mason and Col. and Mrs. Tytler, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, General Sir Arthur and Lady Smith, Mrs. Galpin, Captain and Mrs. Atkins (U.S.N.) and Mr. and Mrs. Day and Mr. Robin Duff. After the party quite a number of those present *foregathered* at George Merrell's house to hear Leidi-Fraun give a short piano recital and some songs sung by Mrs. Macfarquhar and Major Sen.

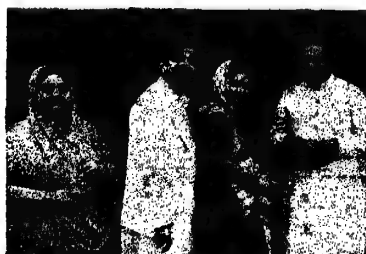


The bridesmaids, Miss Catherine Sinclair, daughter of Sir Archibald Sinclair, and the Lady Anne Fitzroy, daughter of the Duke of Grafton, and the two pages, George Peter Hugh Mason and Francis Wavell, Harold Jones Humphrys, await the arrival of the bride, the Hon. Felicity Wavell, and her father, Lord Wavell, at the Church of the Redemption, New Delhi, for her wedding. On the left is Mr. Philip Mason, one of the ushers.



Kishore-Saksena

Mr. Kishore Kishore, son of Mr. Nawal Kishore, Chief Justice, Jodhpur, and Shella Saksena, daughter of Rai Bahadur Dr. Ram Babu Saksena, Prime Minister of Bundi, were married at Bundi.



Visitors to the Vegetable, Fruit and Flower Show, 1947, held in the Elphinstone Circle Gardens, Bombay, include L. to R.: Mr. and Mrs. E. de Fries; Mrs. L. M. Khatun, Mr. L. A. Khatun, Miss N. Morarji and her brother, Mr. P. R. Morarji; Mrs. J. A. Laluka and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. R. Laluka.

Gateway Gossip

By "The Gleaner"

IN a deep, sheltered garden, in Padder Road, where fairy lights glowed in the surrounding borders, like tulip buds, Mr. Desmond Moore and Mr. Tony Shuttleworth gave one of the best cocktail parties of the spring. Both these personable young men had acted *Aide-de-Camp* to Sir Roger Lumley in the early war years, when he was Governor of Bombay, and had made hosts of friends among all communities in this city.

Mr. C. L. and Mrs. Palk were friends from Government House who were present, and in the subdued glimmer of the fairy lights I spotted many beautiful saris and evening gowns. Lady Duggan, in shimmering gold sari, came with her Jamshedji; Mrs. W. R. Rumbold, in chalk-white *sharitskin*, was the centre of another group, and I saw Miss Yvonne Guevrek talking racing with a group of friends. Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Russell were there, and Mrs. Stephen Blinzie brought apologies from her husband, who was unable to be present.

Mr. Peter Scarlett, one of Bombay's most amusing bachelors, who flits between this city and Calcutta, chatted to Mrs. Corbett Wright, in a gypsy dinner frock of black blouse and Roman striped skirt. She came in from her Pali Hill bungalow with her husband, and Mr. Homi Vakil, only recently back from Europe, was telling me of further plans for his travels.

Shortly after their party, Desmond Moore and Tony Shuttleworth went to move out of this lovely home lent them,



Other guests among the spring flowers, fruit and vegetables at the Show, organised by the Municipal Corporation of Bombay, were L. to R.: Mr. and Mrs. R. A. M. Hensan, Mrs. Enakshi Bhavnani, and Mr. C. W. Middleton of the Imperial Bank, Bombay, with Mrs. Middleton.

and were amusingly telling friends that their future address would be, "The Maiden," Bombay.

Parade Of Fashion

A collection of sophisticated clothes is a great draw in any country in the world, and when the parade is staged for a deserving charity the response is even greater. And so, Madame Pompadour, who showed a collection of some 27 striking gowns at the Taj Mahal Hotel, raised the sizeable sum of over Rs. 7,000 for St. Catherine's Home, at Andheri. There were auctions (wittily conducted by D. P. Karaka); the sale of corsages and programmes to swell the fund; two dance bands and two ensembles to lure the dancers on to the floor, and prizes for the best-dressed European and Indian lady to stimulate dress interest.

The ensembles worn by the nine mannequins introduced most of the 1947 fashion points of the recent French and

English fashion shows—dhori skirts, dolman sleeves, the one-covered-onebare shoulder, brilliant embroideries across the shoulders, peg-top draped skirts, ankle-strap shoes, feather-nodding hats and enormous handbags.

And the women guests were not far behind, either, in their smart appearance. Slim, grey-haired Mrs. Helen Russell was voted the best-dressed European guest present, and her American chic expressed itself in a black Chantilly lace Victorian picture gown, with bare shoulders and wavy hair, matched by her coroneted hair-do. Miss Perin Porter took honours for the best-dressed Indian lady at this dance.

Smart Guests

White seemed to be the universal choice of many well-dressed women that night, ranging from the exquisite pearl and gold embroidered sari, worn by Mrs. Bomi Sethia, to the gold-embroidered white chiffon gown of Mrs. Mordecai, who, incidentally, introduced the gay fashion of two earrings on one ear, and none on the other. She had clasped a gold and pearl earring on the lobe and another on the upper part of one ear!

Mr. Peter Dew, who gave a brief microphone address on the aims of St. Catherine's Home, brought a large party, which included his wife, Onagh, and Mr. and Mrs. Paul Nash were taking a professional interest in the collection.

Mrs. Arthur Rowland Jones, who shortly leaves for England on a six-months' visit to stay with her son and daughter-in-law, came with her husband, who himself made his first visit to America only recently.

H. H. the Maharaja of Gwalior brought a big party which included Dr. and Mrs. Shirodhar, and others among the smartly-dressed throng I noticed were Lady Petit, Mrs. Sabawalla, Mrs. Sheila Talwar, Mrs. Murti Karispa and Miss Sue Sutherland.

Major Bill Deeming, who has already left for England, Paris and Brazil, was having one of his farewell parties that night. His M. G. sports car and his collection of congo records will be missed by many friends.

A Musical Treat

The Lical Story and Mary Richardson two-piano recital was a rare treat for Bombay music-lovers who filled the Sir Cowaji Jehangir Hall, and listened with great appreciation to these two talented artists.

The Mozart Sonata in D major was, to my mind, the highlight of a beautifully-

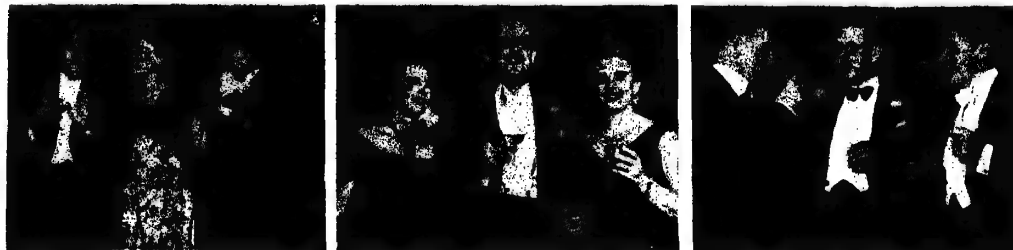
(Continued on page 53)



Watching with interest the mannequins who displayed Madame Pompadour dresses at the Taj Mahal Hotel, Bombay, at a dance held in aid of St. Catherine's Home, Andheri. His Highness of Sarkin gave the party on the left, which includes L. to R. round the table) Mr. Bobby Rumbold, Her Highness of Sachin, Begum Amina Shamsher Ali, Mrs. Rumbold, Mr. Rifat Hyat and Mrs. Haksar. The group on the right shows the party given by Mr. Oscar Brown, Chief Presidency Magistrate, and Mrs. Brown and includes L. to R.: Mrs. White, Capt. Bishop, Mrs. Oscar Brown, Mrs. Houston and Capt. Houston.



Hamilton Studios.
Chandavarkar-Hojmandi
Mr. Shyam Vilhal Chandavarkar, son of Sir Vilhal and Lady Chandavarkar, and Miss Sumana Hojmandi, daughter of Mr. V. S. Hojmandi, I.C.S., and Mrs. Hojmandi of Madras, were married in Bombay.



Parties scenes at the Bombay Hunt Club ball, held this year at the Pull Hill home of Mr. H. S. Captain. In these happy groups in the garden during the dance are (1. to r. reading across the page): Capt. W. Stewart, A.D.C., Mrs. Robertson and Mr. Ernest Parker; Mrs. John George, Mr. George and Mrs. Corbett Wright; Mr. Leo Radcliffe, Col. John Wootridge and Mr. E. D. Sheppard.

Gateway Gossip

(Continued from page 52)

balanced programme that included Handel, Bach and Paganini-Liszt.

Liesel Stary, petite and slight, wore a most becoming mustard-coloured crepe frock reminiscent of post-World War fashions, and Mary Richardson looked extremely distinguished in a beautifully-cut white crepe gown.

The recital was under the patronage of H. E. the Governor of Bombay, who, with Lady Colville, attended informally. They were accompanied by Miss Rosemary Colville and Miss P. Moulton.

Later that evening Lena Bauer, sister-in-law of Liesel Stary, gave a cheery cocktail party in her picturesque little house in Colaba, where the guests were received by the two performers and their respective husbands—Dr. Hans Hantdel and Lt.-Col. Richardson, D.S.O. and B., who is stationed in Madh Island.

Among those present were Col. and Mrs. Palk, the Coultins, Mr. and Mrs. Corbett Wright, attractive Dr. (Mrs.) Gupta, she is an eye specialist, and wore a pale grey lace sari, and Mr. C. P. Bramble, M.L.A.

Arrivals From America

Once again we have had an American President bust in the harbour, this time the "President Polk." To everyone's surprise, she arrived on time and sailed only one day late! Arriving on her were the Solomons, "Solly" and Ruth, with small daughter, all looking very fit and well. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schultz were on board, he, a visiting Vice-President of the Standard-Vacuum Oil Company.

Bunny and Cliff Marshall flew to Ceylon to meet the boat, and came up to Bombay with them. They gave



After their wedding in Lahore, Rifat Hyat Khan, son of the late Sir Sikander Hyat Khan, and his attractive bride, Iltas, daughter of Major A. H. Sadik, R.I.A.S.C., spent their honeymoon in Bombay.

some lovely dinner parties at their home, the "Villa Felicia," erstwhile home of Howard and Margaret Donovan. This is now the home of the General Manager of Stanvac, and all newly and tastefully furnished by Bunny. It is a nice big house, but not big enough for the huge cocktail party for the Schulzes which was held at the Taj. Mrs. Schultz was wearing a lovely long dress of green print, with a beautiful jade clip that matched perfectly. She is tall and blonde, very vivacious and tells a story well.

Bunny was the gracious hostess, and wore a long black dress with crystals, which set off her blonde hair and blue eyes. Gladys Osborn looked very pretty in a long dress of a heavenly shade of blue. Among the guests were Mrs. Lalvani, Mrs. Jussas, Mrs. Savur, Mrs. Rangani, and Mrs. Donalwanji, wives of executives of Stanvac, all looking charming in colourful attire.

The Marshalls have left now for a trip with the Schulzes through India. They are seeing the Taj by moonlight and some other choicer spots in India before returning to Bombay.

Sailing away on the "Palk," went the Stones of Calcutta, Lisle and Gyda with small Martha. They, fortunately, drew one of the nice airconditioned cabins. Two of the Stanvac wives will be on board, for Lilian Van Dusen has sailed to India with young Bill in the United States. She is a most capable memship, for she plays an excellent game of bridge, and knows how to put on a marvellous meal, topped off with one of those lemon meringue pies.

Vivienne Sadler also sailed with her son, "Howdie." Vivienne, too, can hold her own very well among the aces and kings and egg-heads. Bill Van D. and Howie, Sr., are "backing" together, so if you want bridge partners, there they are.

Air-Minded Visitors

Flying seems to be getting more and more popular. I understand that many of the Bombay representatives to the big Rotary conference in Colombo went by air, including the Broughs who had two nice days in Nuwara Eliya. King Maxwell is just back from a flying trip, and Connie Paulson flew to Colombo to meet husband Larry

returning from Rangoon. All these air-minded people report favourably on the comforts of Indian air travel and say nice things about the attractive air hostesses. I am sure "Tuoti" Muoti would be very gratified, for you may remember she was here last spring holding training classes for these girls. We expect her here again, for she is engaged to be married to Dexter Richards, and I hear the wedding will take place here in Bombay in May.

We are saying good-bye this month to George Lamont of the American Consulate, and we will miss his cheery smile. John J. MacDonald, who is well known to many Americans in Bombay, as he used to be in the Consulate in Calcutta, is already here. Speaking of consuls, I meant to tell you that Howard and Margaret Donovan are now in Washington where Howard is with the State Department and I am said to hear that they have a nice apartment at the Wardman Park Hotel.

And that reminds me that Alan Gibbings has the latest thing in cocktail bars in Bombay. Besides being very modern in regard to lamps, chairs and so on, its most unique feature is the decoration on the wall. There are four paintings, representing four places with which Alan has been connected. These are the Gateway of India, the skyline of New York, a Balinese girl (this should be good) and the Houses of Parliament in London. The background of each of these is a sheet of newspaper published in that particular place, so, for instance, you look past the Gateway and see the printed page of—perhaps—the *Times of India*, and the Balinese girl—but who is going to get that far?

On St. Patrick's Day, the American Women's Club put on their annual dance at the Taj. "The wearing of the green" was much in evidence for green streamers decorated the booths, the programme "ads" were set on a background of shamrock, and cocky green rosesets sat jauntily on the American

(Continued on page 58)



At the annual dance, on St. Patrick's Day, of the American Women's Club, Bombay. From 1. to 2. : Mr. McKlugh, Mr. Fleming, Mrs. Brough and Mrs. Macquiggan.



The host at the Bombay Hunt Club ball, Mr. H. S. Captain, and the M.F.H. Mr. J. S. R. Spielman (RIGHT), wore their pink coats with distinction.

Madras Musings

By "Miss Mouse"

ONE of the most pleasant parties held in Madras during the month was that given by the Maharaja of Pithapuram in honour of his daughter, Maharani Rani Kamala, and her husband, Prince Indu, lit of Cochin-Belhar, who were in Madras on a short visit. Maharani Rani Kamala has a most vivacious personality and is altogether delightful to meet. She looked lovely that evening in a green Benares sari. The Yuvarani and Yuvaraja of Pithapuram joined in welcoming the many guests. The Yuvarani favoured a smart red gauze sari. The Chief Justice and Mrs. Gentle were among the guests. Mrs. Gentle wore a smart green and white flower printed dress, split at the side to show attractive green evening shoes; Mrs. A. Bhose looked very pretty in a red Benares sari; John and Sally Mortimer were also there, Sally looking as attractive as usual in a deep midnight-blue chiffon velvet dress, with an off-the-shoulder line.

Many parties have been given this month in honour of Mr. J. P. L. Shenoy, the popular Commissioner of the Corporation of Madras, who is relinquishing his post and going on leave. One of the largest parties was that given by the Mayor of Madras. Mr. Shenoy was responsible during his term of office for the tennis stadium, and the big sports arena in People's Park.

His Highness the Maharaja of Travancore and the first Princess are at present staying in Madras, and were entertained recently to dinner at Government House. Among the people invited to meet His Highness were Major-General Chambers, G.O.C., Madras Area, Sir Lakshmana Rau and Lady Rao, Mr. Justice Horwill, Mrs. M. N. Chubbwa, Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar, Dewan of Travancore, Mr. and Mrs. B. Sanger and Miss Margaret Godley, who is at present writing a book on Indian women's interest in social service.

Later in the month, His Highness gave a party at Travancore House, Adyar, in honour of H. F. Sir Archibald Nye and Lady Nye. Among the guests at this party were Mr. Justice and Mrs. Bell, the Yuvaraja and Yuvarani of Pithapuram, Mr. S. Anantharaman Krishnan, the Junior Rani of Kollengode, Mrs. Chubbwa, Major-General Chambers, Major-General Panamswaram Pillai, G.O.C., Travancore State Forces, Mrs.



Taken during the visit of H. E. Field-Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck, Commander-in-Chief, India, to the "Hope Club," Madras, for Indian soldiers. Those in the group are: Mrs. Naidu, Mrs. Pandit, Field-Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck, Mrs. Alwar Chetty, Mrs. Krishnamma, Mrs. Sharp, Mrs. Krishnamurthy, Mrs. J. J. Battilwa, Mrs. M. N. Chubbwa, Brigadier R. J. Mackay, Sub-Area Commander, and Major-General Chambers, G.O.C., Madras Area.

Pandalai, Col. Wilcock and others. Unfortunately, His Highness was not well and was unable to be present; so Her Highness the Maharani, the Princess, His Highness the Elaya Raja and his consort received the guests.

From U. K. For A Charming

Mrs. B. Ruid and Alex McParnet won the American Tennis Tournament at the Adyar. It was so nice to see that there were this year a greater number of women taking part in the tournament thus making the games more even.

Mr. and Mrs. John Davis held the christening of their baby daughter, Nichola Gail, one Sunday morning. They already have a little daughter, called Penelope. The ceremony took place at St. Theresa's Church and later the guests proceeded to the Davies house for a mid-morning party. The godmother was Mrs. W. Rhymes, who is Mrs. Davis's sister. She had flown out from England especially for the ceremony and is to be here only for about six weeks. Major F. A. B. Shepard, I.C.E., O.B.E., J.M.S., proposed the toast to Nichola Gail. Among those present were Major-General Huban, Surgeon-General, Mr. G. B. Gourlay, Mr. R. Thornbald, Mr. C. Donnor, Mr.



Mr. Hervinder Singh Mamik, son of Sardar Kirpal Singh, J.P., Rais of Paurur (Pb.), who has left by air for the U.K. and the U.S.A. on a business tour.

and Mrs. J. Goodwin, Mr. and Mrs. P. Reid, Col. and Mrs. Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. Ronnie Price, Mr. S. Smith, and Col. and Mrs. V. B. Stork. Dorothy Stork looked striking in a sage-green and white figured frock with a white hat. Mr. and Mrs. J. Gill were also there, the latter looking charming in pink.

Mr. and Mrs. R. de K. Maynard are leaving Madras; however it is good to hear that Mr. Maynard will still have many connections with the Indian railways, as, on arrival in England, he will take up the appointment of the Government of India's Representative on the Permanent Commission of the International Railway Congress Association. There have been many farewell parties to them both. All the ladies of the Guild of Service gave a farewell party at the Banqueting Hall. Mrs. Chubbwa and the Yuvarani of Pithapuram greeted Lady Nye and Mrs. Maynard, as the Yuvarani is to take Mrs. Maynard's place as chairman of the Guild. After tea there were many speeches, among them by the Yuvarani of Pithapuram, Mrs. T. G. Armstrong and Mrs. Chubbwa, and a silver powder compact was presented to Mrs. Maynard.

Among the guests at the tea party were Mrs. D. Austin, looking very smart in black, Mrs. E. Bruce, and Mrs. F. Smal who is in Madras on a short visit. She looked charming in a navy blue and polka dotted linen costume and a most ingenious hat made out of a scarf. Mrs. W. G. W. Reid, whose husband has taken over from Mr. Maynard as General Manager of the M. and S. M. Railway, made her first appearance at a Guild of Service gathering and looked most attractive in a grey silk costume shadowed with white flowers. Jean Hendrie also looked smart in a cool blue flowered dress with a blue panama hat. Lady Townshood very neat in black gowns with a little nonsense hat in black filled taffeta.

Ladies' Yachting Race

The Madras Boat Club held their Cold Weather Regatta on the first Saturday in March. This is a very popular occasion and many people were present. H. E. the Governor attended and was most interested in the races, and Lady Nye came along later in the evening and presented the prizes. She looked chic in a black and white flowered silk dress with a full-length coat to match. Mrs. R. Turpin, wife of the President of the Club, greeted the Governor, wearing a smart pale blue crepe dress which matched her blonde hair to perfection. Many of the younger set were there and competed in the ladies' races.

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Dickie-Philip

After the wedding of Major A. D. Dickie, R.H.A., and Miss Ida Mildred Philip, only daughter of the Rev. Canon and Mrs. F. C. Philip of Hyderabad and Sydney, Australia, at St. George's Church, Hyderabad, Dr. From L. to R.: The Rev. the Bishop of Dornakal, Major W. Hanwell, Miss Dorothy McDowell (bride), the bridegroom and the bride, the Rev. Philip and Mrs. A. Forester-Walker (matron of honour).



Chatting at the Golden Slipper Club, Calcutta, were: Mr. Adams, President of the Club, Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Mazda and Mr. D. J. Irani. The Club is situated in the former premises of the Hawaiian Club.

Calcutta Causerie

By "Klm"

ONE of the events highlighting the Calcutta season was the very well presented Military Tattoo which ran for four evenings, extremely well attended, on the large meadow facing Chowringhee. Mock battles, old and new, trick motor cycle riding and tent-pegging kept large crowds closely interested, and these events were interspersed with colourful Naga dancers and massed bands, Indian and British, in an enormous arena brilliantly illuminated by searchlights.

The Army undertook the entire organisation of this highly intricate affair, including the sale and distribution of tickets for the benefit of the Indian Red Cross and Military charities. The result was so satisfactory that the original programme was extended by one more night in order to accommodate those who had failed to obtain seats for the first three evenings. H. E. the Governor and Lady Burrows attended the first night, and in his speech opening the event, Sir Frederick Burrows reminded the public that those units who were responsible for their entertainment were largely the same that had defended Bengal during the war.

A Wedding

Mr. K. Kripalani, C.I.E., until recently Secretary for Commerce, Labour and Industries, and recently appointed Commissioner for Civil Supplies, Presidency Division, gave a popular cocktail party at the Calcutta Club. Rumi Modi was there with his most attractive wife; they have been moved to Jamshedpur, and hope to visit the U.S.A. at the end of the year. Marge Schaeffer told

me that she and her husband will shortly be transferred to Singapore, whereas the Bob Hoovers expect to go to Madras for some months to replace a colleague on leave. I saw Sir Hien and Lady Mookerjee (who themselves gave a big cocktail party recently), in conversation with Ray Farrell who had returned from a quick visit to the U.S.A. a few days before, and had apparently just spent long enough in England to experience the "switch off." Among those present I noticed Manik Powwala and Mrs. Powwala, Harry Waters, "Johnnie" Walker and the Barry Chiswell-Joneses.

The racing fraternity of Calcutta attended on *musée* the very gay reception given after the wedding of Edward Ringsted to Gwendoline Russell. The party, which was held at Hippo's, was certainly reminiscent of pre-war glories, with champagne flowing. Very much the same people met some days later at an excellent cocktail party given on the lawn of the Royal Calcutta Turf Club in Russell Street, which, like most parties, went on well after the formal 7 to 9.

Mr. Justice Rushworth and Mrs. Roxburgh, attended by Jean and Charles Crawford, entertained a very large number of guests at their Lee Road flat. Jean and Charles are making plans for leave this summer, and hope to spend some time in Switzerland. Another very good party was that of the John Leslies and the Arthur Hartleys, and though the electricity failed at the appointed time, candles very soon produced an intimate and gay effect, very flattering to many of the good-looking women present. Indira Talyarkhan and her sister, Sheila Auden, were present in gay and attractive attire. Arthur Hartley is shortly leaving his Poind job, to take over the post of Vice-Chairman of the Tea Market Expansion Board, held at the moment by P. J. Griffiths.



H. E. Sir Frederick Burrows, Governor of Bengal, arrives at Artistry House, Calcutta, for the opening ceremony of the exhibition of the Academy of Fine Arts, followed by Lady Mookerjee, the President.

Old Indian Paintings

A great deal of credit is due to the new President of the Academy of Fine Arts, Lady Mookerjee, for the very successful exhibition recently held in Artistry House in Park Street. Some very fine work was hung, and though perhaps one did get the impression that some

Samar Ghosh, Hanumiah, Sunil Pal, Heramba Ganguly, Kiron Dhar, Kishorey Roy, Anil Roy Choudhary and Radha Bagchi. Over 200 artists were represented by their works in the exhibition and includes the famous Russian painter, Nicholas Roerich, Jamini Roy and Kurt Larisch.

Horses Go To A Party

Calcutta parties seem to be getting more and more formal, and to attend a cocktail party in a lounge suit is becoming less and less possible. And now the 300 Club has laid down that guests must dress every night, except Sundays, in order to be admitted to any part of the Club. This may prove difficult for some members, but in view of the popularity of the Club, particularly for after-dinner parties, I imagine most people will conform without much fuss. Our Premier, Mr. Subhaschandra, is a frequent guest; the other night I saw him there in animated conversation with "Pony" Warren, our one-time Sheriff and a founder member of the 300.

The Burma Club was venue for a most successful charity fete, organised on behalf of the Y. W. C. A., which was so well attended that dancing became a problem for many. Charles Heape had a hand in collecting money from the revellers, just a week after he and his partner collected the Centenary Cup, and quite a bit of prize money on the racetrack.

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A caricature, by Mr. K. Dutt, the Calcutta artist, of Mr. John S. Gregory, who has been appointed Hon. Secretary of the Amateur Dramatic Club, Calcutta. Mr. Gregory has broadcast a number of times from the Calcutta station of All-India Radio.

entries hardly merited exhibition, one must agree with the organisers that young artists appreciate this type of encouragement, and that it is therefore worth while to do so.

The exhibition covered practically all the mediums of expression, oils, watercolours, pastel and black and white etchings, architectural designs and sculptural pieces. In the loan section there were 62 remarkable old Rajput and Mughul paintings of fine craftsmanship and genuine merit, lent by Rai Krishna Das. The collection of Bharat Kala Prasthiti, Calcutta. The indigenous school of Indian paintings was well represented in connection with the works of such well-known and well-known artists as Dr. B. K. Sengupta, Tagore, Gaganendranath Sen, Sundarlal Bose, Sankar Ullal, Asit Kumar Halder, Debi Prasad Roy Choudhury, N. Gupta, Mukul Dey and others.

In western style, paintings by J. P. Gangooly, Arul Bose, Kulkarni, B. Ganguly, Koller and Satish Sinha—all of whom are well-known artists—have been well displayed. Among the younger generation, whose talents in line arts have been recognised and well-established and who have exhibited, are C. D. Chattopadhyaya, B. Sanyal, Panikar, Sailoz Mukherjee,



Burrows and Shephard.

Ringsted-Russell

The wedding took place in Calcutta of Mr. Edward Ringsted and Miss Gwendoline Russell.



Maundoo-Lal

Mr. Madan Mohan Maundoo of Aurangzeb and Kumari Shanti Kohli, daughter of Rai Bahadur Chant Lal of Bombay, were married at Lahore.



Mantri-Tapuriah

Mr. Hariprasad Mantri, son of Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Mantri, and Savitri, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tapuriah of Calcutta, were married in Calcutta.



Madon-Davay

Dinshah, son of Mr. Pirusha D. Madon of the Bombay Stock Exchange, and Khorsheed, only daughter of Mr. Sohrab R. Davay, Founder and Principal of Davay's College of Commerce, Bombay, were married in Bombay. Both the bride and bridegroom are advocates (O.S.) of the Bombay High Court.



Courtenay-Wilson

F.L. Lawrence Mack Courtenay, only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Courtenay of Suburban, Simla Hills, and Jean Cynthia, eldest daughter of Mr. H. R. Wilson of H.M.'s Customs, Bombay, and Mrs. Wilson, were married at St Thomas' Cathedral, Bombay.



Handa-Sondhi

Capt. J. C. Handa, I.A.O.C., of the Directorate of Services Kinematography, G.H.Q., New Delhi, and Krishna Sondhi, daughter of Capt. M. R. Sondhi, were married at Ramalindi.



Ghose-Guha

Mr. Bhupesh Ghose, son of Rai Sahib J. C. Ghose, and Omna, daughter of Mr. Upendra Nath Guha, of Barisal, were married at Asansol.



Batra-Sikri

Major Raj Kumar Batra, son of Mr. Atar Chand Batra, Executive Engineer, Railways (ret'd), and Rai Sikri, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Nihal Chand Sikri, were married in Lahore.



**Kothari-Mazumdar
Kagol-Mazumdar**

The double wedding of the daughters of Rao Bahadur V. D. Mazumdar, Commissioner of Income-Tax, Bombay, and Mrs. Mazumdar, took place in Bombay. This group includes Sarsini Mazumdar (EXTRADE REGD) and her bridegroom, Prabhakar, son of Mr. Jeevespoo Kothari of Indore; Sumiti Mazumdar (WIDOW FROM LATE) and her bridegroom, Ramesh, son of Mr. A. R. Kagol of Ahmedabad.



Singh-Singh

Sardar Paramjit Singh, Rais of Ferozepore and Miss Bhakshi Tukht Singh, daughter of the late Sardar Bhul Tukht Singh of Ferozepore, were married at Kapurthala.

Looking At Britain

By "Onlooker" in London

IN the year 1900 Queen Victoria drove from Windsor Castle to Frogmore, to see a new great-grandson. He was to be christened Louis. His father, Prince Louis of Battenburg, was a great favourite of the Queen, who chose him as companion when the Prince of Wales visited India in 1874. Years later his son, that baby, toured India with another Prince of Wales, and visited Delhi at the same time as Miss Edwina Ashley, daughter of Lord Mount Temple. They danced together all through one evening. A romance was evident, but nothing could be said until the King had given his approval. Delhi holds happy memories for the new Viceroy and his consort.

Two of Lord Mountbatten's staff are no strangers to India, for Lord Ismay began his career in the 23rd Cavalry (Frontier Force) and was Lord Willingdon's Military Secretary at the same time as Sir Eric Meriville was Private Secretary. Some of you will recall the parties he gave when his sister kept house for him and Capt. Britain Jones.

The first public dinner that Lord Mountbatten attended on his return from SEAC was that of the 14th Army, when Sir William Slim proposed the toast. I hear that all ranks of all Services holding the Burma Star will have a reunion at the Albert Hall in June. Other proposed reunions are to be a WAS(B) lunch at Brown's Hotel, organised by Mrs. MacLaren; a Bombay dinner on May 11 at the Cafe Royal (Hon. Secy. F. S. Woodcock); and the 33rd Calcutta dinner the following evening at the Connaught Rooms, (Joint Hon. Secs. N. W. Chisholm and G. K. Davis).

Indian Ambassador

The great social event of the month was the wedding of Miss Churchill and Capt. Soames "Everybody" was present at St. Margaret's, Westminster, and at the Dorchester afterwards, including Lord and Lady Mountbatten, Lord John Hope, Marie, Marchioness of Willingdon, Sir John and Lady Anderson, and Lord and Lady Ismay.

Sir Samu Rungtannadhin returned from signing, on behalf of India, the peace treaties in Paris just in time to welcome Mr. Amé Ali, first Indian Ambassador to the United States. Mr. Amé Ali's brief visit was a busy one.



Boshell-Mayes

After the wedding at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, London, of Capt. F. H. B. Boshell, D.S.O., Royal Berkshire Regt., son of the late Major F. S. Boshell, D.S.O., M.C. and Mrs. Boshell of Laling, London, and Pamela Yoda Mayes, elder daughter of Mr. B. H. Mayes, Indian Government Railways, and Mrs. Mayes of Bombay. From L. to R.: Miss Jean Lindholm, the bridegroom and the bride, Capt. A. Borrelli (bestman) and Miss Elaine Mayes, sister of the bride.



Mrs. C. A. Carmichael, of Calcutta, and Sir Kenneth Mealing, a former President of the Bengal Chamber of Commerce, watching a skiing competition at Gstaad, Switzerland, this winter.

The Duke of Gloucester received him at St. James's Palace, and he was the guest of honour at a reception held at India House by the Rungtannadhin.

The Exhibition of Contemporary Indian Art at India House was opened by Mr. R. A. Butler, son of a former Indian Governor and himself previously Under-Secretary for India. His speech showed how Indian art has been influenced both by modern British art and by the French Impressionists. Jamini Roy is, of course, well represented, but the outstanding item, to my mind, is the black and white "Figure" of Rabindranath Tagore. Another exhibit that has attracted attention is a portrait of the Dalai Lama by Karval Kishna, who first visited Tibet in 1938.

It is marvellous how Sir William Slim, now A.D.C. General to the King, and Sir Claude Auchinleck, find time to fit in all his appointments. At a meeting at the Mansion House he testified to the work of T. H. in SHAC, and later he and Lady Slim were dancing at the Berkeley, one of the few places to insist upon evening dress. Another fashionable hotel, but where there is no dancing, also decried evening dress, but with such marked lack of success that the edict was withdrawn.

Talking of the Berkeley, do you remember Ian Stewart, B.M., in India and Burma, and mad on music? Before the war he played for Carroll Gibbons at the Savoy, but now he has his own band, all ex-Servicemen, at the Berkeley.

The debate on India in the Lords was distinguished by the large number of speakers with an intimate knowledge of India. They included Lord Templewood, a former Secretary of State; Lord Samuel, Lord Salisbury, and Lord Scarborough, a former Governor of Bombay; Lord Listowel, the Secretary for India; Lord Simon, Chairman of the India Statutory Commission from 1927 to 1930; Lords Halifax, Franchard, Cherwode, a former C.M.C. in India, Cranbourne and Hailey. Lord Lindlithgow did not take part in the discussion, for he has gone to the U.S.A. and Canada.

In Switzerland Now

The Aga Khan and his lovely Begum, an exquisite figure in black velvet and diamonds, are once again among the fashionable crowd upon the French Riviera, while Princess Andree Aga Khan and her fine upstanding son, Prince Saïrudin, have been winter-sporting in the Bernese Oberland. The Duchess of Roxburghe, who spent a season in India in the early days of the war, has also been winter-sporting. For skiing at Wengen she chose the fashionable light-coloured jacket and tight, dark trousers. Others displaying themselves in the snow have been Lt.-Col. Rudolph de Salis, ex and Royal Lanciers, and his wife, the guardians of the two young Jajpur princes. They took their walk to St. Moritz, where all four dotted skirts. Back in England, before they returned to throw for the Easter term, Prince Bhawani Singh and Prince Jai Singh accompanied Mrs. de Salis to a Canterbury wedding, where Rosemary, daughter of Sir John and Lady Preslie, married Sir Charles Ian Russell, Bt., step-son of Bugadler Pavle, O.B.E., M.C. After a reception at Bourne Park, the happy pair flew to Portugal.

Recent arrivals from India have been, by air, members of the National Cadet Committee of India, who are touring army, naval and air force camps; the and Carabiniers; and the Queen's Royal Regt. The trooper, "Highland Princess," that brought them, also brought Lt. Ernest Bead, of the R.A.O.C., who left India most regretfully. He joined up as a boy 19 years ago, and served with the Chindits.

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Taken after the christening at the Holy Trinity Church, Bramley, Surrey, England, of Jessamy, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Karshaw. Also in the picture are Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Dempster with their daughters, Margaret and Carolyn; Mrs. Eric Bain (godmother); Mr. Arthur (Cocky) Holmes (godfather) and Mrs. Holmes who have since arrived in India; and Mrs. Norah Wells, formerly in the W.A.C. (J) in Lahore.

Poona Prattle

By O. P. Donah

THIS month has seen a very quiet time in Poona. A number of our friends have gone away and others are in the process of doing so. Major-General Amott had a large farewell party at the C. W. I. dance, where I saw Lady Lockhart and her son, Neil, with his father, Audrey Beeson, Col. Alex Wainhouse, Major Bryden and Col. and Mrs. Craig from the A.M.T.C. Major-General and Mrs. O'Malley are staying in the C.W.I. He has just arrived to take over from Major-General Amott who is going to be very badly missed. Col. and Mrs. Ginnell have also left for the U. K., having been in Poona for a great number of years and made a large circle of friends.

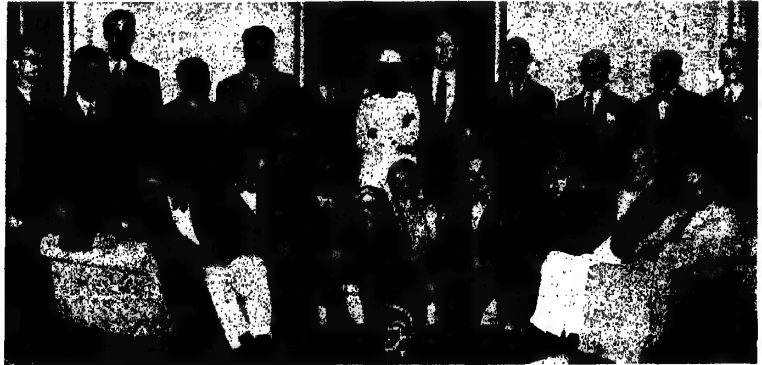
The cocktail dances at the C.W.I. are getting more popular than ever, owing to the time being changing. Allan and Bess Grant have certainly worked very hard to brighten up the Club. To be seen in various parties were Brigadier O'Neill, Jeanne Williamson, Major Hayes and his very attractive wife, Col. and Mrs. Smithwick with Sir William and Lady Jenkins, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Hamish Forsyth and Brigadier "Tiger" Smith with his vivacious wife, Margery. The Poona Club Swimming Pool is a very popular place, particularly during the week-ends. The lawn is usually studded with parties and it is the place where the younger generation come into their own. They have found a very pleasant way of spending Sunday afternoons. Lt.-Col. Steers had his small daughter, Jane, in the pool. Junta and Ingar Sampy were being encouraged to swim by Lt.-Col. "Ted" Wilson, who is leaving to go to Kowloon.

Among those enjoying tea on the grass were Jean Muires with Capt. Peter Needham from Sub Arca, Eddi Dawson and Lt.-Col. Kelly. We hear Jean Muires is busy rehearsing for another play which, rumour has it, is "Bye the Bye."

Doreta Kirk-Bryce has just been to Poona for a couple of days, and was kept very busy with her old friends, who all wished she had been staying longer, but she had to rejoin her husband, Lt. Col. Macgregor Kirk-Bryce, in Agia.

Amusing Dog Show

Miss Queenie Rice is to be congratulated on her organising of the S.P.C.A. Week, the first ever held in Poona. She had very little help and although we should have liked to have seen her hard work bring in better results, it all went off well, starting with three or



During a party given by Lady Mody to some of the retiring officials of the Royal Western India Turf Club, Bombay. From L. to R. (STANDING): Mr. Pahlvi, Mr. M. Dhalu, Mr. S. C. Clifton, Mr. F. D. Pahlvi, Mr. C. C. Gardiner, Major Nahi Khan, Mr. Trikamdas Dwarakadas, Mr. Hutson, Mr. Cole, Mr. R. H. Tucker, Mr. Sadeq-Z-Shah and Mr. Henderson; (SEATING): Sir H. P. Mody, Mr. A. A. Jaudenwulla, Sir Jamshedji Jeejeebhoy, Major C. C. Gulliland, Lady Mody, Sir Victor Sassoon, Mr. Keny, Mr. McCullum and Col. Jalal Shah.

four dogs going round the Poona Club, collecting with boxes on their backs. Mrs. Fales' dog, "Mr. Cocoa," collected the largest amount. Then there was the dog show, which was held on the Poona cricket ground and brought every size, colour and variety of dog imaginable and some quite unimaginable. The prize for the best all-round dog went to Mrs. O'Malley with one of the handsomest rough haired terriers. I have seen for a long time, Major Fane Gladwin won a very nice lead for his large black Labrador for being the tallest dog in the show. Mrs. Smithwick was helping her sister, Eddi Dawson, with her lovely spaniel pups which also won prizes. Some of the most unusual exhibits were Mrs. James' Tibetan lion dogs. They are most intriguing and a little like Sidney Skikies. Mrs. Parret presented the prizes.

The face of the Poona Club changes rapidly every week, as old friends go and new faces take their place. Lt.-Col. John Roberts, who has arrived from Delhi to take over from Lt.-Col. Edis-Myers, our Staff Surgeon, was thoroughly enjoying himself with a party of "medicos" from B.M.H.

Congratulations to Joan and Charles Barker on the birth of their daughter, Jenny.

Another visitor to Poona this month was Wuz Bucknall from Gurga, where he had returned to his coffee plantation from military service. His old friend, Lt.-Col. "Nick" Holmes, was just in time to have a party with him, before leaving for Quetta Staff College, where he hopes his wife will join him.

Gateway Gossip

(Continued from page 53)

hair-dos, blouses, brunettes and the grey-heads wore them equally well. Just for example, Kay Putney with her blonde curls, and Margaret Anderson with her stunning grey hair.

Dancing began at 9.30, and for those who wanted some other form of diversion, a variety of entertainment was offered. There was the fish pond (a re-creation of last year's success) the hop-li, the country store, the punch board, and, if, in stimulated moments, one thought one could still count, one could guess how many thousands of beans were in the jar! Well, it was worth it for a case of beer! One could take a chance on an adorable puppy, a gorgeous ariel, some heavenly French perfume, in fact, the prizes were many and beautiful and many people simply staggered out under loads of groceries and other prizes, for some of them were very substantial!

Indian dancers generously gave their beautiful dance numbers and were most enthusiastically applauded. I am sure everyone had a good time. Much of the credit goes to Audrey McElough, the Chairman, and among her many helpers were Selma Wade, the President, Hetty

Harrison, in charge of the programme "ads", Alice Palmer, in charge of tickets, and Harry and Muriel Rapetto in charge of games. Bill Van Dusen ran the bar, and as usual the National City Bank took care of the cash. All funds go to Indian charities, and I am told that the list is so long that no newspaper wants to use space to publish it. Last year as many as 67 institutions benefited. This year, in addition to all other donations, the Club has bought an iron lung, which is to be available to anyone who needs it in the vicinity of Bombay.

Farewell Parties

Peggy and "Dikker" Dixon recently gave a most enjoyable cocktail party to a large number of their friends. The occasion, they said, was "a sort of farewell to ourselves," as they were due to leave for England. Knowing their love of fun and parties, I would say it was a preliminary to a succession of farewells they gave and were given by their kind of friends. They will be sadly missed by both sporting and social circles and it is a happy thought that they will be returning to Bombay after leave.

Wearing a short black cocktail dress with a corsage of tuber roses, Peggy looked stunning; she has a happy knack of looking well in everything she wears.

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Diwan-Thakore

Mr. Vipinchandra Diwan, son of Jivants Diwan of Ahmedabad, and Nandini Devi, daughter of Mr. Dhirajlal K. Thakore, were married in Bombay.



A young couple who have arrived in Poona after their wedding at Bradford, England, are Mr. M. H. Mountain, son of the late Mr. H. G. Mountain of the Colonial Service and Mrs. Mountain of Nottingham, and Joyce Mary, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Stuart Hall of Bradford. Mr. Mountain is assistant to the D.I.C., Police, C.I.D., at Poona.



Nair-Nair

F.Lt. U. K. Nair, R.I.A.F. HQ. No. 1 (Indian) Group, and Gweri Devi, only daughter of Capt. F. V. S. Nair, District Medical Officer (ret'd.), and Mrs. Nair of Palghat, Malabar, were married at Palghat.



Curtis-Jayaratanam

After the wedding in Rewa, C.I., of Lt. Patrick W. Curtis, 1st Bn., the Madras Regt., and Johanna, eldest daughter of Mr. T. C. S. Jayaratanam, C.S.I., I.C.S., Prime Minister of Rewa State, and Mrs. Jayaratanam. From L. to R.: (STANDING) Shanti Nayudu, Muni Jayaratanam (bridesmaid), the bridegroom and the bride, Capt. W. S. Nene (bestman) and Saroj Nayudu; (SITTING) H. H. the Maharaja of Rewa and Mr. Jayaratanam; (IN FRONT) Sundhi and Richard, twin daughter and son of Mr. S. W. G. Forrester, I.C.S., and Mrs. Forrester.

Bangalore Lore

By "Elizabeth"

"SERVICES Week" has come and gone, providing the public of Bangalore with many thrilling events. The first of these was an aerobatic display at the Yelahanka airfield by the R.A.F. and R.I.A.F., the highlight of which was the exhibition of stunt flying by Sq.Ldr. Ranjan Dutt (said to be the youngest Indian in charge of a Squadron). The following day, Brig. Preston and officers of the Mysore State Troops were "at home" to a large number of guests, when the Mysore Landers gave their usual brilliant display. For the final day of the spectacular Military Tattoo at the Stadium, Brig. Marsland and officers of the Sub-Area had sent out a large number of invitations, and Col. Whitman and Major Mehta were in charge of the organisation.

Field-Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck's visit which had been timed for "Services Week" was unavoidably postponed, but H. E. was busy every moment of his stay in Bangalore. He arrived by air, accompanied by his Private Secretary, Col. Hamid, his A. D. C., Capt. Gurnid Singh of the Jaipur Forces, Col. Hoskot, V. S. Military Attache, Brig. Nathu Singh, Major Kapur and Capt. Puri, and he visited several training centres before driving to the Residency for lunch. The same afternoon he inspected the boys' Battalion of the Madras Sappers and Miners at Jalahalli, escorted by Major-Gien. Hasted and Brig. Steadman, and had tea with them.

Returning from there, the C-in-C. and staff visited two very popular centres served by W. V. S. workers, the Jaya Shala and the Corner House. At Jaya Shala, which is run for Indian Servicemen, he was met by G.D. Newton, Welfare Officer, and the able Secretary, Mrs. Mary Mathias, who introduced her hand of W. V. S. helpers, among whom were Mrs. Jayaratanam (the Collector's wife), Mrs. Kothawala and her four daughters, Mrs. Medappa, Mrs. Kavinatri, Mrs. Bhaskar, and Mrs. Rajanatham. At the Corner House, a very popular rendezvous for B.O.R.s, he was met by Lady Campbell and Lady Colam, who introduced a large number of W. V. S. workers.

A Full Programme

The following day, the C-in-C. spent in visiting different units in and around Bangalore. The Resident and Lady Campbell had a buffet dinner for over 50 guests that night, when H. E. presented the C. B. B. to Gen. Chambers (Area Commander, Madras) and the

O. B. U. in Brig. Gabb. Other guests included Gen. Sir Richard O'Connor (Adjutant-General), Sir T. and Lady Thimboob Chetty, Gen. Snelling from Poona, Major-Gien. Griver, Brig. and Mrs. Marsland, Col. Remy, Brig. and Mrs. Preston, Major-Gien. Liverpool, Col. Morton, Major Woodhouse, Brig. Hill, Major Murray, and Brig. Williams.

The third day was spent in visiting Military Hospitals and Resettlement centres, also the O. T. S. where he saw the cadets at their games, and the Army Selection Board (No. 35), where he was received by Brig. Nathu Singh, Director, and Col. Panappa, President of the Board. A few civilian officials of Mysore State, among whom were Sir G. C. Ghosh, Sir C. V. and Lady Raman and Mr. and Mrs. Mirza, were invited to meet the C-in-C., and stay on to tea at the Mess.

Quite the biggest wedding Bangalore has seen in recent years took place when Miss Premala Raju, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. A. Raju and granddaughter of Sir T. and Lady Thimboob Chetty, was married to Mr. Eubank Mathen of Madras and Travancore. St. Patrick's Cathedral was beautifully



Jennifer Susan, nine-months-old daughter of F.O. M.P.O. Blake, R.I.A.F., and Mrs. Blake of Bangalore.

decorated with arum lilies and was filled to capacity. The bride, who was given away by her grandfather, made an enchanting picture in a sari of white peepet, exquisitely embroidered in large silver lotus flowers. The tulle veil, which formed a train, was held

in place by a small coronet of diamonds, and her jewellery included a beautiful diamond necklace, the gift of the bride groom's parents.

Wonderful Wedding Cake

The four bridesmaids, Miss Sarah Mathen (sister of the groom) and Komala, Nirmala and Sustila Raju (sisters of the bride), were dainty figures in their saris of sheer white gauze, each wearing a different coloured choli of green, gold, purple and red brocade, the colour scheme of which was picked out from the embroidered motifs on the saris. Young Premnath, son of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Thimboob Chetty, made a charming little page in a gold brocade coat. Mr. George Mathen was bestman. The Very Rev. Father Vampene officiated in the ceremony.

The reception was held at Ballabale, the lovely residence of Sir T. and Lady Thimboob Chetty, where a thousand guests assembled on the lawns. The magnificent five-tiered wedding cake, designed in the shape of lily flowers, was displayed under a canopy of electric lights. Sir T. and Lady Thimboob Chetty and Mr. and Mrs. Raju, the latter wearing a sari of pale green and gold, received their guests, among whom were the Rajas of Sandur, Lady Campbell

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Officers and Y.C.O.s of 86 Coy., R.I.A.S.C. (Tipper), now at Fyzabad, who have been on active service in Assam and Burma for nearly four years. From L. to R.: (STANDING) Jem. Roshan Din (Q.M.), Lt. E. S. Powar, Jem. M. Guikwade, Lt. V. S. Nudgavade, Jem. K. Amir Jan and Lt. S. D. Luthra; (SITTING) C. H. M. D. Narayana, Lt. A. Rehman, Jem. K. Viswanathan Nair (Ind. Adj.), Major Durshan Singh (O.C.), Sub. Mohd. Ibrahim, Capt. R. S. Ring and Jem. R. Raja Mantri.

About Films Of The Month

Brickbats And Bouquets

By "Candida"

VERY, very seldom have I the pleasure of reviewing a film that has Everything. But, this is my verdict on "Night and Day," which passes the two-hour entertainment boundary, and yet is absorbing to the final fade-out kiss.

Whether it be the accurate life story of the brilliant American song-writer, Cole Porter, or a much-embroidered screen script, it makes first-class film material, and could never have been so laudious or rich had it not been filmed in Technicolor.

Fortunately, Cole Porter was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and so his true life story has a wealthy and expansive background, beginning with his early years at Yale. Here, he picks up with Professor Monty Woolley, who has a preference for community songs on the Campus rather than for his law classes.

And now we get back to the film. Cole Porter (played by Cary Grant) and Monty Woolley, played by himself, team up to produce theatrical shows, for which Cole writes the music, and Monty raises the capital.

And that is the foundation on which is built a repertoire of Cole Porter's most famous music; hundreds of beautiful show girls; the cynical wit of Monty Woolley; the hippy song numbers of Jane Wynn, Mary Martin, Ginny Simms and Carlos Ramirez; the love interest of Alexis Smith, and the merry-go-round of theatrical production.

Those Nostalgic Tunes

You will come away from this film with the memory of Woolley trying to sell a hard-headed theatrical agent Cole Porter's newest composition; his rendition of "Madam, Miss Otis Regrets," addressed to the sour, middle-aged secretary, is something out of this world.

You will love Ginny Simms putting across "You're the Tops," Mary Martin, playing herself in this film, giving us her smash-hit number, "My Heart Belongs to Daddy," and Cary Grant giving birth in the film to the famous "Night and Day" while conducting from a war wound in a hospital in France.

Famous show people weave in and out of the picture—all of whom were associated with Cole Porter in his brilliant career. You see Charles B. Cochran in London, and Max Fleischer in New York. The whole film is so merry and real, with the actual stars talking

about their actual background of training, and their future plans, and Monty Woolley saying that he has got his first part in Hollywood as "The Man Who Came to Dinner."

A jarring note creeps in, however, when Alexis Smith, who loves Cary Grant devotedly and tries to finance his productions (she later marries him), purrs: "I guess Mr. Shakespeare's record was often in a tight spot, and Mrs. Shakespeare's record helped him out." As the Russians say, "It is to laugh!"

The Singing Fool

There are many who argue that no film should be made of a famous man, or woman, until that personality is dead.



Lynn Bari, who recently appeared in India as the charming mother of three problem children in "Home Sweet Homicide," is now co-starring with George Raft in RKO Radio's new murder-mystery drama, "Nocturne."

I can see no point in this argument myself, but even while audiences in India are enjoying the "Night and Day" film of Cole Porter's life, and "The Jolson Story" of Am Yoselev, many consider it all wrong that these pictures should have been made now. But, surely it is better to have the wise counsel of the famous man himself on the making of the picture than to conjecture inaccurately years after his death?



It seems that Humphrey Bogart has now dropped his horror parts, and is playing "straight." Here he is, in a scene from Columbia's new picture, packed with suspense—"Dead Reckoning," with smoldering Elizabeth Scott as his dinner companion.

Idealism aside, Al Jolson, I believe, netted himself 1,000,000 dollars for advising on "The Jolson Story" and providing the sound track of all of his well-loved songs. And, why shouldn't a man benefit by such largesse during his life, anyway?

Strangely enough, both the life stories of Cole Porter and Al Jolson followed each other in picture houses in India, and give audiences a Technicolor treat of familiar music and lavish stage production.

But, for sheer acting ability the palm goes to Larry Parks, an almost unknown American film player, who impersonates the adult Al Jolson in gesture, character and expression, with uncanny powers of understanding.

The rolling eyes, rooibie mouth, wide, all-embracing gestures of the arms, the drooping-to-the-knees that Al Jolson affected to put over his Mammy songs and his heart-wrenching sentiment—they are all there in Larry Parks' interpretation. It is very hard to believe that is not Parks' voice, but Jolson's.

Success Story

The film opens with Am Yoselev, aged 12 (Scotty Beckett plays this part, and, incidentally, bears a strong resemblance to Larry Parks), attending his first vaudeville show in America. When the red-nosed cellist on the stage (William Demarest) calls for community singing, the young Yoselev jumps to his feet, and galvanizes the audience with the beauty of his voice.

That starts the association between the cellist and the boy singer, as a dual act, which sweeps Al Jolson into the greatest success any American entertainer had then known. And the picture leads up to the introduction of talkies, when, of course, Jolson made his sensational "Jazz Singer."

A prominent part in his life is played by his parents, Kantor and Mrs. Yoselev (Ludwig Donath and Tammara Sheyne give an enchanting performance in the art of growing old gracefully), and by his wife (do you remember when Al Jolson married Ruby Keeler, the dancer?), a part taken on by Evelyn Keyes, who is so much the wifely door-mat that she wrecks her own life.

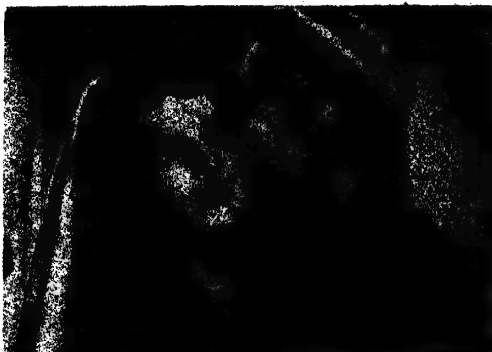
Into the story is woven the familiar Jolson tunes, "April Showers," "California, Here I Come," "Mammy" and many more that made this sentimental times world-famous.

Today Al Jolson is middle-aged and out of pictures, but this memorial musical to his great talents might well be an object lesson to all film producers. The moral is, Truth is stranger than Fiction—especially when applied to the story of a musical.

Family Likeness

In another film shown recently the causing director used unusual perception in "matching" his characters to form members of the same family. Those of you who saw "The Strange Loves of Martha Ivers" will have remarked

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Teamed together in new films shortly to be shown in India: (Left) Van Johnson and Pat Kirkwood (the British musical comedy actors now in Hollywood, and in M.G.M.'s new musical, "The Law, No Law...") (Center) Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., returns to his swashbuckling ways in RKO Radio's new Technicolor film, "Blood and the Roses," and here wows the attractive Maureen O'Hara; (right) Smooth Robert Taylor tells the old, old tale to Katharine Hepburn in M.G.M.'s gripping new picture, "Undercurrents."

(Continued from page 10)

the strong resemblance between the two actresses, who played the youthful Martha Ives, and Barbara Stanwyck, who played her adult influence as the adult Martha Ives. And what is most remarkable, the villainess (Judith Anderson), who was modeled by her down-trodden niece, also bore the family likeness, the close-set eyes and thin mouth of Barbara Stanwyck, the carriage of the head, and even the walk.

Although Barbara Stanwyck is no great favorite of mine, I liked her performance in "The Strange Loves of Martha Ives." She vocalized her hard, sadistic role throughout, earning her credit with cool, business-like and fierce.

Van Heflin was the pivot on which this strange, psychological story revolved, but it was Kist Douglas, a film newcomer, taken from the American stage, who caught and held the eye. His first film role was unfortunate—the weak, drunken, frightened of a husband, but his screen charm is unmistakable. I shall await with pleasure his attractive voice, his deep chest and well-lined appearance in some part that will do him justice.

Elizabeth Scott, too, is a newcomer with a future. Although she has one of the ugliest mouths on the screen, she manages to get so much expression into her gay eyes and her characteristic face that one waits for her re-appearance. If you missed her in this film, you'll be seeing her soon, with Humphrey Bogart, in Columbia's "Dead Reckoning."

A Breezy Film

Much the same cast who decorated "Raging Beauty" gambol through MGM's Technicolor, "Easy to Wed," in a crazy jumble of a newspaper libel suit, a bride "stood up" at the altar, an irresistible young man and his wrooding of the only daughter of a penniless millionaire, Mexican fiestas and comic-opera duck shooting.

I needn't ask you to put names to these characters, but in case you couldn't guess, Van Johnson—all baby blondests and hair—in the hero, Lucille Ball, fantastically and vivaciously dressed, plays the jilted bride, Esther Williams, the millionaire's daughter (why, oh why didn't she swim instead of poisoning?), Cecil Kellaway is the doctor, millionaire, and that wretched-fingered Rebel Smith draws magic from a Hammond organ during the Mexican fiesta.

The clothes in this film are heaven. One would expect such a magnificent wardrobe from millionaires. Esther Williams, but when Lucille Ball ("all my life I've been pushed around") plays the off-duty culture dancer in a succession of thousand-dollar cautions,



George Sanders, as Bel Ami, the heart-breaker, in the United Artists' film version of Guy de Maupassant's classic with five of his favorites in "The Private Affairs of Bel Ami." The lovely girls are Susan Douglas, Maive Wilson, Angela Lansbury, Ann Dvorak and Frances Lee

you are left guessing, but nevertheless delighted by their beauty.

"Easy to Wed" is easy on the eye and the mind, and can be recommended for the frisky, impossible, nonsense entertainment that it is.

Three Little Smarmies

All the world hates precocious children—whether in real life or on the screen, but when they know they are being little brats and give all they've got, then as the moment to laugh. And laugh we all have recently at that amazing trio—Peggy Ann Garner, Don Stockwell and Connie Marshall—who made the film "Home Sweet Home" one of the riots of the film month.

The night I attended, the audience clapped and applauded their antics during the showing, which was something for an entertainment outdoor scene.

These three problem children run an American household, in which their widowed mother, Lynn Bari, runs the house by charming out children. To their delight, a murder is committed in the neighborhood, and they are material witnesses. How this fact feeds their precocity is the theme of the picture.

Don Stockwell is "Maddog," the talk to Randolph Scott, as the police

detective to Lynn Bari, the proud mother and the inimitable James Gleason now much aged, but as rough and funny as ever.

"Temptation" shows us Marie Oberon in Cairo, plotting to poison her nice, dull husband, George Brent, because she has fallen for a smooth line of the age-old patter from the local Romeo. In the end she poisons her lover instead of her husband, which proves, yet again, how unpredictable women can be.

This is an old fashioned melodrama, as sturdy as "Home Sweet Home" is fresh and modern. Personally I could resist this "Temptation" with ease.

Taking No Chances

The height of meticulous authenticity was reached the other day in Hollywood, in the making of the film "The Private Affairs of Bel Ami," which is featured in the large photograph above. An entire 66-page newspaper was printed for this picture just in case there might be some person in the world with keen enough vision to read fine print in a long shot.

A good deal of the action in the United Artists film takes place in and around a Paris newspaper office in the year 1880, with George Sanders playing a journalist. Naturally, French newspapers had to be

printed for use in the picture, but the usual practice would be to make up a front page, and fill in the rest of the paper with anything already set in type.

But that sort of haphazard practice would not suffice the director, Albert Lewin, who ordered his French technical adviser to make a research into 16 pages of news of the 1880 period and set up the entire thing in full newspaper form. Lewin's reason for this extreme measure was that Angela Lansbury Ann Dvorak and other principals in the cast of the picture were in several of the scenes a great deal of it in the background. But, he feared that there might be some sharp-eyed person who could spot an anachronism in the paper at that distance, and write the director a glowing letter.

Which reminds me that when I viewed the set of that wonderful picture, "Great Expectations," (recently in England with universal praise by one and all) I noticed the amazing detail put into the background of Dickens story era. To obtain the effect of a grand but disused and decayed ballroom, special "prop" chairs had been built in the studio, of plain hemlock, painted to represent old tapestry, and then treated with an acid to eat away bits of the fabric. Rubber chrome had been sprayed on the furniture with remarkable effect.

James Van, a newcomer to the screen, with a leading role in "The Private Affairs of Bel Ami," is played by this Oscar nominee.

Considering an end play, the declarer must ponder the chances of forcing a situation which will bring about the desired result.

Usually this means forcing a player into the lead at a time when any card led by him will be advantageous to the declarer. An excellent example is contained in the following hand, played at Five Clubs by a resourceful Sam.

Bridge Corner

A Clever Throw In Play

By "Horatio"

S AK 7 2		DUMMY		S K J 3	
H 10 9		H A		H Q 7 2 4	
D A 5 3		D A		D 8 7 3	
C A J 9 7		C A		C 6	
S 8 7 6		DUMMY		S K J 3	
H A C U A 1		H A		H Q 7 2 4	
D K J 9		D A		D 8 7 3	
C 4		C A		C 6	
S 10 4		DUMMY		S K J 3	
H 10 6 4		H A		H Q 7 2 4	
C K 10 6 4 2		C A		C 6	

When dummy goes down, Sam soon realises that to get his contract he must lose only one Diamond. Jill had bid Hearts, so that it was more than likely that she held the King of Diamonds and that decided Sam not to try a reverse finesse by underleading the Ace of Diamonds. This is how he planned his play and made his bid. Winning the second round of Hearts by ruffing, he led a Spade, made dummy's two tops and led a third for a high ruff in his own hand. A rump lead to dummy's Ace permitted another Spade ruff and now a

small trump was led to dummy's knave. Now a Diamond was led and Jack's eight covered by the ten. Jill won. But now, if she leads a Heart Sam discards dummy's losing Diamond and if she leads a Diamond away from the King, Sam wins and dummy takes the rest.

"Onlooker" Problem

In order to make his bid Sam must make six of the seven remaining tricks, with the lead in dummy and Diamonds trumps.

S A 1		DUMMY		S K J 3	
H 10 9		H A		H Q 7 2 4	
D A 5 3		D A		D 8 7 3	
C A J 9 7		C A		C 6	
S 8 7 6		DUMMY		S K J 3	
H A C U A 1		H A		H Q 7 2 4	
D K J 9		D A		D 8 7 3	
C 4		C A		C 6	
S 10 4		DUMMY		S K J 3	
H 10 6 4		H A		H Q 7 2 4	
C K 10 6 4 2		C A		C 6	

(Solution on page 76)

A Lesson In Bridge

'Twas a small nocturnal station
Very quiet and remote.
There were only four officials—
No one else of any note.

Three had recently been posted
To that dull haunted spot.
Necessity to do, no recreation,
Nothing to improve their lot.

Said the fourth: "I've been here
Twelve months
And the place is just a blight.
If it's mine you would be leaving,
We must make a 'four' each night."

"Though at many games we've muffed,
Bridge is one we've never played,"
He replied the new arrivals,
But the fourth was not dismayed.

"I will teach you—it's quite simple,
And we'll start this very day.
Come and dine with me this evening
And I'll show you how to play."

In due course the guests assembled,
Found the bungalow brightly lit
And much liquid entertainment
By the brothers Gin and Bit.

After quite a lengthy prologue
Host and guests sat down to dine
At a hospitable table,
Laden with good food and wine.

Through the meal the host dilated
On the way to bid and play.
'Twas before the days of "Contract,"
Simple "Auction" was his key.

"If your hand is full of pictures,
You can bid 'No Trumps,'" he said.
"If you've one or two suits missing,
Bid your strongest suit instead."

So they listened, talked, and questioned
While the good old port went round
More than once—it may be mentioned,
More than twice—as will be found.

"Now you've got the general outline,"
Said the host, "I think I've done.
Just another glass of wine, boys,
And we'll have a trial run."

Then he searched in a cupboard
And a pack at length revealed.
'Twas no need to draw for partners—
Player on my left hand dealt."

So he cut and, after dealing,
Dealer sorted out his hand.
He found it full of pictures
And "No Trumps," he said, "that's grand."

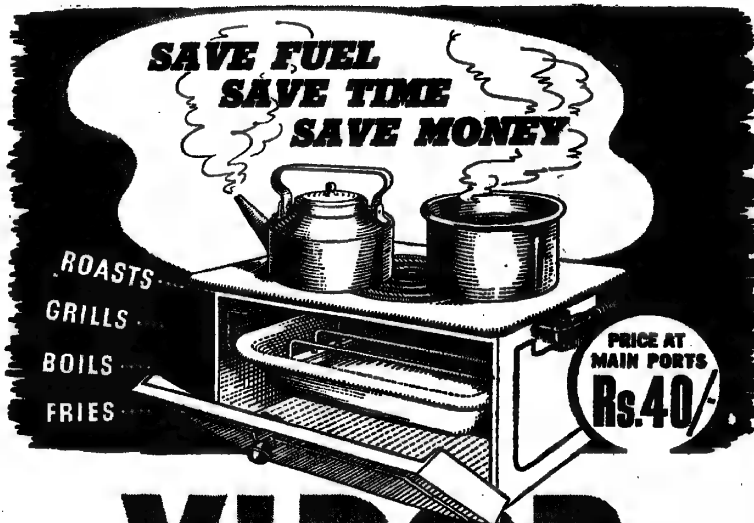
On his left the player marvelled
Over a hand like coloured glass.
But the port had made him sleepy
And he thought he'd better pass.

Dealer's partner was in raptures—
So was full of pictures too.
But no need for him to utter,
So he passed without ado.

Fourth in hand, the host was puzzled—
Dealer couldn't have a third.
He himself held eleven pictures,
Still—he'd let him have his King.

"You've to lead," he told his partner.
Dealer, would you like to take a
Little water on the card led?
It was Mr. Don, the Baker.

"Look"



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Record Albums

Disc Discussion

By "Walt"

CHAMBER music is considered by most people as high-brow and boring. I cannot agree with this verdict but I admit that the approach to some of it may be difficult. Actually this form of music-making is the most intimate and its literature contains some of the greatest compositions.

I still remember with great pleasure how we tried in my school days to plough through many of the quartets and trios of Haydn, Brahms, Schubert and Mozart and how I owe much of my musical education to those days. We never dared to approach the works of Beethoven but I cannot think of a better way to convert some of the anti-chamber music people than to play to them Beethoven's Quartet in E minor Op. 18 No. 4 (H.M.V. DB 8819-61) superbly rendered by the Budapest String Quartet.

Because of the character of the main theme and the whole atmosphere of the first movement this work has been called the "compliment" quartet and it is so much easier to remember it by this name

than by the opus number which one is apt to confuse anyhow.

The character of the whole work is one of careless gaiety not generally associated with the name of the "giant" amongst composers. I am certain that most music-lovers will enjoy this delightful work on first hearing.

A Cycle Of Songs

We have had very few recordings which give the illusion of an actual concert performance. But I did have this illusion on first hearing the recent recording of Elgar's "Sea Pictures," Op. 37, sung by Gladys Ripley with the Philharmonia Orchestra under George Weldon (H.M.V. C 7658-49).

It is a cycle of five songs written by Elgar in the same year as the famous "Enigma" Variations and they were first performed in 1899 by the famous singer, Clara Butt. Elgar makes clever use of his skill in orchestration to convey the various moods of the sea. The poems are taken from various sources



Hepzibah Menahin, the brilliant concert pianist, with her sculptured bust by Mrs. Tina Wentscher, a German-born sculptress who is in Australia. Hepzibah (in private life Mrs. Lindsay Nicholas, whose husband is an Australian sheep rancher) is now in the United States on a three-month visit giving recitals with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra and with her famous brother, Yehudi Menahin. It is over seven years since Yehudi and Hepzibah have appeared on the concert platform together. Mrs. Nicholas' two small sons have accompanied her in America.

and "Where Corals Lie" has always been the most popular song of the cycle. One rarely has the opportunity to hear the whole cycle and Gladys Ripley is one of those rare contraltos who have a lovely voice with surprisingly clear diction and none of the faults usually associated with this type of voice. One misses a little the richness of tone of other great contraltos but, to my mind, this is fully compensated by her catching the mood of each song perfectly.

Of all the Beethoven Piano Concertos I like the No. 4 in G major Op. 18 best. I, therefore, welcome the new recording by Artur Schnabel with the Philhar-

better player of this concerto but I would not wish for a different interpretation which seems so "right" to me.

Improvising Ideas

The three latest Beethoven concertos (Violin Concerto in D, Piano Concertos Nos. 4 and 5: The Emperor) leave the old type of solo concerto (where the orchestra more or less supplies the background to the solo instrument) far behind and approach the symphonic composition for orchestra and solo instrument. In all three cases the use of improvising ideas is noticeable, especially in the sorrowful E-minor Andante of the G major concerto where the dialogue between the strings and the piano produces a contrast of touching depth. But over the whole work lies a suppressed serenity and the meditative and lyrically reflective element outweighs the occasional more forceful expressions.


Jazz

Wingie Manone was a celebrity long before jazz became swing and neither "I Ain't Got Nobody" nor "Boogie Woogie" (H.M.V. B 9493) are really what one would call "classic jazz." But both numbers are well worth while having, and Manone's singing and trumpet playing are most enjoyable. In his trumpet playing you will not find the extravagant high notes and technical fireworks of the more modern jazz celebrities but what he gives us is good and danceable rhythm. There is a very pleasant humorous atmosphere in all his recordings.

Benny Goodman and his Orchestra and especially the quality of his clarinet playing are too well known to require any special comments. "Clarinet" (Parlophone DPL 139) is an attractive and very funny composition in the nature of a concert solo for clarinet in jazz style. The playing of the orchestra is as good as ever and special mention should be made of the piano playing and the brass section.

"Laughing on the Outside, Crying on the Inside" has already been recorded several times. Now Dinah Shore has given us another vocal version (Columbia DB 30281). She is accompanied by an orchestra conducted by Benny Burke and the success of the record may be attributed to the clever setting and excellent accompaniment combined with her personal gifts as an outstanding singer. The reverse, "Shoo Fly Pie and Apple Pan Downy," gives us an attractive tune with good assistance from the orchestra.

monia Orchestra under Issay Dobrowren (H.M.V. DB 9034-5). The old version available was also played by this veteran Beethoven pianist, but technically the records were far from being perfect. This new recording is the first one made by Schnabel in England since pre-war days and it proves that great advances have been made meanwhile in the technique of recording. Schnabel gives a wonderful performance, no mean feat at his age. I could imagine a technically




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From The Editor's Bookshelf

Saga Of A Publishing Magnate

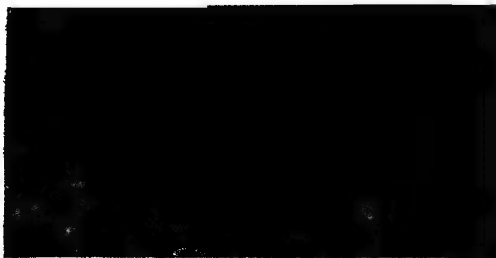
THE READER is a curious child who asks a question in every adult that lives a secret whether it be in the form of a story or the truth of which we are all sure. If a great reader of public life, it is only when I read the words of the Dunckerley family (Wm. C. Dunckerley, 1812) and realized that it was a noble work of art, I dashed away to find the family which in 1812 is all the widely printed characters of the Manchester press.

It is only you will have read the Hand Facts by the beginning of a dark night in 1812 with the first

drive and tenacity of the Dunckerley family and their friends founding the penny journal called Hand Facts.

While this book tells of the rise of the journal, and all the characters associated with its beginning, Dunckerley's has its setting mainly in London where the ever-widening printing press (Daniel Dunckerley has been knighted) and now a man of affairs with fine business premises a large house in Manchester Square and a beautiful country home in Somerset.

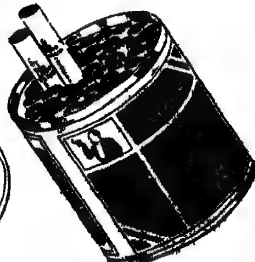
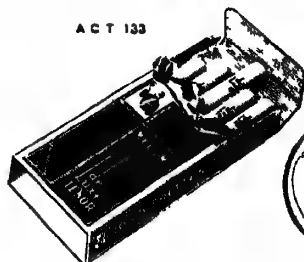
Dunckerley's is in itself a complete novel its interest built up through the family and close friends who start out



Howard Spring a reading public may be surprised at the passionate appearance of the author, who writes with such deep insight into human nature and its weaknesses. Spring a new novel, 'Dunckerley's', is reviewed on this page.

I like my *Tenors..*

ACT 133



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the printing and publishing magnate. There is Sir Daniel Dunckerley himself, the pivot on which moves the lives of his tragic editor, Alec Dillworth, and his sons, Brian, the happy-go-lucky builder of Sir Daniel and Lady Dunckerley, Laurie and David, the grizzled Theodore Crystal, Dunckerley's niece, Grace Sutherland, the brilliant young writer, Sheila Lewson, married to a man and several other equally picturesque named people who weave in and out of the story.

The great strength of this book is the manner in which Howard Spring treats his self-made characters—men and women with poverty-stricken backgrounds, and even jail-bird parents, who through sheer superiority of brain and driving force, reach the very top in their professions as writers, publishers and efficient personal secretaries. The author draws a picture of their backgrounds with warm and living perception and is actually more at home when describing these humble beginnings than their own careers.

As with most self-made people the family ghosts rise from their shoddy backgrounds at times to mar the success of their relatives. In "Dunckerley's" we find the drunken worthless father of brilliant Alec Dillworth emerging from his Manchester slum and tragically wrecking the life and happiness of his son, who has found his true center in London. Financially enough, Alec's sister Brian, who emerged such a wrecked life in "Hand Facts" in this new book finds her own happiness.

All Howard Spring's readers will wait impatiently for the third and last novel in the trilogy, when we can follow the lives of the Dunckerleys and their circle of relatives and friends whom we have known through the first two books from their childhood and into man's estate. We will want to live with them their successes their happiness, their deaths, loves and tragedies, until the close of their story.

Specialized on Edition

With a touching dedication to his daughter whose gentle and sincere devotion to her father inspired me to write these few pages. His Highness the Duke of Devonshire, K.C.S.I., K.C.V.O., has published "Eastern Light of Eastern Colours" (Theatrical, Spink and Co., Ltd., Calcutta Universal Edition No. 1, Library Edition No. 7-8).

In his preface the author states that the object of his book is to "give the reader an idea of the world of the House of Commons in particular and the House of Commons in general." This we find the subjects ranging from the transmigration of souls in the language of machinery in caricatures in India from the worship of the cow, and its wide range in life to the cattle system.

Throughout the book the Duke of Devonshire proves himself to be a man of liberal views and wide vision, and his knowledge of the spiritual and political aspects of his religion will have a wide appeal, not only for English readers, but for the Westerner, also, who was unacquainted with the background of the Hindu religion.

The Elephant

Teacher: "Now then, Johnny, can you tell me what an elephant is?"

Johnny: "An elephant is a large animal with big ears and is mostly used for heavy work."

Teacher: "Quite right. And now, can you tell me what an emu is?"

Johnny: "Yes. It's a large Australian bird and is mostly used for—*for* crossword puzzles!"

And This A Tale:

Daughter: "What exactly are 'marriage lines'?"

Mother: "The wrinkles on your mother's face, dear."

Well Put!

1st Bore: "You know what a keen golfer Smuthers is?"

and Bore: "Yes?"

1st Bore: "Well, when he was told his wife had presented him with quads he startled the hospital staff by shouting 'Fore!' 'Fore!'"

Windy?

Counsel (in breach of promise action): "What did the defendant promise you?"

Blonde: "The moon, the sky, and the stars."

Counsel: "And what did you get?"

Blonde: "The air!"

Warning:

Never describe a woman to her face as a decided blonde. She may have only decided that morning!



"No, no, Chowkdar—I said, 'Sab maro, not 'Sahib maro'!"

Not So Dumb!

"Generally speaking."

Said papa,

"Women are

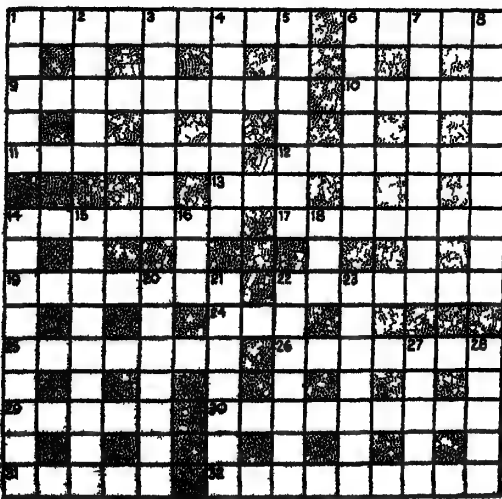
"Generally speaking!"

Not For Sale!

Customer: "I'd like to buy those nylon stockings in the window."

Assistant: "Sorry. If they're in the window we haven't got any."

"Onlooker" Crossword



(Solution on page 75)

Colonel's Mem

(with apologies to "Bally Boy")

Oh can ye shin a hare,
Col's Mem, Col's Mem,
Oh can ye shin a hare,
Colonel's Memus?
Surely I can shin a hare,
With my nose well in the air,
She's a tough one, the good old Colonel's Memus.

Oh can ye gut a cod,
Col's Mem, Col's Mem,
Oh can ye gut a cod,
Colonel's Memus?
Surely I can gut a cod
Yes, and catch it too, washed
Faith, ye can't best the good old Colonel's Memus.

Oh can ye polish brass,
Col's Mem, Col's Mem,
Oh can ye polish brass,
Colonel's Memus?
Surely I can polish brass,
I'm not really such an ass
But, the old man will darn well wash
the dishes!

"Augusta"

Out Of Tune:

Blonde: "I adore singing. In fact I'm never happy unless I'm breaking into song."

Brunette: "Well if you had the right key my dear you wouldn't have to break in!"

Courtesy:

I hardly ever speak to my wife these days.

Oh why's that?
I don't like to interrupt her."

Unpopular:

The backer of a new revue who visited the chorus in their dressing room said: "Well, good luck, girls—and keep your chins up."

Squashed:

Tell a woman who thinks a lot of herself that she has a ladder in her stocking and she'll at once climb down.

CLUES DOWN

1. Scoops out (5)
2. Small wood (5)
3. Mischievous children (7)
4. State of being cold (7)
5. Lumps of metal (7)
6. Dog (7)
7. Charge sheet (5, 4)
8. Watchfulness (9)
9. Science (9)
10. Emigrants (9)
11. Bird (3)
12. Dry (3)
13. Carried too far (7)
14. Physician's fee (7)
15. Injured (7)
16. Have a hearty appetite (5, 4)
17. Overlooked (8)
18. Vases containing metallic ore (8)

CLUES ACROSS

1. Religious utterance (9)
2. Collier (6)
3. Spinning (7)
4. Endless (9)
5. Bureaucrat (7)
6. Obvious (7)
7. Hostile (5)
8. Cassiope (7)
9. An ordinary in the form of a St. Andrew's cross (7)
10. Synagogue (7)
11. Graduate (7)
12. New (5)
13. Black slits of twisted paper (7)
14. Punctuated (9)
15. Night-clothes (9)
16. Chopped up (7)
17. Whiffles (5)
18. Pious-looking spiritual vehicle (9)

Looking At Britain

(Continued from page 57)

Rings On Their Fingers

War-time romances continue to bear fruit, and a pretty wedding lately was between P. H. R. McConnell and Miss Marjorie Turner, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Turner of Rhyll. The young couple met when she was with the W.A.A.F. in Ceylon. St. Michael's, Chester Square, was chosen by Audrey Mary Travers for her wedding to Major Chandos Blair, fourth Highlanders, son of Brigadier-General and Mrs. Blair of Drumclint, Naim. St.

Michael's is a charming church, a perfect setting for this most picturesque wedding. The bridegroom wore a kilt, and a regimental piper was in attendance. The bride wore a pretty square-necked dress with a string of pearls, and carried a graceful shower bouquet.

Dr. Sheila Woodroffe Anderson, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. W. Anderson of Glyn Cornel, Ogmore Vale, Glamorgan, made another lovely bride when she married Major Eric Stretton, 4th Gurkhas, son of Major and Mrs. S. G.



Princess Indira of Kapurthala, one of the most popular broadcasters in the B.B.C. Eastern Service, London. She is heard by listeners in India when she gives a resume in English of the proceedings in Parliament, under the title "The Debate Continues."

Stretton, of Wigston Fields, Leicester. She wore a brocade with a heart-shaped neck, gathered bodice and leg o'mutton sleeves, and carried lilies. Interesting engagements include that between Phoebe Harrett, who saw war service as a member of the W.A.A.F., and Major Michael Forbes, K.O.S.B. Miss Harrett is the daughter of the late Col. C. C. J. Barrett, C.S.I.

In Brief

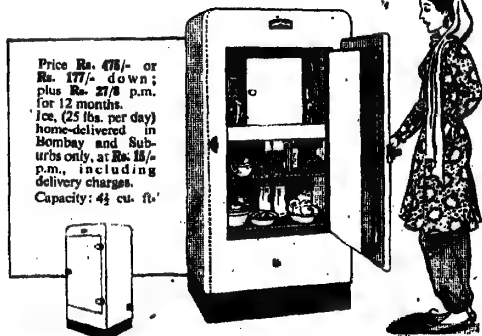
Lt.-Gen. Sir Philip Christison has been appointed Governor of Edinburgh Castle. Frank Owen has published for the Supreme Allied Commander, SEAC,

a collection of cartoons and jingles by men of Burma, called "Laugh with SLAC"; Sir Henry Sharp, C.S.I., C.I.E., has written "Goodbye, India," a narrative of fast-disappearing life in India; James Denny, well known in Delhi musical circles, has been conducting the B.B.C. Midland Chorus; Sir Lancelot Graham is serving on the Imperial Studies Committee of the Royal Empire Society; Mr. H. G. Rawlinson, in Queen's Gate Terrace, has entered the lists about the proposed transference of India Office Records to India; ■

(Continued on page 57)

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Looking At Britain

(Continued from page 66)

naval circles M. P. Avari and M. N. Mulla of the R.I.N. have both passed in the executive exam. at the Royal Naval Engineering College, Devonport, while P. J. Rugg, also of the R.I.N., passed in the engineering division.

Hector Steward (Dulhi) has presented a series of B.B.C. record programmes; Irfat Kalla has been singing "Eim in 'Lohngin," the Countess in "Figaro," and Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing" at the Royal College of Music; Sir Philip Joubert gave a lecture to the Royal Empire Society on "Air Defence of the Empire," with Lord Somersgate in the chair; the I.C.B. Naquis are living in a flat in Westminster with their three children. Mr. Naqui is attending the Imperial Defence College. Their two little girls are to join a well-known day school; Lt.-Col. E. J. Fulton, ex-Indian Cavalry, is at the White City; Alan Hunter, who was with the "Onion" and then in the Indian Cavalry, became a civilian again, decided he didn't like it, and has rejoined

the Army, this time the R.A.S.C. and is an instructor at Aldershot; the George Sawdays have bought a house at Sagsundham, but cannot move in until alterations have been effected; Alan Smyth, K.O.S.B., has returned in England on transfer to the Home Establishment. He is engaged to a Leicester lass.

Settled In England

Roger Falk has gone on a business trip to America; General Nigel Wilton leaves with the W.V.S. to show foreign visitors over the Houses of Parliament; the Sotiriadis are in England, and Leeds, very chic the last time I saw her wearing black with an ultra-plus handbag and a green "father-brush" on her hat, is chaperoning an attractive niece. They had been staying in Birmihire with the Nigels-Turners. The Tom Gladstones are living in Sussex, while daughter Jill "finches" in Switzerland; the Admiral Godfrey lives in Kensington; Peter Coats is back in Belgravia from foreign parts; Major "Billy" Henderson lives in Westminster; A.V.M. and Mrs. "Freddie" Guest preside at an R.A.F. stronghold; Lady Godfrey Coates has been in London, also Mrs. Thorne, who works for the W.V.S.; Mrs. Ralph Sennos is now living in London, having

sampled the country; the Lewis Pughs are at Larkhill, where he is stationed; Sir Tom and Lady Hurran have also been in London, as has Sir Frederick James. Mr. Derek Schreiber is back in the city; General "Bob" Mansergh returned from India, was a rental agent in Australia, a few weeks ago; ditto General Festing, who lives in London during the week, visiting his family in the north at week-ends. H. H. the Clockwork of Baroda, ever keen about his racing activities, plans to turn his new 40-acre estate in County Kildare, at present devoted to agriculture, into his main stay.

Peter Neil, whose father was in the Indian Army, is making a name for himself on the West End stage. Peter, born in India, educated in England, and in Germany, where he studied for the stage, joined the R.A.F. Through a letter from David Niven, who served with his regiment in the United Provinces in the Thirties, Peter was given the Robert Fleming part in "The Guinea Pig," which has just passed its first anniversary at the Criterion Theatre.

Birthdays And Birth Days

"Birthdays Boys" this month have included Lt.-Gen. Sir Clarence Bird and Lt.-Gen. Sir Edwin Atkinson, both Sappers, Sir Clutha Mackenzie, Sir Ivanhoe Jeejeebhoy and Sir John Nicholson. A recent little birthday girl was Lord Wavell's grand-daughter, Diana, now aged three. She looks sweet, very like her mother, and wears her hair in a long bob, caught with a ribbon on top. Among those who have yet to experience what a birthday is like are a baby son born to the wife of Stuart Abbott, I.C.S., at Sharphorne; and to the wife of Major G. W. Acworth, and Royal Lancashire, Joyce, wife of Major James G. Carr, R. E., has had a son at Minehead; and at Farnham Mrs. Cole (nee Gardiner, Q.A.I.M.N.S./R.) has also had a son, James Lloyd Gottrell, late 3rd Gurkha Rifles, is the proud father of a son; so is Mr. Gardner, of Rangpur. Mrs. L. Bruce, whose husband is in the Indian Police, has had a daughter born in Jersey, and Mrs. Thorpe, who was Gretna Mackay, A.I.M.N.S./R., has also had a daughter. Major W. A. Watson of the 1st Regt. and his wife, Myrtle, have had a son — Clifton.

One usually connected the moon and June in tune with romance, but perhaps this winter's excessive cold has the same effect for engagements have been announced thick and fast. Among them are the Ven. Basil Stewart de Witt Parry, Archbishop of Ahmednagar, and Miss R. P. Woodard; Mr. J. K. Anderson and Elaine Frances, second daughter of Mr. J. M. Mackenzie, I.P.; Lt.-Cdr. Hugh Ascoli, elder son of Mr. Ascoli, C.I.E. and Mrs. Newman; Dr. Beagley and Miss Constance (Louise) Saunders, Q.A.I.M.N.S.; Capt. Bompass, R.A., youngest son of Cecil Bompass, C.S.I., I.C.S., ret'd., and Miss Mustard of St. Leonards; John Robinson Brown, whose parents live in Sijha, and Peggy Milnes, whose parents live in Calcutta; John Brymer, son of W. H. Brymer of Newton Abbot and Ceylon, and Maureen Todd, of South Shields; P. S. Chesney, and the only child of the late ladies Hume of Elk Hill, Slapton; and Major Cowan's son, Desmond, and the younger daughter of Major T. D. Adie, late H.L.I. and Indian Army. A marriage due to take place in India in October will be between Bruce Graham Clarke, of New Gore, T. H. Cohn, and Diana Hazel Bray; Major A. F. Downie, 15th Punjab Regt., is engaged to Gillian Grover; Major Easton, P. F. Rifles, is to marry Katharine Helen Whyte, and George Kenneth Cowan, Indian Army, to marry the widow of W/Cdr. Nelson Cole.

Wedding Bells

Other betrothals are between Mr. D. F. Hays and the widow of Douglas W. Bailey of Calcutta; Capt. Harrier, son of Mr. J. W. Harrier, C.S.I., C.I.E., and Viviane Adeline Stewart; Lt. Hillen, R. Neth., and the elder daughter of Mr. N. L. Barton of Bombay; the younger

son of the Lovett-Years of Calcutta is to marry Miss McKelvie; Mr. Lloyd, of Laiting, and Miss E. D. Shourbridge, elder daughter of the late H.A.M.M. Shourbridge, are to be married; son the late Dr. Mackenzie, C.S.I., C.I.E., and Miss Grenfell; Mr. Mamo, of C.R.C.M. and Lady Vaughan; Capt. Miers, R.C.M. and Sister Margaret Roberts, Q.A.I.M.N.S./R., and the marriage will take place in April in Colombo between Mr. Minant of Malda Vale and Kathleen Patricia Beauchamp of Colombo.

The daughter of the late Brig.-Gen. Sir George K. K.C.S.I., C.S.I., C.M.G., Indian Political Dept., is to marry Mr. Paul; Major Howard Piggott, late Indian Army, is engaged to Miss Rounton of Dulwich; Gen. Sir Walter Kirke's daughter, Honor, is engaged to Mr. Pratt. Other engagements are between Mr. O. J. Pritchard and Diana Lambert whose father lived in Bangkok; Major H. C. Pulley, 3rd Gurkhas, whose father was in the Indian Army, and Miss Myers, of Hove; P. J. H. Rogers, the Panache Regt., only child of Brig. Rogers, C.I.E., and Cassandra Madeline Knight; Major Seale, lately Royal Air Force, and Hettie Williams; Capt. Shearer, whose father was in the Indian Army, and Miss Trechmann of Burnstable; Major Peter Sheerton-Baker, son of the late J. D. Sheerton-Baker, of Bombay, and Elizabeth Harman; Mr. Speer and Margaret Giddings, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Giddings, of Calcutta and Newport; Mr. Vincent, son of Air Vice-Marshal S. E. Vincent, and Angela (nee Trechmann) D.M.E. The Humphrys family have many ties with India, both Sir Francis and Lady Humphrys having been in India even before they were married, when their son married one of Lord Wavell's daughters.

Anniversaries And Marriages

Fifty years ago Sir John's, Meerut, was the scene of the marriage of Thomas and Birdie Mackenzie. They now live at Hambrook. Silver wedding anniversaries include that of the Edwards' at Newnarth Eliza; the Pyers in Bombay they now live in Sussex; the Williams, also in Bombay, and they now live in the Isle of Wight; the Hyslop, who were married in Bombay Cathedral and who now live in Dumfrieshire, the Seatts who were married on Malabar Hill. Newly married couples are Lt.-Col. Armstrong, 14th Punjab Regt., and Rita Deaton, both of Bournemouth; John Campbell, son of the late Sir John Campbell, K.C.M.G., C.S.I. and the daughter of the late Maj.-Gen. Heywood; Cdr. Camfield, whose father was in the Indian Finance Dept., has married Jean Barrie; Dollar was the scene of the wedding of the Col. of the late W. Davidson, R. E. and G. J. Rly, with Euphemia Miller; Major T. M. Colquhoun, 7th Gurkha Rifles, married Miss Sexty in Hyde Gowar, K.C.S.I., C.I.E., Lt.-Col. J. L. and the daughter of Mr. L. G. Davis, I.F.S. (ret.); Major Grimwood, Frontier Force Regt., married the widow of G. K. L. Gourlay; Mr. MacMahon-O'Byrne has married Major Carruthers, Q.A.I.M.N.S./R.; Mr. Marshall has married Mrs. Dabiel, widow of "Johnny" Dabiel of the Camerations, and before that she was Evelyn Harper, a U.P. helix. Lt.-Col. Middleton, the Depot Regt., has married the widow of Lt.-Col. Hendrick; Mr. Milias, son of Madeline, Lady Milias, has married Rosemary Barbara, whose father was Brig.-Gen. J. G. Lauder, C.B., K.C.S.I., I.C.S., ret'd.; Col. G. C. Palmer, I.M.S., has married Miss Smyth-Richard; W/Cdr. Talbot-Jones chose Aldershot for his wedding to Camilla Walter, daughter of the late Major Cameron of Bombay; and Mr. J. L. Ward, the younger son of the late Major Upton Body of Calcutta.

THE YOUNG IN HEART



Youth calls for plenty of entertainment, however simple and homely it may be, cards, games, music, dancing and, of course, refreshment. It is not a difficult task to entertain your guests at home. Hundreds of old ideas of light refreshment still play their part including that great energy giving item—Poison's Passourelle Butter spread on biscuits, salted snacks and sandwiches with or without addition of some little savoury. Butter as the main ground must be there. You will find Poison's Butter a firm favourite, no matter how you serve it. It has flavour that adds to the other items and makes them more delicious.

Bangalore Lore

(Continued from page 28)
with her daughter, Cathy, who was in a chic grey frock embroidered in white tower knots. Col. Wilcock, Military Secretary, representing the Governor of Madras, Brig. and Mrs. Preston, the latter in a dovegrey dress. Mr. and Mrs. Deyanoo Shivram, Mr. and Mrs. Vijaynathan from Colombo, Air Commodore and Mrs. Adams, Mr. and Mrs. N. Madhava Rao, Mrs. Ranganayak in navy and white, Col. and Mrs. Seelie, Sgt. Lax and Mrs. Goudan, the latter wearing a purple velvet hat in cavalier style, Lady Fuzessha Chetty, Mr. and Mrs. Willing, Mr. and Mrs. Hendry, Mr. F. C. Deyanoo Vin, and Mr. and Mrs. Windle. Sir Donald and Lady Field with their small son, John, came from Mysore, Carmen Field looking most striking in a black lace dress and Spanish mantilla. Visitors from Madras included Mrs. Adams Nelson, Mr. Menzies and his handsome Turkish wife who wore a black net and splashed with red roses, Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Mathen and their daughters and Mr. and Mrs. Kinsborough.

At the Maharaja of Mysore arrived after the guests had assembled, to offer congratulations in person to the bride and groom. Sir A. Ramaswami Mudaliar, Down of Mysore, proposed the toast

of the happy couple. At night the grounds were brilliantly illuminated, and there was a dinner party for the abundant and intimate friends of the young couple, for which the bride changed into a suit of vermilion and gold. The honeymoon is being spent in Mysore.

Brig. and Mrs. Mansland have had several farewells given for them, as they are leaving India permanently. The officers of Cabbon Mess gave a big cocktail party, which was followed another day by another cherry one given by Col. and Mrs. Copeland at their bungalow. Brig. Langlands was there, having taken over charge from Brig. Mansland as Sub-Arm Commander, also Lady Campbell and her daughter, Cecily. Among others were Col. Miles of the Royal Regiment, Mrs. Agnew, who will be much missed, and bidding good-bye to her many friends prior to leaving for Madras next day to join Col. Agnew, General Evelyn of the Selection Board, Col. and Mrs. Whorley, Mrs. Howe, in a becoming white dress embellished with green leaves, and Col. Howe. Brig. Haynes from Avadi, Major Forbes, his attractive wife wearing a long-sleeved black frock with pearls (Mrs. Forbes came out last year, having worked as a land girl during the war) and Mrs. Copeland who always carries a charming hostess, wearing a pretty

black lace frock with touches of blue.

It was a happy idea of Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Campbell's, to hold their cocktail party out of doors, as summer is fast approaching, and the coolness of their garden made for a very enjoyable evening. The Manslands were there, having just heard that their ship did not sail for another six weeks. Brig. Mansland said he was busy looking for another job in the interval. The three Campbell sisters came on from the Residence, Mornin and Elizabeth having, the previous day set back from Bombay. Elizabeth, radiantly happy, was the centre of attention that evening receiving congratulations from everyone on the announcement of her engagement to Capt. Hardas Walker of the Leicestershire Regiment. He had spent Christmas with them at the Residence, and the young people met each other again in Bombay recently.

Mornin, (who spells her name the Irish way) looked attractive in blue and black, and Cecily chose a pinky beige frock with wide sequin sleeves. Col. Parker was there with his wife, whom he went to meet in Bombay on her arrival from England last month also. Col. and Mrs. Carver, Col. and Mrs. Couper of the King's Own (which is being disbanded), the Prossers, making one of their rare appearances at a party. Mrs. Gordon, Marie and Tommy

Fonmain, Brig. Cobbs, Mr. and Mrs. Scott, Major Reid and Capt. Alkin. The hostess was complimented on her successful party in addition to her attractive frock of blue, topped, pinned in large red butterflies.

Col. and Mrs. Daulac recently knew how to organize a good party and the many friends who were invited to a buffet supper recently at their bungalow in J. Lalbali voted the evening a great success. After supper which was served on the lawn, the guests were all paired off in an exciting and cleverly planned treasure hunt which was followed by a card amusements and entertaining games.

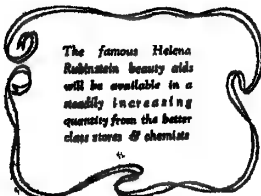
The 12 was and Warwickshire Regiment staff and at Lalbali were well represented by the guests who included Col. Mills, Col. Carter, Major and Mrs. Palmer, Major Watts, Major and Mrs. Richards and Capt. Clark and Schofield. Among others present were Margaret Newton, Miss Smith and Q.A.A. Mary Young and it is to be hoped a bright new arrival of Col. and Mrs. Daulac take a keen interest in the welfare of the troops posted at Lalbali and are seen regularly at the All Ranks dances at the Town's Tavern, that are so enthusiastically run by Miss Meyer (who gained much experience at the Wavell Canton in Delhi), Lorna Rutkin and Pip Williams (now Mrs. Muldoon Smith) of the W.V.S.

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Madras Musings

(Continued from page 54)

Jan Hedingham won a prize in the Ladies' Double Sculls along with Vivien Young as stroke, and they were coxed by Bernice Barlow. In a large party was Molly Fitzpatrick, and in another party was Vera Howard, in a smart blue and white flowered dress. Many people brought their children, and the highlight of the afternoon for them was the playing of the band of No. 2 Signal Training

Centre (Bangalore).

One of the prettiest weddings seen in Madras for many a long day was that of Yoda Raja Urs to Lt. Charles Busk. The ceremony took place in the Fort Church, and the reception was held at the Raja Urs bungalow at Guindy, where Mr. Raja Urs is Secretary of the Race Club. Yoda looked beautiful in white silk and a Limerick lace veil

as she walked up the aisle on her father's arm attended by her young sister, Rhuna. Lady Nye attended the church and was also present at the reception. Gillian Edwards was there with her two small sisters, and wore a crisp pink linen costume with a small brown hat. Mrs. F. Citchley looked very smart in black, her dress cut with three-quarter length sleeves with a faint suspicion of lace appearing from under her cuff. It was pleasant to see Mr. and Mrs. Pat Allerton back again from home leave, Mrs. Allerton wearing a becoming shade of blue accentuated by mauve accessories.

V. I. F.s in Madras

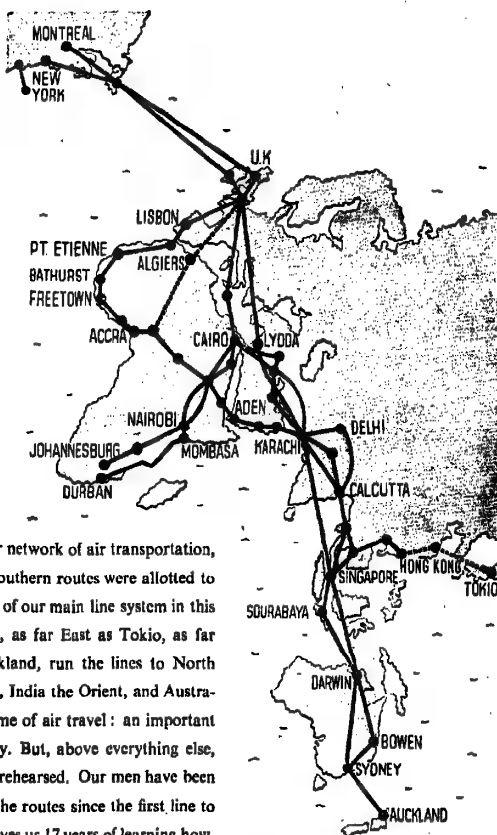
There have been many important personalities staying in Madras this month, among them Lt.-Gen. Sir Robert Lockhart, G.O.C.-in-C. Southern Command, and Air Marshal Sir Thomas Elmihurst, who were both staying at Government House. The visitor of the month was Field-Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck, Commander-in-Chief, who also stayed at Government House. He was accompanied by Lt.-Col. Hoskins, the American Military Attaché. While he was in Madras he visited the Station Workshops, the House Club and the Stanley Club. He also spent a day out at Aradri and presented medals at the I.B.O.D., the 5/6 Gurkha Rifles, and the 2/4 Frontier Force. While there, he also visited the Wade Inn, the W.V.S. Centre, and watched the Mobile Canteen at work. He paid a warm tribute to the Indian Hospitality Committee and gave a donation of Rs. 1,000/- in appreciation of their work.

Another visitor to Government House was Sir Terence Shone with Lady Shone. The Kumaranasir Sir Muthiah Chettiar of Chettinad gave a large party in their honour, and they were also the guests of the Rotary Club. H. E. Sir Archibald and Lady Nye gave a dinner party in honour of Sir Terence and Lady Shone. Among the guests were Sir Stuart and Lady Town, Mr. and Mrs. Shetty, Miss Louise Scherer, Mr. Johnston, and Miss Walmsley. Staying at G. H. at the same time were Gen. Sir Richard O'Connor, Major-Gen. Grover, the Rt. Hon. Mr. Harold MacMillan, a former British Cabinet Minister, Air Marshal Walmsley and Mr. and Mrs. Craig Harvey.

Jimmy Jamieson gave an excellent cocktail party, as only Jimmy knows how. He has a most intriguing flat and it is able to hold his parties on the roof which lends a pleasant atmosphere. I saw Mr. and Mrs. G. Philips and Nadia and Kai Allestrup. Mr. and Mrs. Edwards came with their daughter, Gillian. Mrs. H. Jackson was looking very smart in a black evening skirt and white blouse. Dennis More, who stays with Jimmy, was co-host at this party.

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Gateway Gossip

(Continued from page 58)

Among the guests I saw Helen and David Cowan; also Helen's sister, Dorothy Ashley; the sisters looking smart in black frocks. They resemble each other but one is brunette and the other blonde. In the corner having an animated conversation were Meris Turner and Victra Broad, while their husbands were part of a group of men around the bar, which also included Sir Francis Low, Bill Brough and Don Mecker. Don left for Rangoon a few days later. With conditions as they are in Rangoon, Emily Mecker decided at the last moment not to accompany Don. As a result of this, she was able to compete in the finals of the Ladies' Open Golf Championship.

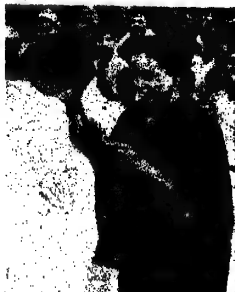
Mr. and Mrs. Gardner-Lewis are expecting to get leave in April. Mrs. Gardner-Lewis is the well-known artist who paints under the name of "D. V. Cowart." She is famous for her portraits in oils, pastels or water-colours of race horses, dogs, cats and her bird and flower pictures. At the moment V.L. is busy with a book she is writing and illustrating in the colour of the flowering trees of India.

From East And West

Reggie and Jack March are looking forward to their leave in April too. Their son, Ian, who left school to join the Army, is taking up his studies again and Jack and Reggie are anxious to see him again after so many years.

Russell Pearce returned from England a short while ago, looking very well indeed. He brought news of his attractive wife, Colleen, who hopes to come out to Bombay early next year when their children, Diane and Adrian, have been put to school. Like everyone else, Colleen found the cold snap difficult to cope with.

It was only last month that I mentioned having heard from Danby Rogers in Hong-Kong, and this month I have much



Mrs. Nirmla Jain (left), wife of Mr. Harish C. Jain, receiving from Mrs. B. G. Kher the first prize in the "chutti" race, at the recent Khar Gymkhana Sports, Bombay.

better news of her. She has announced her engagement and will be married very soon to Ian McKee, of Butterfield and Swire. They met in Bombay two years ago when they were both here with Butterfield, prior to the general move back to the Far East. Daphne will have to journey to Shanghai for the wedding as Ian has been transferred there.

I hear that Robin and "Midge" McGregor, who lived in Bangalore for a few years during the war, are now in Hong-Kong. "Midge" looks as lovely as ever and her young son, born in Bangalore, has promises of being as handsome as his parents.

A brand-new arrival in Bombay is Mrs. C. O. Julian, an attractive brunette, with her two delightful children. They have arrived from Vancouver to visit their father, Charles Julian of R. K. O. Pictures.

The Rumbolds are lucky in having one of the loveliest flats in Bombay, on the very summit of Camilla Hill. It looked particularly attractive the other evening when Bobby and Pamela entertained a number of their many friends to cocktails. Pam as usual looked most attractive in a severe black dress which contrasted with the many beautiful saris, possibly the most beautiful of them was worn by Her Highness Mumtaz Begum of Sindh. My Malkani in a shell-pink sari and Her Highness the Maharani of Cochin-Bihar were chatting to the Stewart-Browns.

Some of the guests, including Freddy and Holly Vock, went on to dine at the Taj with Prince Aly Khan who appears to be enjoying what little leisure he is able to get during his busy stay in Bombay. Kamal Khurrow Jhang and the Begum Amina Shamsher Ali are two of the most attractive of the younger Indian set. Blonde and slender Mrs. Martin wore black. Cecil Trevor, Jed Myrton, Seemoo Tata, Yvonne Guevrek and Cornelia Damala were all enjoying themselves. Ibrahim Rahimtoola and his wife were chatting to Hussein Currimbhoy and his charming wife.



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"The Hamilton Bowl"

(Continued from page 35)

shadow he tip-toed to the gate. A quick glance showed him that everything was silent. A sharp walk brought him to the Memorial Arch. He was alone in the centre of Delhi. He raised the glass case and flung it down with all his force on to the road.

There was a splintering crash. In an ecstasy of rage Rupert stamped on the fragments until a little puddle of

powdered clay was all that remained of the masterpiece of 3,000 years ago. Then he stole back to bed to sleep until long past his usual hour.

Next day all Delhi was palpitating with the thrill of the sensational robbery, as the mysterious disappearance was supposed to be. It was only when Rupert arrived to take Madeleine to dinner and a film that Sir Jervis told

him that a fragment had been found on the road and revealed the fate of the bowl.

"Sir Jervis went on talking excitedly. "A miracle, I call it!" he said. "For 25 years I've cursed this bowl. Forbidden to sell it, forced to listen to people prying the hideous thing, made to admit it or be thought a barbarian, the complete and perfect white elephant! Thank heavens, it's gone. If I know my servant I'd give him anything I possessed."

Sir Jervis poured himself a handsome whisky. Lady Brooke was smiling, a

smile which characterized her.

"At last, Jervis, you can be satisfied," she sighed almost gratefully.

Blithely Rupert took Madeleine's arm and led her out of the house to his car. "I wonder if there is anybody who isn't glad this had happened?" she asked happily. "Papa, that I know, because he must have been when he got his foot near a street lamp. No wonder he smashed it!"

Rupert took a deep breath as he swung the car on to the road up the Ridge.

"Madeleine," he began, "or her wife alone..."

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The Moput Tent Club

(Continued from page 20)

so much and of clapping at night, and were noisy enough to run into him in the morning. Then followed a terrible morning, having well over half an hour, during which both horses were dead and three spears were broken before the monster was killed. His body was a mass of cuts—the result of a successful battle encounter with a panther. He left us hung like a flag at half-mast and he weighed 111 lbs and measured 34", perhaps the largest pig ever killed in Moput country.

Adventures in Fear

At the end of the month, the Asherons came down again from the Punjab and joined Glenn at Shampur for a week's hunting, before they left India for their farm in Kenya. The jungle held a fair number of boar, eight being killed before the camp moved on to Bampur. Here, on the first evening, a panther was shot in the morning light, the remainder of the week bringing five more pigs into the bag.

That poaching was prevalent was

evident from the fact that one of the boar speared had had half his face blown away by a villager's bomb, only the enormous ridge of fat in place of, or perhaps because of this wound, he fought like the devil. This meat was to be "Kode's" even-song and he, having broken almost as many bones in his body as he has slain pigs, just failed to break yet another when he fell heavily in pursuit of the 13th (and final) boar of the month.

Glenn failed to raise any spears for the Easter Meet, so went out alone and slew three boar at the Shampur Huesinpur jungles.

Newcomers

Towards the end of April, Col Duggie Gray, who had been valiantly trying to re-associate the Delhi Tent Club, brought over three welcome newcomers, Captain Fitzroy, Brooks and Scott, A.D.C. to Lord Wavell, to Jampur, a jungle which Glenn had gallily reported as the shikaris, to be full of pig. He had

not known, however, that a local party of shikaris had shot up the jungle continuously for three days prior to the meet and had murdered a large number of pig of both sexes.

Luckily pig were still about, and in the two mornings' hunting three good boar were hunted and two killed—a sufficient inspiration thank heavens for the new arrivals to want to come again. Accordingly Humphrey Fitzroy and Glenn proceeded to Huesinpur the following week-end and so on to Bampur to the hospitality and comfort of the policeman's bungalow. Reinforced by Mrs. Baldock kind hostess and Islamullah Khan, an experienced spear who had been out many times in the Tent Club, Bampur Island and the Huesinpur jungles were beaten, resulting, in nine boar being encountered but owing to the impossibility of riding through thorns and quicksands only three were killed.

Robbie Lawder as Secretary of the Delhi Tent Club and fresh from playing a 40" hairy monster boar in Mesopotamia and Jim Scott joined Glenn at Shampur. A red-headed pig from Kishal shed put up a very good fight, two more good boar were slain and



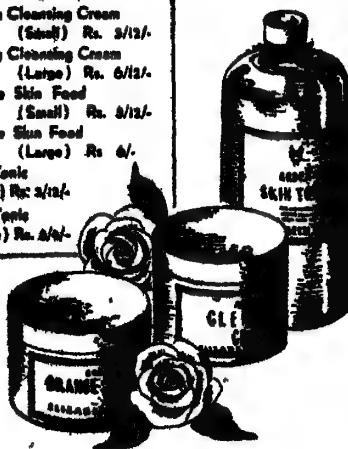
Mrs. R. M. Angel with her Plover Hound which won a prize at the 15th Sind Baluchistan Dog Show held at Karachi

(Continued on page 74)

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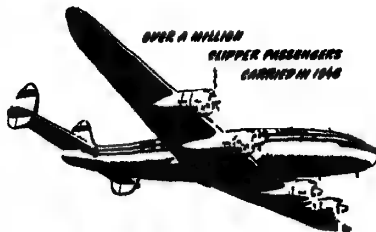


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The Meerut Tent Club

(Continued from page 73)

several others were lost in difficult country.

The last meet of the season at Maheshpur, attended by Gray, Hrooke and Glenn, accounted for two more boats, bringing the total bag to 33 boar.

Up to the middle of April, pig were

as plentiful as they have ever been; it was extremely unfortunate that only at the tail-end of the season were spears sufficient in number, by which time most of the ridable jungles had been burnt.

Although six panther were shot in the Kadir by members of the Tent Club, they have become more and more prolific, whereas hyena are very seldom encountered.

Gloomy Future

Future prospects are gloomy. The Wheler Club, after many alarms and

excursions, has finally abandoned the monthly grant which paid the shikaris' wages. The number of possible spears from Meerut and Delhi is very small. The Honey Secretary has been transferred 400 miles away.

All that can be said now is that the Meerut Tent Club still possesses the finest jungles, the largest stock of pig, and the best shikaris in India. At the time of writing, two spears from Delhi and one from Meerut have answered the departing Honey Secretary's appeal to make up a Christmas Camp and to start the ball rolling for the

1946-47 season. Fear: pig were killed and so many again hunted and lost during the four and a half days' Christmas Meet; last year in nine days' hunting, not a single boar was slain. Surely this is as good an augury as any for the forthcoming season!

General Wundrop, that doyen of placidisers, will, I am sure, forgive me, if I quote the English rendering of those Persian lines with which, many years ago, he used to welcome spears arriving for the Kadir Cup:

"If ever there is a heaven on earth, It is this, it is this, it is this."



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Lively Lucknow Race Club

(Continued from page 38)

education, but he usually manages to carry out his difficult job and get the horses off to a good start.

A hard-worked and knowledgeable official is the Stipendiary Steward, Mr. W. Alford, whose long experience of racing is a valuable asset to the Stewards. The finishers of the races are judged by Mr. P. M. Chak, ably assisted by Mr. M. A. Nagvi, and the many close finishes are a creditable reflection on the handicapping, which must be a constant headache to the Secretary, Mr. Booth.

No reference to Lucknow Races would be complete without a mention of Capt. George Burrell, who has not missed a meeting for almost 24 years. The racecourse would not appear the same without the benign and dignified presence of George Burrell. Another old stager,

who is well known in the racing world and who attends regularly, is Mr. George Dick, who must have a record number of importations of English horses to his credit. Major Lindsey-Smith is equally at home on the Lucknow Course as he is at the northern meetings and 'Capt. "Alfie" Gay is to be seen as an interested spectator. Many keen racing people are provided by the younger set, but as they are mostly Army, Service conditions impose frequent changes. Fortunately, new-comers seem to be just as keen to take the places of the people who have been transferred.

The following may be mentioned as regular attenders at present in the station. Mrs. Curtis whose husband, Major-General Curtis, is a Patron of the Club, and Mrs. Margaret Walker, wife of

Lt.-Col. Walker, Lancashire Fusiliers, take a keen interest in racing. Mrs. Ross, whose husband is commanding the 16th Cavalry, is also an interested spectator, and Mrs. Taylor entertains her friends with her humour. The Misses Jackson must not be forgotten as they are the keenest of race-goers and have followed the fortunes of the Lucknow Course over a long period. They will be missed when they leave for England in the near future. Major Murray may well be named "Lucky" as he has most consistent successes in his betting ventures. "Nicky" from the U.S. Club is too well known to require description and seems to possess an unlimited store of "inside information" on the horses. Unfortunately, his tips don't always come up.

Glamour is lent to the setting of the racecourse by the lovely costumes of the Indian ladies and the Punjabi dress is most attractive. Miss Thapar, the charming daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Thapar, and the Misses Mackenzie, whose father is with the R.I.A. S.C. in Lucknow, together with the daughter of Mr. J. P. Mathur, retired Deputy Collector, make a most attractive picture. Mrs. J. Singh, whose husband is a well-known

Crossword Solution

Problem on page 65

- | | |
|---------------|---------------|
| 1. Reclusion | 1. Route |
| 6. Sepia | 2. Capoe |
| 9. Unpacking | 3. Urethra |
| 10. Abide | 4. Indrova |
| 11. Sterile | 5. Nuggets |
| 12. Evident | 6. Spasms |
| 13. Sai | 7. Price List |
| 14. Gnomes | 8. Abstruse |
| 17. Saline | 9. Geography |
| 19. Ostrich | 10. Overstate |
| 22. Wealth | 11. Ema |
| 24. Oar | 12. Avar |
| 25. Rabbits | 13. Overdid |
| 26. Outman | 14. Socrum |
| 29. Field | 15. Wronged |
| 30. Regretted | 16. Eat well |
| 31. Yield | 17. Eaten |
| 32. Middlings | 18. Lodes |

businessman in the north, is at present on holiday in Lucknow, Mrs. Gunawal, wife of Capt. Gunawal, Indian Signals, and Mrs. K. Ajai Singh, whose husband has been recently posted to Peshawar,

(Continued on page 76)

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4x1 lb. tins Percolator Grind Coffee ..	11 2 0
2x1 lb. Do. Do. ..	14 0 0
1x7 lb. tin White Ensign Pure Ground Coffee ..	17 0 0
4x1 lb. Do. Do. ..	10 10 0

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3x1 lb. pkts. Do. Do. ..	8 9 0
3x1 lb. pkts. Stanes Special Blend Leaf Tea ..	8 9 0
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4x1 lb. pkts. Do. Do. ..	10 12 0
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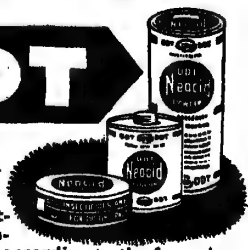
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Lucknow Race Club

(Continued from page 75)

all add to the colour of the scene. Mrs R Devi, wife of Bhai Sahib and the owner of many good horses displays some of the most beautiful mares.

Cawnpore provides its quota to Lucknow racing and among the regulars may be mentioned Mr Harry Milstead 1/11. Dicky Bird and his charming wife Mrs. V. J. Watt Col. Buddy Cox per Mr D. P. Singh and Mr and Mrs J. M. Hill with occasional visits by Capt. and Mrs. Outhwaite and also officers from the R.A.F. stationed in Cawnpore. The Bazaar (Sg/Ldr H. N. H. H.) attend is fairly regularly. The jockeys who ride at Lucknow are a mixed

batch. Heading the list of successful riders is Holland, who is a graduate from Pony Racing at Darjeeling, and is at present riding with excellent judgment. Alford is a close second and with a little luck may regain his place as leading jockey. A successful rider, who has lost favour recently is I. H. Khan and it will take hard work for him to stage a come back. Clyde Rivin, Lassy Pabaiy and Jagan Singh have all had moderate successes and when given the right mounts can be relied upon to give a good account of themselves.

Continuity by rules in the Amateur Races is again governed by Service conditions, but there is a considerable number who ride when they are able to attend. Mr Hyams, who combines

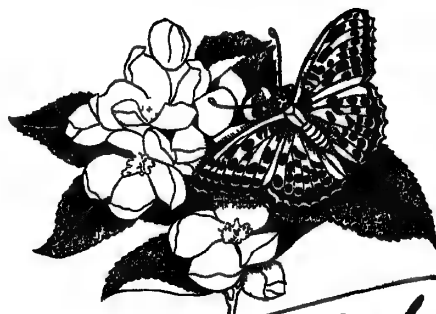
training with riding, is consistent and has many successes to his credit. Mr. Vais, who craves that good horse, Fishermen, is in good demand and usually can be seen handling a difficult horse with perfect confidence. Mr Garti is a recent arrival from Meerut, but has soon found favour with the public in Lucknow. Farid Singh rides with great dash and believes in encouraging his horse with his voice as well as his whip. Mr S. R. Khan has returned after a considerable absence, but has soon regained his old form. Lt-Col. Walton can be relied upon to get the best out of a long priced horse. A heavyweight, Major Phillips is always a trier and makes the most of his handicap. Mr Watt is equally at home on the flat,

Bridge

Continued from page 75

Dummy leads a Club suit and East calls to lead his last opening suit, which dummy plays a Club. A Heart is led and the dummy takes. Dummy leads the Ace of Hearts and then a small Spade suit both get taken before you Spade trick, leaving them with the master Spade and the untrumped Heart.

or over "the pick". Many students sidestep their first moving experience at Lucknow and they are given every encouragement by the stewards.



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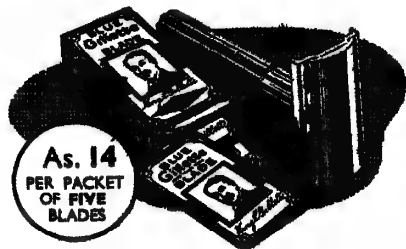
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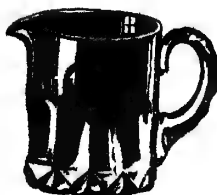
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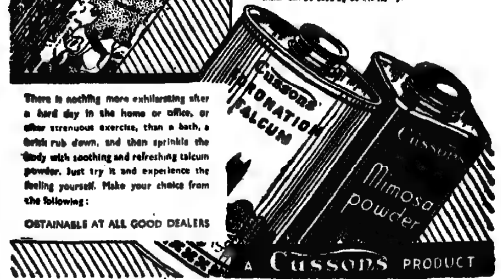
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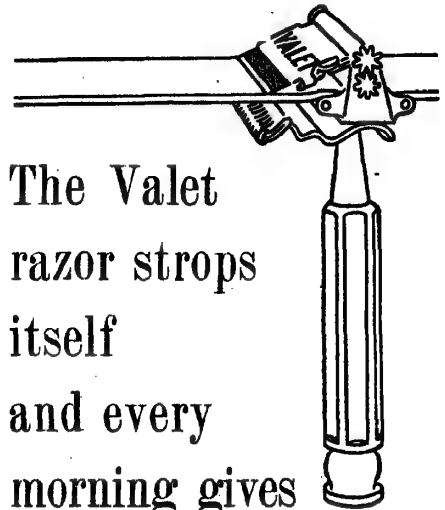
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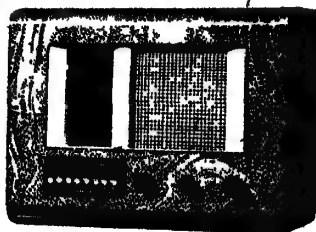


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Until she has drunk it all up!

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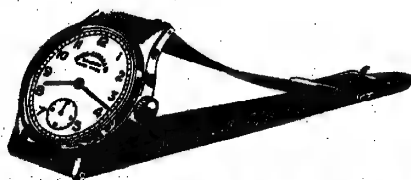
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"Wasn't I there too? You sang, bless you, like a little lark."

"Did I?"

"Pas demi, as we say in Montparnasse. The only thing you forgot was your Rose's Lims Juice. Hence your unexpected dislike of culture."

"But I looked everywhere for Rose's. I couldn't find a drop."

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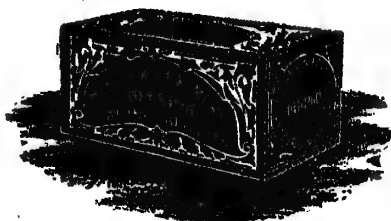
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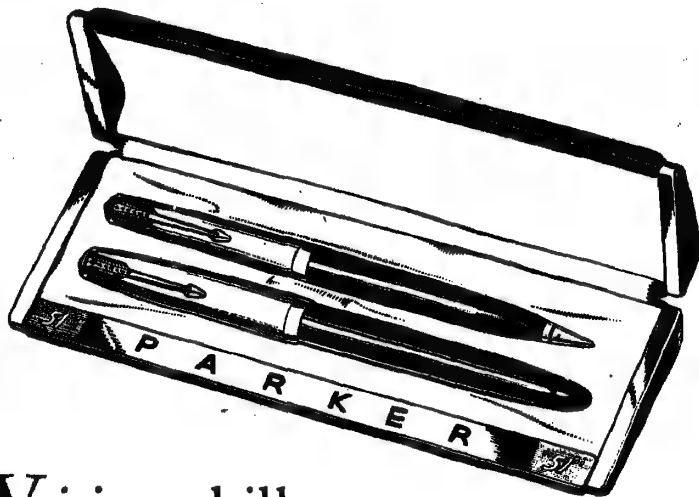
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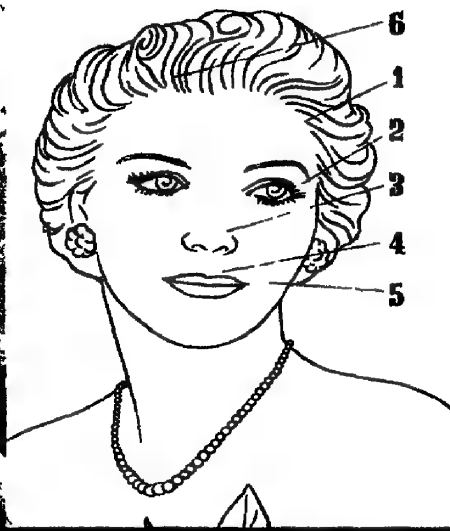
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The Lady Moyra Forester



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- 3 *Nose* Small and straight unobscured by spots and blemishes.
- 4 *Mouth* Finely shaped with an attractively curved upper lip.
- 5 *Complexion* An alabaster pure white skin with no enlarged pores, blackheads or crow's feet around the eyes.
- 6 *Hair* Dark almost black with lovely lights in it.

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"I use Pond's Cold Cream every night to cleanse away make-up, dust and dirt. The

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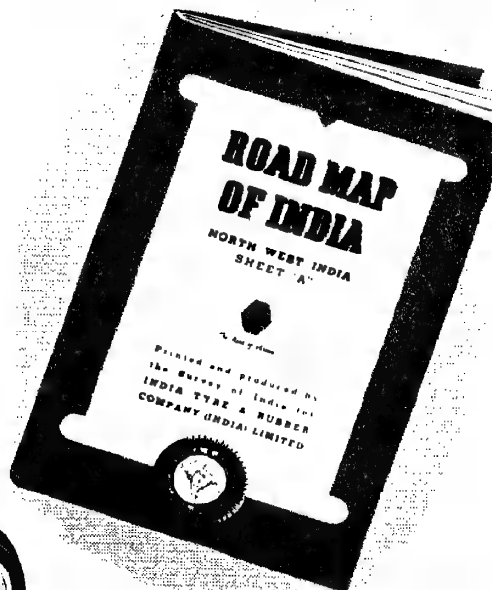
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